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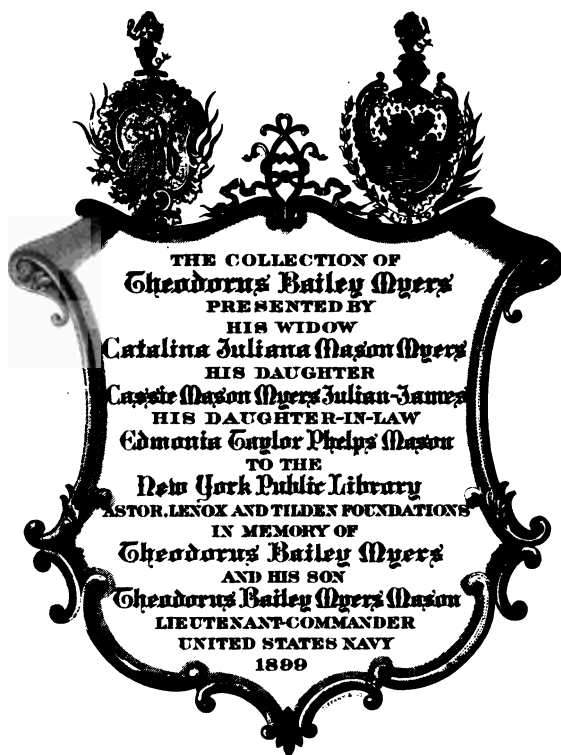
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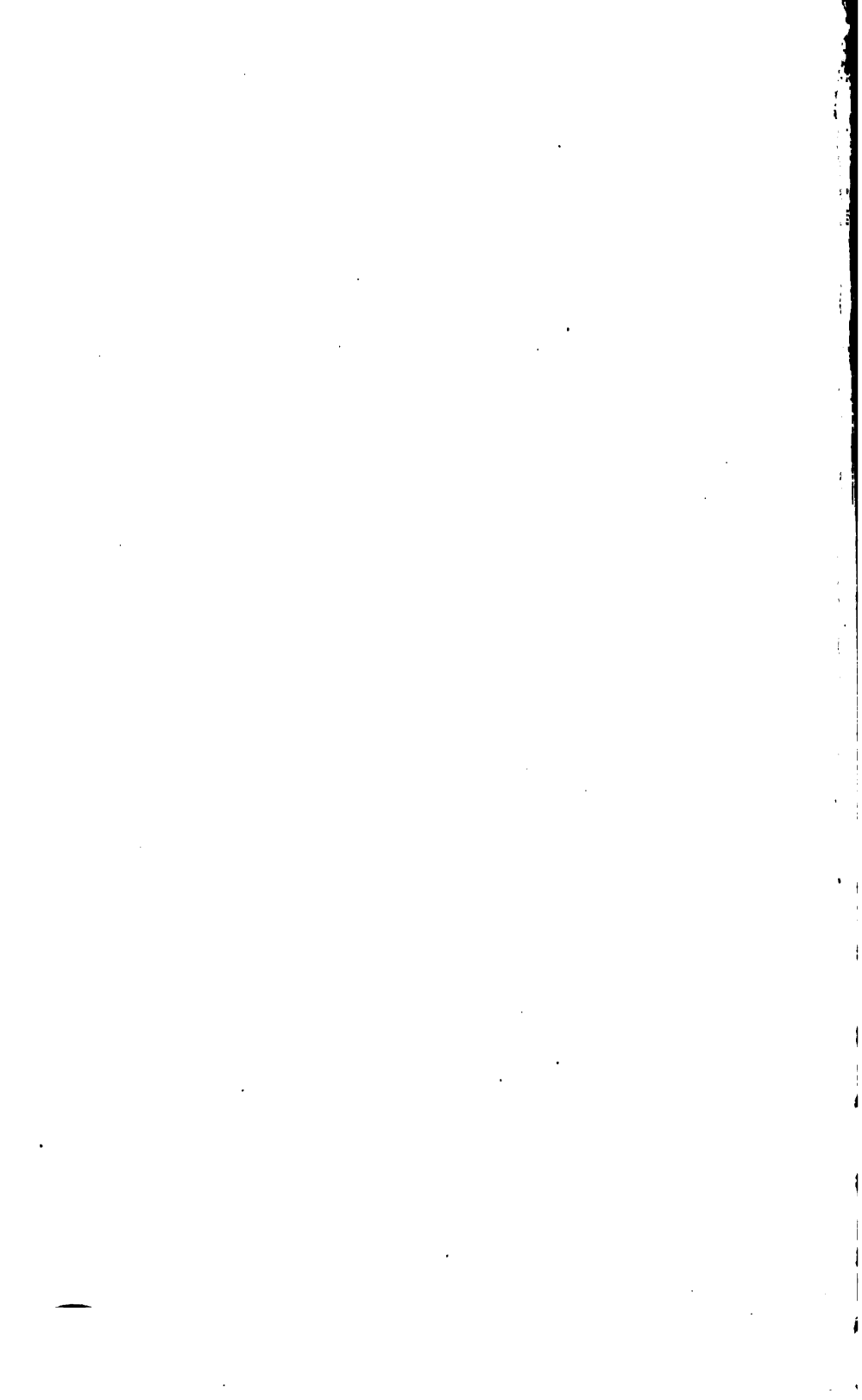
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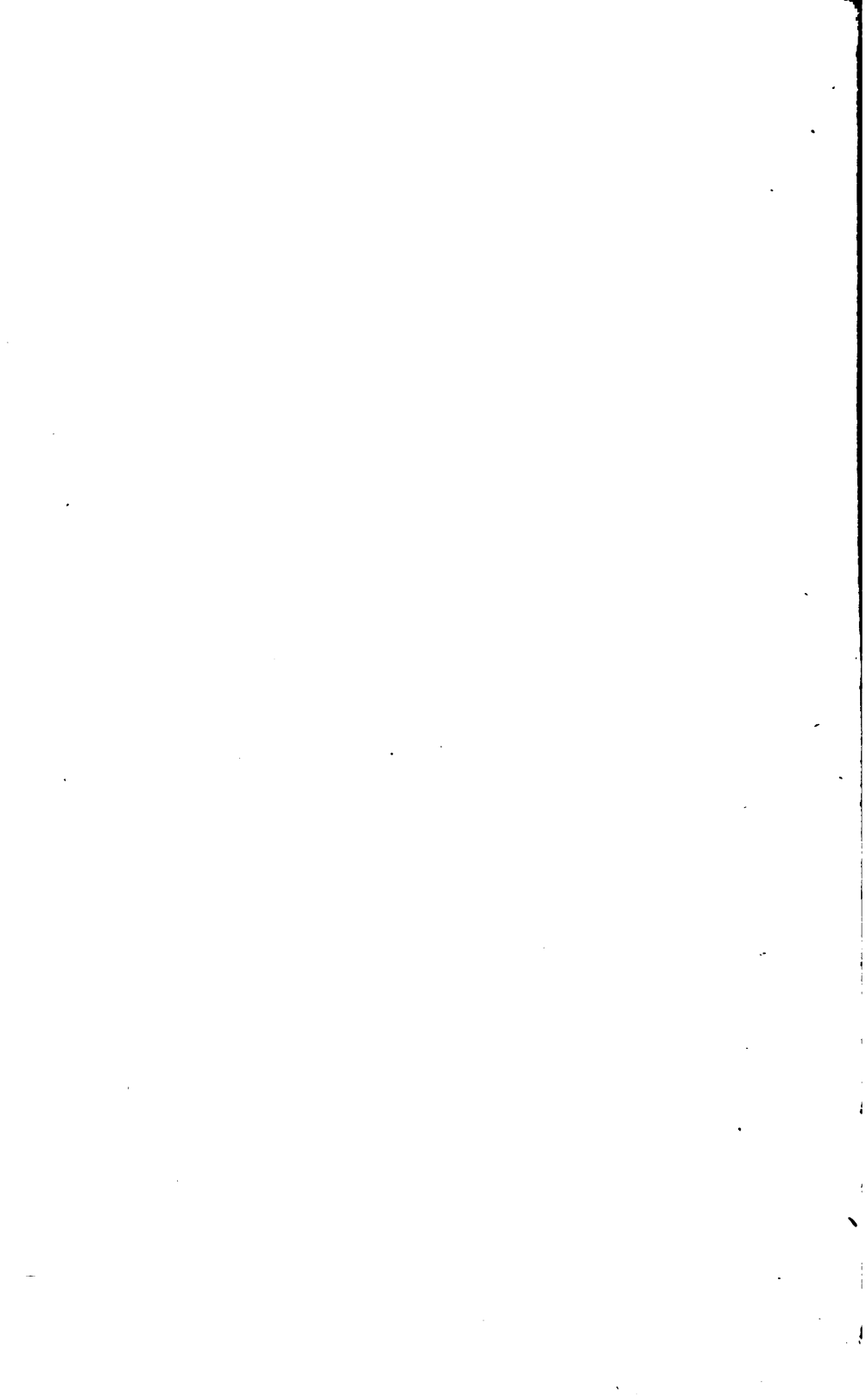


Hughes

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THE
BOSCOBEL TRACTS

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BOSCOBEL HOUSE 1814,

from the West.

W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh & London. 1857.

CLUB
VOLUME

THE
BOSCOBEL TRACTS
RELATING TO THE
ESCAPE OF CHARLES THE SECOND
AFTER THE
BATTLE OF WORCESTER
AND
HIS SUBSEQUENT ADVENTURES

EDITED BY
J. ^{ohn}HUGHES, ESQ. A.M.
Author of "Provence and the Rhone."

1790-1857

SECOND EDITION

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NOY WEN
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TO
THE RIGHT REVEREND
EDWARD, LORD BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

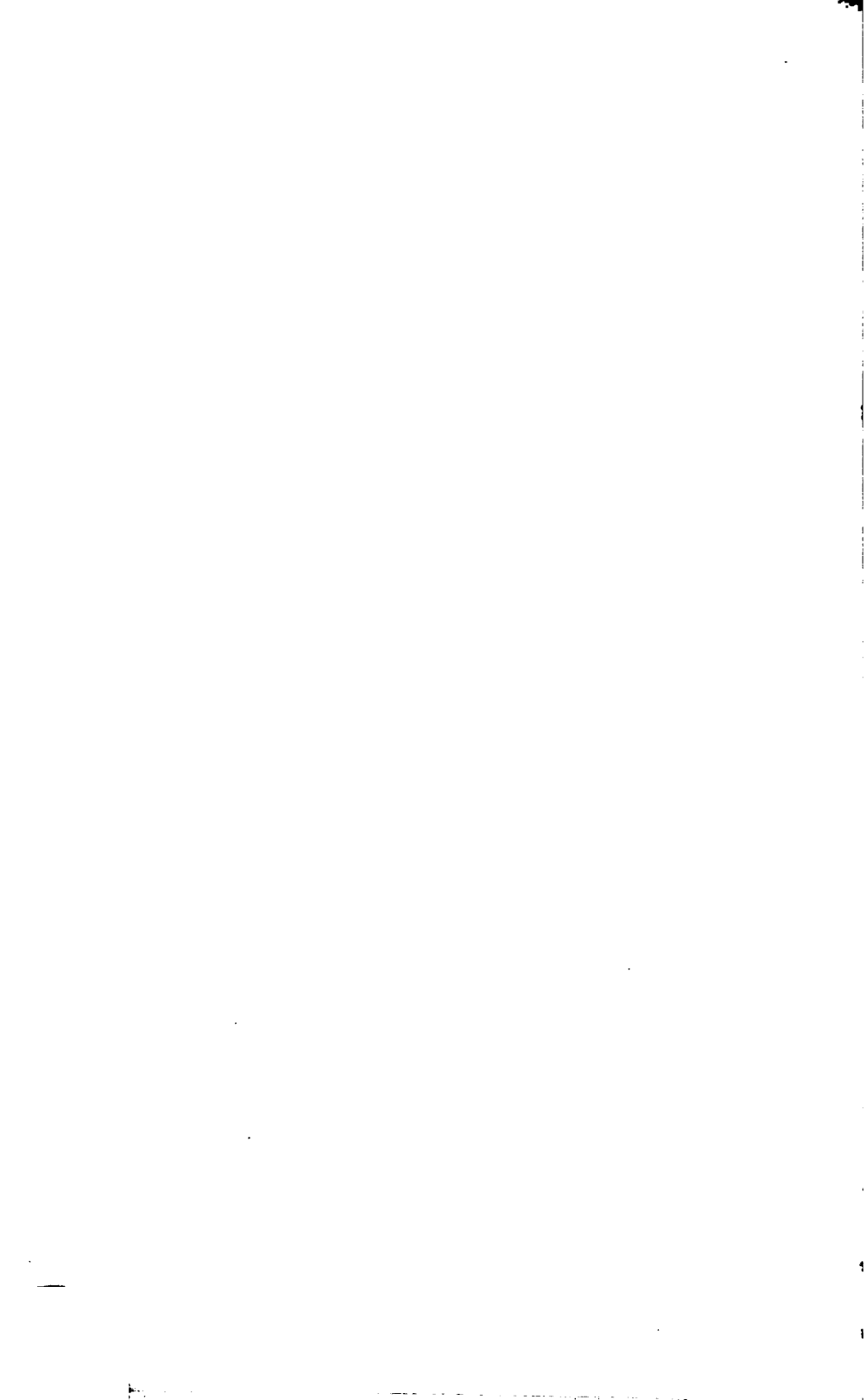
This Compilation,

UNDERTAKEN BY HIS ADVICE
AND IMPROVED BY HIS SUGGESTIONS,
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY HIS OBLIGED AND

FAITHFUL FRIEND,

THE EDITOR.

1830.



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INTRODUCTION.

As it is desirable to advert as briefly as possible to matters merely personal, I shall content myself with stating, that the plan of the annexed compilation originated with my friend, the late Bishop Copleston, to whose varied acquirements I need hardly have alluded in the year 1830, when the first edition was published. It is scarcely necessary to subjoin, what will be obviously inferred, that, as the most convenient method of explaining my views on some points, I have interwoven with my answer to his Lordship's letter some remarks not originally contained in it. The diary of the king's proceedings, according to the plan recommended, will precede the tracts, of the material parts of which it is intended to form an abstract.

. *October 20, 1827.*

MY DEAR SIR,—The interest I expressed to you, about a year ago, in the story of King Charles's escape after the battle of Worcester, has been re-

vived, and much increased by a visit I lately paid to Boscobel and Moseley, two of the principal scenes in that memorable affair; and my desire is now stronger than ever that some one, qualified both by education and taste for such a task, would undertake to sift all the historical materials relating to it which can be collected, and draw out a complete circumstantial narrative, digested in exact order of time, from the day of the battle to the day of the king's landing in France.

The adventure made an early impression on my mind, as being by far the most romantic piece of English history we possess, and one concerning which it is probable that diligent search might yet recover some particulars tending to fill up the chasms left by the treatises already published. Lord Clarendon's reflection, with which he introduces the subject in his own History, is doubtless well known to you. "It is a great pity that there never was a journal made of that miraculous deliverance," &c. (Vol. iii. p. 413.) When Clarendon wrote, *Boscobel* had indeed been published, but does not seem to have been read by him. It would at least have saved him from the tissue of blunders and inaccuracies with which his narrative abounds during the first week, as indeed it does in every part. But the king's own narrative, dictated to Pepys, and carefully corrected and completed by him from

other living authorities, was not written till more than twenty years after the publication of *Boscobel*, and was not even then given to the world. The interest in the story, from the change in political feeling which took place after the reign of James II., not less than from the lapse of years, soon began to decline; nor does it seem to have revived till the beginning of the late reign, when an authentic edition of Pepys's narrative appeared, published from the original manuscript in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

In the mean time, and for many years after this publication, Lord Clarendon's History was the source from which people in general took their notions of the whole affair. It was from that book that I first caught, in my boyish days, the interest I have always felt in it—an interest so associated with all my early feelings, that I may be forgiven for expressing something like vexation at the recent tale of the king's adventures at Woodstock, where it was impossible he could have been, or near it, if the story of this memorable escape be true. You know what my opinion is of the genius and talents of the author of whom I thus presume to complain. It is the sense of that genius which enhances my regret. Whenever his pen is employed in filling up the vacant outline of historical truth, in clothing the bare skeleton of recorded facts with natural and

probable circumstances, in giving warmth of colouring to the portrait of personages long since deceased, and introducing to our familiar acquaintance those stately characters who must always wear some degree of stiffness in the hands of the historian, I feel, as all the world does, the highest admiration of his enchanting powers. But the transaction of which I am speaking would not admit of the exercise of these powers, even if the authority of history had been respected. For the truth is here preserved in the minutest details. It is not paucity of materials, but confusion and inaccuracy, that we have to complain of. The fertility of invention would, in this case, have been thrown away. It should be transferred to some barren region, where the landmarks are bold and definite, but the general surface bare.

But the fact, I believe, is, that the precise nature of the pleasure we derive from such inquiries, is not rightly understood by the generality of those who write or who read historical romances. It is a province of criticism which appears to have been but little explored, or rather, I should say, altogether unknown in its relation to *taste*. And yet I am persuaded that under it lies a source of pure intellectual pleasure, springing from the very constitution of our minds, and well worthy of being studied in all its peculiarities. There is, undoubt-

edly, implanted in us a love of truth, a desire to know what has actually happened, merely because it has happened, independently of the nature or the importance of the things themselves. If the things we hear told be avowedly fictitious, and yet curious, or affecting, or entertaining, we may indeed admire the author of the fiction, and may take pleasure in contemplating the exercise of his skill ; but this is a pleasure of another kind—a pleasure wholly distinct from that which is derived from discovering what was *unknown*, or clearing up what was *doubtful*. And even when the narrative is in its own nature such as to please us, and to engage our attention, how greatly is the interest increased if we place entire confidence in its *truth* ! Who has not heard from a child, when listening to a tale of deep interest—who has not often heard the artless and eager question, “ Is it true ? ”

So strong indeed is this instinct that, if much encouraged and indulged, it sometimes acquires an ascendancy perfectly ridiculous—a passion which is best exemplified, perhaps, in the frivolous pursuits of local antiquaries ; or in violations of the sacred repose of the dead, for the sake of ascertaining some insignificant point, about which history is either contradictory or silent.

But being, as it clearly is, an original principle of our nature, it is entitled to its share of cultivation

and of exercise ; and it is never exercised more innocently or rationally than in endeavouring to correct errors, or bring to light facts connected with the principal events of our national history. In this department, the whole value of the object of our search depends upon its truth. Let the historical work be ever so grand, it is better to leave the subordinate parts blank, than to introduce anything spurious or of doubtful authority. But when the outline is not only traced with precision and fidelity, but from time to time fresh lines are added, which tend to give fulness and animation to the subject, the value of each successive addition is to be estimated, not merely by its intrinsic importance, but by the improved effect given to all around it. Truth is a quality essential to the whole ; but the accession of each part respectively operates, not as if it were merely *added* to the compound, but as *multiplied* into it.

You will not, therefore, I trust, think it beneath your care, or foreign to your design, but rather essential to it, to investigate every fact, however minute ; to recover all that is not absolutely lost ; to set every fragment in its right place ; to ascertain, with scrupulous exactness, names, dates, and distances ; to verify disputed points ; to separate and reject unauthorised traditions or popular embellishments ;—and you will, I hope, seek to adorn

the narrative only with views of the present state of the buildings, or other objects mentioned in the story, and with such notices of persons and things as are undoubtedly authentic, and may tend to create an interest in the reader's mind.

One thing, indeed, an indefatigable editor, if he has the true antiquarian spirit within him, would not hesitate to attempt,—the connection, wherever it can be made out, of families and individuals now existing with those concerned in this extraordinary transaction. It is this which gives the finishing touch to an antiquarian essay, and which often creates a lively interest in minds otherwise hardly susceptible of such a feeling towards anything that happened a hundred years ago.

If self, and things connected with self, be the legitimate source of feeling, we surely may acquire a firmer hold upon the affections of men, by tracing lines of communication between this age and the past; threads, as it were, which connect the transactions of those days with our own perceptions. A pedigree then becomes a sort of conductor to that subtle agent, which usually acts at an elevation beyond the ordinary sphere of mortal feeling; but when thus brought down, it warms even the dullest bosom with a sympathy for people of remote times.

You may perhaps find it difficult to make out this connection with the subordinate agents in the

transaction, although I should not altogether despair of success even with them ; but the representatives of the more important characters may, in many instances, be ascertained without much trouble. And if you agree with me in thinking that this is the way to awaken and fix attention to your subject, you will not regard a little trouble as thrown away, however small the result of your inquiries may appear to be when exhibited in the page.

But I have already, perhaps, said more than was necessary to rouse you to put your hand to the work ; and more than I had any right to say, in the way of advice, to one whose own judgment is sufficient to guide him even in greater undertakings. I will therefore add but one word more.

It would not be amiss, I think, to reprint the whole of Lord Clarendon's account, as one of the documents relating to this affair. It will furnish an instructive comment upon the *critical principle* I touched upon early in this letter, and will lead men to reflect upon its truth and its importance. In Clarendon there is no lack of minute and circumstantial detail, but hardly is there a single fact truly stated. All the circumstances, reiterated, as they doubtless were, in the conversation of those days, with variations and transpositions, more or less important, of time, place, person, and name, were set down by him from the mouth of his

several informants, in that method which seemed most striking or agreeable. And if it were not for the value of truth, even in the smallest matters, *as a principle of taste* we might well permit the arrangement to remain undisturbed; for it certainly has no bad moral effect; and whether it was John Penderel, or Richard Penderel, who did this or that—whether a remarkable conversation passed at Boscobel, or at Moseley, or at Trent—whether the king's horse lost a shoe on the Tuesday's journey, or the Wednesday's,—the interest of the story is probably as great when told in one way as the other, provided we can divest ourselves of all regard to that principle which I hold to be one of the most congenial with our nature. But if the mind naturally revolts from this slovenly system, let us not doubt that the pains we take in establishing the truth even of the smallest circumstances, are far from being puerile or insignificant; and this specimen of the noble historian, when carefully compared with your own correct narrative, will show how much may yet be done, by diligence and perseverance, in rectifying the historical statements even of our best writers.—I am, my dear Sir, your sincere and affectionate Friend,

E. LLANDAFF.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING LETTER.

MY DEAR LORD,—I have not been idle since the receipt of your gratifying letter, which has at once stimulated and guided me in investigating, to the best of my power, a subject on which my own recollections were a little confused. Much, I think, has already been clearly stated on the matter in question, by the able article in the *Retrospective Review*, which introduces the Whitgreave manuscript ; but the perusal of some tracts in the Bodleian and elsewhere, not generally known, inclines me to hope that the subject has not been as yet exhausted ; and that the methodical diary which you recommend may prove not unacceptable. Distrusting, as I still do, my own limited knowledge as to the necessary details, I yet feel strongly tempted to undertake a task whose nature and object you have pointed out so luminously ; but nothing should induce me so to do, if I did not conceive the project consistent with the high esteem and regard which I entertain for the author of *Woodstock*, for reasons of which you are well aware. I must own that I have somewhat shared in your disappointment at Sir Walter Scott's departure, in this instance, from his usual historical accuracy ; but has not his apology as a novelist been in some degree pronounced by yourself, when you

say, "that in the transaction in question the truth is preserved in its minutest details, and that fertility of invention would in this instance have been thrown away?" It was perhaps from conceiving all well-educated persons to be familiarly acquainted with the facts subsequent to the battle of Worcester (in which, perhaps, Sir Walter overestimates the historical knowledge of his readers), that he yielded to the temptations held out by "the merry devil" of *Woodstock*, and determined on departing from a track where every successive event would have been foreseen. In a case in which he had imagined the possibility of misleading the world in general, I cannot help thinking that he would have strictly adhered to historical truth; at least he has not abused it more than Paul Veronese did in the Spanish costumes which occupy the foreground of the celebrated *Marriage in Cana*; a whim of art by which Messer Paolo undoubtedly did not intend to delude the public, and which he probably could have explained on those well-known professional principles which allow the *quidlibet audendi* in certain cases. Be this as it may, the interest excited by Sir Walter's works relating to the period of history in question, is sufficient to justify a matter-of-fact detail of one of its principal episodes, arranged with attention to dates and localities.

I know, indeed, of no part of our annals which

continues to be so familiar a subject of conversation among the commonalty as that connected with "King Charles and the Royal Oak." In every village directly or indirectly marked by particular incidents of the king's escape, the honest rustics preserve their scattered legends in a shape more or less correct, and mixed and transposed as they must necessarily be in many cases : and it is pleasing to witness the yeomanly pride with which, like Catholics zealous for the honour of our Lady of some particular shrine, they contend for the appropriation of some well-known incident, as connected with the good and loyal service performed by the companions of their forefathers. This interest is, in most cases, strengthened by the existence of the identical houses where the circumstances in question took place, and of the principal families whose names figure conspicuously in the tale, as well as by the slightness of difference between our present domestic habits and those of a time commencing, as it were, the more familiar era of dates. And to all ranks, in fact, the occurrences in question are calculated to present one of those pleasing episodes in history, distinct from the wearying details of bloodshed and political intrigue, which we dwell on with unmixed satisfaction, as reflecting honour on our national good faith, and as brought home to our fancy by those domestic *minutiæ* which form so great a charm in the Odys-

sey. The reality here presents all those features of romance which the imagination chiefly supplies in the *Partie de Chasse d'Henri IV.*, or the incognitos of Haroun Alraschid. The monarch (in none of these instances, it must be owned, the most perfect of characters) is brought in contact, man to man, with the humblest of his subjects, in situations calculated to draw forth the good qualities, and show the undisguised feelings of both parties. In our present case, he also bears his part manfully amid the dangers and perplexities occasioned by his sojourn, and even sets the example of decision and presence of mind to his preservers.

Certainly, at no time of his life does the character of Charles II. appear to so much advantage as at the period of the battle of Worcester, and his subsequent escape. The cool and resolute spirit inherited from his father, which showed itself during the most hopeless crisis of the engagement, was alike conspicuous in the circumstances of his flight, and was united with a presence of mind equally distinct from over-caution and temerity. Nor does that easy good-humour, which was one of his best traits, and sat more gracefully upon him than on his grandfather, ever appear to have forsaken him when most pressed by adverse fortune. And had the vigilance of his pursuers, or the treachery of his associates, brought him to the fate which he sought in vain at

the head of his disunited forces, it would have been as fortunate for his character, as it would have proved to his brother's reputation to have fallen by the side of the brave Lord Muskerrey. History would, in either case, have lost a theme of reprobation in a bad king, and gained as respectable a hero as many whom it has thought fit to immortalise.

The romantic associations suggested by Highland names and scenery, together with the daring nature of the enterprise terminated by the battle of Culloden, have impressed the escape of the Chevalier more strongly on the imagination than the events of Boscobel ; but neither in the merit of the principal characters concerned, nor the imminent nature of the dangers incurred, can it, in my opinion, claim the precedence. In resource, presence of mind, and high personal character, the beautiful Jane Lane (as her best authenticated portrait proves her to have been) may fully challenge a parallel with the more poetical name of Flora Macdonald. Nor do the sturdy brotherhood of Penderel, bold and stanch to a man, who staked their homesteads and families, as well as their lives, on the event of their royal service, lose by comparison with the Caterans of the cave of Corambian, who, as old Hugh of Chisholm frankly allowed, were outlawed men, and could make no use of the reward offered. I shall not,

however, attempt to depreciate the real disinterestedness of these "honest thieves," nor determine which of the two narratives is most gratifying to national pride. One striking circumstance in both is, that so many persons acquainted with the features of the fugitive princes (remarkable in each instance) preserved an unbidden silence as to their accidental rencontres.

It seems pretty well agreed, that Charles Edward was wanting to himself and his cause at the battle of Culloden ; a fault which cannot be alleged against Charles II. on the day of Worcester, though as many circumstances had occurred previously to break and depress his spirit. In no particular, indeed, were the latter lives of either of these princes equal to their outset. Adversity may, indeed, afford a salutary discipline either to a monarch in possession of his throne, like Charles VII. of France, or to a private man trusting to his own exertions for the amendment of his prospects. But an exiled prince, who can neither dig nor beg, whose poverty cannot shelter itself in a corner, and whose very bread depends upon the favour of some insolent foreign minister, is likely either to sink into hopeless despondency, or, if of a more hardy and stirring temper, to learn impressions unfavourable to singleness of mind and high principle, from the means which he must court to rise again. Thus we observe that Charles

Edward sunk into drunkenness and premature dotage ; while his great-uncle returned from his ten years' foreign sojourn an adept in dissimulation as well as vice.

I do not think you will imagine, from anything I have said, that it is my purpose to attempt a defence of the character of Charles II. Enough has already been heard of the middle and latter part of his life, and history has passed a just sentence on him, which it would be as vain to combat, as to revive the vindication of Richard III.'s humanity and comeliness, which failed even in the hands of Lord Orford. It is, however, but justice to allow, that no man could better deserve, as a public character, the flattering reception which is considered so great an aggravation of his demerits. Without inquiring whether Père d'Orléans is right as to the king's voluntary rejection of the magnificent income which would have made him independent of his subjects, it is at least certain that he discountenanced the attempt to obtain it. The disbanding of the troops in Scotland, the dismantling of the Scots fortresses, the rigid adherence to the manifesto of Breda, in spite of the zeal of his first ultra-loyal parliament, the abandonment of the projected order of the Royal Oak, and the invitation of the puritan divines to the conference of the Savoy, all betoken the same right constitutional spirit, exercised, as it must have been

in most instances, at the expense of his own wishes and prejudices.

But no person of reflection can suppose that, under the political circumstances of that day, the enthusiasm excited by Charles II.'s reception could last long. A heavy reckoning was in store, after the first burst of joyous feasting ; or (if such a parallel appear to you too homely) it was like one of those brilliant mornings during unsettled weather, which afford clear indication to an experienced eye that the storms of yesterday are brewing again in the horizon. When the bonfires had burnt themselves out, and the natural contagion of novelty had subsided, all the elements of contention which arose from an ill-defined prerogative, an unsettled ecclesiastical polity, the disappointed hopes of the more zealous cavaliers, and the mortified pride of the republicans, who had admitted the king as a choice of evils, were in full force and turbulence again. The case seems parallel with the delicate and difficult position in which Louis XVIII. was placed, on his accession to the throne of France, save that the popular spirit had not been broken, as in the latter instance, by the continued evils of war. With his past experience of his father's fate, the king must have felt that his own crown did not sit securely on his head, and that his nearest relative was the subject of the bitterest religious and political

animosity, from circumstances which his prerogative could not control. To appease the bulk of the nation, whose moral sense was perhaps never stronger than at this time, and to win the confidence which high personal worth must always command, might have been a task practicable to a master-spirit, schooled like Edward VI. by habits of early piety and discipline ; a monarch firm without harshness, constant to his purpose, and patiently devoted to the kingly work of a long life. It is needless to remark how totally unfitted for the formation of such a character must have been the circumstances of Charles's early career, commenced as it were in boot and saddle, at a time when the education of princes in general has not terminated, amid the license of a camp and the collision of turbulent spirits. The date of Monmouth's birth shows that his habits of libertinism had commenced at an early age ; nor were his religious impressions likely to be improved either by his experience of Catholic courts, or the example of the strictest professors of the Protestant faith ; by the ferocious fanatics of the commonwealth who hunted him as an enemy, or the Covenanters who, prepared alike to use, sacrifice, or degrade him into a puppet, as might best suit their purpose, coupled their scanty dole of observance with the most coarse and galling indignities.

After this unfavourable preparation, strengthened

in its effect by a long exile, he returned a latitudinarian in religion and morals, and a stranger to the mass of his subjects. He must soon have found that his constitutional obligingness of temper, and the natural sense of justice which may be fairly inferred from the first actions of his reign, were not sufficient to meet so arduous a crisis, unsupported by more solid stamina of character. Unable to change his nature at thirty, he soon sunk under a task too great for his powers and habits. Dissimulation, the vice of slaves in general, and more peculiarly so of the most complete of all slaves, a coerced and suspected king, was at hand as a resource from the personal danger which Oates's plot must have shown him to be of no chimerical nature; and its lessons had been long ago made familiar to him during the bondage of the Covenanters. And it is probable that Louis XIV., the most accomplished gentleman of his age, and nearly connected with the English throne by the ties of blood, well knew how to mask his mischievous assistance under the guise of relationship, and to soften its humbling conditions by every artifice of good-breeding.

It nowhere appears, I think, that the purpose of Charles extended to the establishment of the Catholic religion in this country.* His natural sense,

* Nothing can afford a stronger contrast to the apostasy of Charles's latter years than his private instructions and letters to

and his indifference to religion in general, as well as his dying injunctions to his brother James, alike tend to refute this suspicion. His only purpose seems to have been, aware as he was of James's impracticable bigotry, to spare future civil bloodshed, and preserve the succession undisturbed by questions as to the faith of the reigning monarch; and perhaps to die quietly himself in the profession of a creed so accommodating to loose livers. Be this as it may, some excuse for the tyrannical acts of his latter reign may be sought in the personal degradation which he had suffered during the zenith of Oates, in the treachery of Shaftsbury, and the ingratitude of his favourite son Monmouth. More is made of

his brother James, extracted from Thurloe's State Papers by Lord Hailes, among other letters in the Appendix to the King's Narrative. In the Instructions, dated Cologne, July 1654, he says,—

“ I have told you what the queen (Henr. M.) hath promised me concerning my brother Harry in point of religion, and I have given him charge to inform you if any attempt shall be made upon him to the contrary, in which case you will take the best care you can to prevent his being wrought upon, since you cannot but know how much you and I are concerned in it.”

Again, in his letter from the same place, Nov. 1654,—

“ DEAR BROTHER,—I have received yours without a date, in which you mention that Mr Montague has endeavoured to pervert you in your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away

his well-known sarcasm on Lord Russell than it deserves, extorted as it was by the galling recollection of Lord Stafford's judicial murder.* It was at least a statement of the plain truth, and coupled with a mitigating act of the royal prerogative towards one whom even his friends admit to have tampered with the Rye-House conspirators to some extent.

On the charge of personal ingratitude it is much more easy to clear the king's character, in reference to the services performed during his escape. A familiar idea of the claims of some of the disappointed tories may be formed from Addison's amusing paper† (allowing always for his party

concerning that point, and am confident you will observe them; yet the letters that come from Paris say that it is the queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, which, if you hearken to her or anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see me or England again.

And whensoever anybody shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them all; for though you may have the reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not on the same security as they are. If you do not consider what I say to you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were—to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it, which if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will ever hear from, dear brother, your most affectionate brother,

“CHARLES R.”

* See the *Life of Lord Russell*, by his descendant, Lord John Russell.

† *Spectator*, No. 629.

prejudices), exactly in unison with a petition from some superannuated patentee, which I have seen in the journals of the House of Commons of that period. It may be fairly supposed, that a king restored by the sufferance of a powerful and jealous political party, and fettered in his resources by his adherence to previous pledges, stands merely as the representative of a cause, and possesses no more the power of providing for a twentieth part of his adherents, than the successful candidate at an election has the means of gratifying the bulk of his constituents. Had Charles even been free from the profusion which devoured his scanty revenues, he would probably have found it a measure as impracticable as unpopular, to display a marked liberality to the cavaliers in general. This the more high-minded probably felt as the necessary consequence of a civil war, whose reversionary evils are second only to its actual ones; while the king, conscious that his gratitude must be as limited as his means, drew the line of recompense in favour of those whose loyalty to his own immediate person had been unequivocally proved under their own roofs, whose bread he had eaten, and whose lives he had endangered. It would have cost Charles nothing, and gratified his personal pride, to have placed his name among these faithful adherents, as patron of the projected order of the Royal Oak. This idea,

we know, was abandoned to avoid the perpetuation of party feeling; but it clearly appears that no claim, preferred on the grounds of which we speak, was left ungratified by a solid recompense, accompanied in some instances, and probably in all, by testimonies of the king's esteem. Nor is it improbable that Buckingham and the younger Rochester might have owed much of the indulgence with which they were treated, the one to his own former partnership in danger, and the other to his father's memory; for a congenial taste in libertinism seldom serves as an apology in the eyes of a sovereign for such ungovernable insolence as characterised both these minions.

At all events, Charles's conduct to the Penderels, and other families connected with the present narrative, exhibits a great contrast to his cold and pusillanimous behaviour in the case of Blood and Edwards.* No trait, perhaps, more strongly displays the moral scepticism and total perversion of feeling, which was the final consequence of his vices, than

* In the accounts of secret-service money disbursed for the Crown during ten years terminating A. D. 1688, upwards of £1800 is entered as paid to different members of the Penderel family, grandchildren included, in the shape of bounties, advances to assist their furtherance in life, and otherwise. See a tract edited by John Yonge Akerman, Esq., Secretary and Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, from documents furnished by William Selby Lowndes, Esq.

that he should have bestowed on the most insolent of ruffians the reward withheld from the trusty servant who had defended his regalia from that very ruffian, at the risk of his own life. From this circumstance alone, I frankly own to you, that I give up the monarch of Whitehall both as a king and a gentleman, retaining, however, some little partiality for him as the fugitive hero of those memoirs which I will now specify to you as the proposed materials of my short Diary.*

* In the British Museum is a broadsheet, entitled "A Mad Designe, or a Description of the King of Scots marching in disguise after the rout at Worcester, with the particulars where he was, and what he and his company did, every day and night, after he fled from Worcester." London, printed by Robert Ibbitson, 1651; with the day of the month, "November 6th," below in MS. This, the Roundhead account, is fictitious throughout; but it is curious to see how near they had arrived to the truth with respect to the "riding as a servant before a lady," and the temporary occupation of a tree as an asylum. The sheet contains a caricature (the "Mad Designe"), satirising King Charles's expedition, in which "Duke Hambleton" figures conspicuously. The following extract from the letterpress contains all that relates to the King's escape,—

"6. The Scots King's flight represented by the fool on horseback, riding backward, and turning his face every way in feares, ushered by Duke Hambleton and the Lord Wilmot, the particulars of which perambulation was thus :

"1. While he called upon Duke Hambleton to stirre up his men to keep the royall fort at Worcester, September 3, himselfe gave the slip to his lodging, and fetched away the richest treasure he could presently come at.

1. The narrative dictated by the king to Pepys, printed originally by Lord Hailes, sixty or seventy years ago, from the authentic MSS. in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge; together with other letters from Charles to different persons.

2. *Boscobel*, first and second parts, by Thomas Blount, a Catholic lawyer, and sufferer in the royal cause, in which, also, he is said to have borne arms. He is mentioned more particularly both by Watt and Chalmers. The first part of *Boscobel* is well

“2. Whilst Major Cobbet was entring on one side of his house, he escaped out at a back doore on the other, and about 7 o'clock that night, with a party of horse posted away from Worcester, flying towards Scotland.

“3. The next day, being September 4th, Charles Stuart, the Scots King, with the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Wilmot, came to a countryman's house in Cheshire that stood alone, and asked for victuals. The man told them he had none fit to entertain his Majesty; but if they pleased to light, he would get what the country would afford; but seeing themselves discovered, they were afraid, and yet being very hungry and dry, asked for anything they had, and some cold powdered beefe was brought to them. The Scots King drunke off a flagon of beere, and, with a peece of bread in one hand, and of beefe in the other, the others also having got each a slice, away they all rid, and that morning marched into the borders of Lancashire, and all that day after lay close in a hollow tree, turning loose their horses at a farre distance before they came to the place where they resided.

“4. On the 4th of September, at night, they came like so many hermits or Diogeneses, out of their tubs, and went a pilgrimage all that night on foot.

known as a popular work, which appeared soon after the restoration, and was translated into Portuguese at the desire of Queen Catherine. The second part, which appeared many years subsequently, is more scarce ; and the different editions of the work, several of which I have inspected, generally consist of the first part, engrafted some-

“ 5. The next day, September 5, they betooke themselves to hide them in a wood, and got among thickets to hide themselves as well as they could, and got some hips and hawes, and such things as they could conveniently get (without venturing too farre) in the wood, where every noyse put them into a feare of being surprised.

“ 6. On the fifth of September, at night, they went on their journey.

“ 7. On the ninth of September they came early in the morning to a shepherd's tent, which they surprised, and called the shepherd, who, when he had opened the doores, they kept him in the house, and would not let him goe out nor his wife, but discoursed about the gentry thereabouts ; by means whereof they came to know that a lady, in which they had some confidence, lived neare, whither they hasted with all speed, and the Lord Wilmote comming to the doore, got admittance to the lady, and prevailed with her to give them all possible assistance ; and the Scots King being come to the lady, and having saluted her, they sate in counsell to consider how the businesse should be ordered, and it was agreed and accordingly done.

“ 1st, That they should have their haire cut in the country fashion, like plaine country fellows, which was done accordingly.

“ 2d, That they should weare plaine country - fashioned clothes, which were presently got for them.

times with the abridged matter of the second, and sometimes with matter from other books of more or less credit. That which I have adopted is a duplicate of the copy in the Ashmolean Museum, in the possession of our liberal friend, Mr Parker of Oxford, who has allowed me its free use. It was published in 1725, conjointly with the *Claustrum Regale*

“3d, That they should be reputed servants to the said lady.

“4th, That in this pretence she should goe with them to Bristol or some other port, to endeavour the transporting them beyond the seas.

“8. On the seventh and eighth dayes of September they lay there and waited on the lady in severall offices and places, and the Scots King himself stood bare before her, when he waited on her as well as the rest.

“9. On the ninth of September they took an intended voyage for Bristol, and the Scots King rid before the lady on one horse, the Duke of Buckingham before her gentlewoman upon another horse, and the Lord Wilmot as her groom upon an horse by himselfe.

“10. About the middle of September they got to Bristol, but they heard in their inne so great a talke what search was made after them, that they presently tooke horse, not daring to stay there, and away they came for London.

“11. About the twentyeth of September they got to London, and went abroad, sometimes in the mornings and at evenings, but generally lay very close all day ; and the Scots King and Wilmot waited upon the lady at one lodging, and the Duke of Buckingham waited as a servingman to the gentlewoman at another.

“12. About the latter end of September the Scots King with the lady came to see his souldiers in the Tuttle Fields at

Reseratum, which Watt, in his herculean *Bibliotheca Britannica*, mentions as “a scarce and high-prized curiosity,” and seems groundlessly to suppose that Blount took a part in composing or editing it. The tract was published originally in 1681, written by the wife, or, as Collinson thinks, the sister, of Colonel Francis Wyndham, and describes minutely

Westminster, and the lady threw them some monies, but they stayed not.

“13. Another day the Scots King came into Westminster Hall, and viewed the States Armes over the places of judicatory, and viewed the Scots colours hanging on both sides the Hall that were taken from his father and from him.

“14. The Lord Wilmot procured a merchant to hire a ship of forty tuns to transport them, which cost them £120.

“15. About the middle of October, having taken leave of, and thanked the lady with many salutations and promises, to Gravesend they went, and from thence on and a-shipboard.

“16. As soon as my Lord was entered the barque, and the King as his servant, the master of the vessel came to my Lord and told him that he knew the King, and told him that in case it should be known he would expect no mercy; which saying troubled them, but, at length, what with money and promises, they prevailed, and so set sail for Havre de Grace, where they landed, and from thence to Roven, where they cloathed themselves and writ to Paris.”

SUBSTANCE OF THE SCOTS KING'S SPEECH.

[FROM THE SAME.]

“The Scots King told them [the Duke of Orleans, the late Queen, &c.], what had happened at the fight at Worcester, gave

what passed during Charles's concealment at their mansion of Trent House.

3. The manuscript, published in the *Retrospective Review*, written by Mr Whitgreave of Moseley Hall, the host of Charles, and communicated by his heir and descendant, the present Mr W. It is a simple and circumstantial narrative, entirely free from the

some reproachful words against the Scots, put some scurrilous language on the Presbyterian party in England, and boasted much of his own valour.

"Told them how hee slipt out of Worcester, and how neare he was taking there, first in the fort and after in his chamber.

"How hee disguised himselfe, and went from county to county, and what shift hee made for victualls and lodging.

"Sometimes being driven to beg a piece of bread and meat, and ride with bread in one hand and meat in the other.

"And sometimes setting a guard about a little cottage, while hee rested there untill the morning. That he went up and down London in a gentlewoman's habit, where he saith he never saw handsomer coaches than they have now; that he met with severall persons that wished him no harme; and that, at last, hee got to the sea coast, and there embarked himselfe for this coast in a boat that my Lord Wilmot had provided and hired beforehand. He said hee knew nothing of what was become of the Duke of Buckingham, and that he had no other company or followers but the said Wilmot since he landed. He said, further, that he was never in better health, having got no harme at all in the fight."—R. H. B.*

* N.B.—The notes marked R. H. B., and the pedigrees given, are from the pen of the late Rev. R. H. Barham, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, as given in an interleaved copy now in the Editor's possession, which belonged to the late Bishop of Llandaff.

loyal fanaticism which renders Blount sometimes absurd, and from which the *Claustrum* is not entirely free.

4 and 5. Captain Ellesdon's Memoir, and "Letter from a Prisoner at Chester." These tracts are found in the folio edition of the Clarendon papers, as documents approved by the Chancellor. The name and services of Ellesdon are mentioned in the other narratives of credit.

Having carefully compared the above works, I find them agree in every material particular of dates and circumstances, save in the mistake of one day in the king's reckoning, which might have easily occurred after a period of more than twenty years from the time to which his recollections alluded. I have, therefore, made them the basis of the Diary which will precede them, in which the preference has been respectively given to the different narrators, as to those minutiae which came under his or her particular notice.

It is satisfactory to find, that the Jesuit Père d'Orléans, in his *Histoire des Révolutions d'Angleterre* (Paris, 1693), who has given a minute account of the king's escape, varies hardly in a single point from the narratives which I have specified. He appears to have been a writer of reputation in his day, and the author of several other historical works.

The narratives of Serle and Danvers, and the tract in the *Harleian Miscellany*, I believe I am authorised by yourself to consider of more doubtful authority ; therefore shall make no use of them. Nor does the little book called *Monarchy Revived*, published in 1661, appear to throw much new light on the matter, except in one or two passages, which are quoted in their place. There is, I understand, a small publication of the same date, entitled *White Ladies*, the only copy of which, supposed to be extant, is in the possession of the Hon. Thomas Grenville. I believe, however, it relates to matters stated with sufficient minuteness already by the king and Blount.

As a prelude to those more authentic tracts which I have specified, it is my intention to reprint or abridge that part of Clarendon which varies so materially from the ascertained facts in question. This discrepancy a good deal ceases, when he has conducted the king from Bentley Hall.

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D I A R Y.

IN the beginning of August 1651, Charles II. decided on the bold measure which for a time perplexed the calculations of the Protector ; and, evading the vigilance of the parliamentary army, marched over the Scottish frontier, with a force amounting to about 8000 foot and 3000 horse, provided, it should seem, with no better artillery than sixteen leather guns.* As the troops, consisting chiefly of Scots Covenanters, stood in a situation of peculiar delicacy with the royalists of the English counties, the strictest discipline was observed, as a necessary measure of conciliation.† In one case some stragglers had robbed an orchard ; in another, a soldier had refused payment at a publican's on the road. In both instances the offenders were punished with death ;‡ and it is probable that these harsh measures produced their effect in the unmolested progress of the army as far as Warrington. At this

* Prisoner's letter from Chester.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

place Lambert and Harrison, whose troops had hitherto formed a flying corps of observation, concentrated 7000 men,* with a view of disputing the passage of the river, the bridge over which had been broken down. The passage was soon made practicable by means of planks laid across the broken piers ; and Charles, leading on his men with great gallantry, effected his purpose in the face of the enemy, who, pursuant to the orders of Cromwell, offered no very obstinate resistance, and withdrew their forces without risking a general engagement. On August 22d the king arrived before the loyal town of Worcester, where it had been his intention to establish his first permanent headquarters. The ruinous fortifications of the city were speedily abandoned by the enemy's garrison of 500 horse ; and Charles, making his triumphal entry forthwith, was proclaimed on the 23d. The next two or three days were spent in preparations for the grand muster, which was to take place on the 26th ; as well as in the usual ceremonials and rejoicings, and the refreshment of the wearied army, who, nevertheless, with true covenanting zeal, found leisure to quarrel with certain expressions used in a sermon preached by Mr Crosby, an eminent divine of the town, as attributing an undue spiritual authority to the king as head of the church.

* Ludlow represents it as a larger force.

In the mean time the fortunes of Charles were assuming a less favourable aspect in Lancashire, where the Earl of Derby had been left to try the spirit of that and the adjoining counties, and to organise reserves of recruits for the royal army. On the 25th of August that nobleman was attacked at Wigan, by a parliamentary regiment under Colonel Lilburn, whose superior discipline prevailed over the numbers and courage of the Earl's raw levies.* Several royalists of distinction were slain in the engagement; and Derby himself, wounded and forced to fly, directed his course towards the king's main army at Worcester. Near Newport, on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire, he found entertainment with a royalist family, by whom he was directed to a place of shelter at Boscobel House, a sequestered spot in the neighbourhood of Brewood and Cannock Chase, and situated on a wild hilly common, in the centre of extensive woods. Here the Earl remained for two days, under the care of William Penderel,† a woodman and retainer of the Catholic family of Giffard, to whom the Boscobel demesne then belonged, adjacent to their principal seat at Chillington. The seclusion of the spot, and the poverty and obscurity of its tenants, all con-

* Ludlow states the royalists at 1500, the republicans 700, in number on this occasion.

† See Pedigrees of the Penderel and Yates Families, &c., in Appendix (I.)

spired to render this house an unsuspected place of retreat; and, in addition to these advantages, two separate hiding-places had been there contrived for the shelter of Catholic priests,—the one in the floor of the principal garret,—the other, and the more important, built into the body of the main chimney-stack, from whence it communicated from above with a small closet adjoining the best bedroom, and from below, with a low door leading into the garden. On the night of the 31st of August the Earl of Derby, having now enjoyed an interval of four or five days for the recovery of his wounds, set off with the impatience of a gallant spirit to join the king at Worcester, where he arrived just on the eve of the approaching battle.

August 26.—On this day the grand muster took place at Pitchcroft,* a large meadow in the suburb,

* There is no stronger proof of the authenticity of the king's narrative (were such wanting), than his blunder in speaking of Mr Whitgreave of Moseley, as "Mr Pitchcroft." It answers exactly to the tests which Paley, in his *Horæ Paulinæ*, shows to be most infallible, as grounded on circumstances too minute for imposture. The mortifying result of the Pitchcroft muster (which might naturally have been anticipated, in spite of the pains taken by Charles to justify to the English the startling measure of a Border inroad), seems, from this little trait, to have dwelt strongly on his mind. And considering the national jealousy, which existed then and for more than fifty years afterwards, the junction of the small band of English royalists was in truth a proof of their fidelity. More deeply pledged than the rest, and fighting as they did when all was evidently

bordering on the river. Many cavaliers of high family came in with small levies of horse, among them Lord Talbot, and Sir Walter, with three other gentlemen of the ancient and chivalrous name of Blount. This comparatively slight accession of force, however, was not sufficient to encourage the king in his original project of marching to London, where on this very day his proclamation was burnt by the hangman, and a counter manifesto of the most threatening nature promulgated. In the mean time the parliamentary main army, whose numbers, varying according to different reports, certainly trebled the muster-roll of the royal forces,* began to push their outposts round the city, and everything seemed to portend the approach of a decisive action.

August 28.—A body of the enemy, under Lambert, forced the passage of the Severn at Upton, where the bridge had been broken down, and a plank laid across the piers for the accommodation of foot-passengers. Along this narrow approach an advanced guard of the most adventurous soldiers passed, and effecting a lodgment in Upton Church, assisted the main body in making good their ground,

lost, they afford a parallel to “la garde qui meurt, mais ne se rend pas ;” and, without an unfair degree of partiality, we may consider them as the heroes of the day of Worcester ; in fact, the English Camerons.

* See Père d’Orléans’s *History of the Stuarts* ; as well as Ludlow.

in spite of a vigorous defence made by General Massey, who, being severely wounded himself, and having his horse shot under him, was forced to fall back upon Worcester.

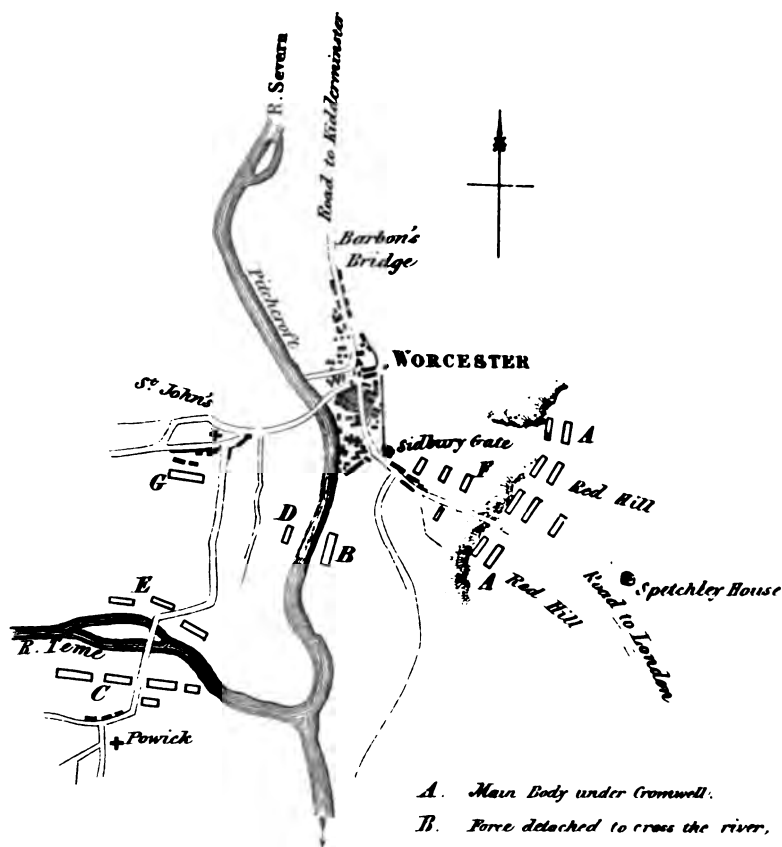
August 29.—On this day, Cromwell, whose headquarters had been the night before at White-Lady-Aston, took post with his main body at Red Hill, a mile east of the city. Perceiving themselves hemmed in gradually by a disciplined force trebling their own, the royalists immediately determined on trying the chance of a spirited and desperate measure. In the night, from 1200 to 1500 men, under General Middleton, attacked Cromwell's headquarters, wearing their shirts over their armour for the better distinction of their own forces. Owing, however, to secret intelligence obtained by the enemy from Guise, or Gives, a tailor of Worcester, who was discovered and executed the next day, they were repulsed with loss, and Cromwell maintained his position at Red Hill and Perry Wood for four days longer without interruption, and without attempting any farther movement on the eastern side of the river. On the western side, however, a strong detachment approached from Upton, but made a halt at Powick Bridge, finding the opposite side of the Teme occupied by a brigade of the royalists under Major-General Montgomery.

September 3.—Early in the morning the king

reconnoitred, from the tower of the cathedral, the dispositions of the republicans, which now began to assume on all sides an offensive posture not to be mistaken. The protector's main army, occupying Perry Wood to the east and south-east, were as yet stationary ; but a column of 1000 men, provided with pontoons, were observed in motion from this point towards the river at Bunhill, about a mile below the town ; while at the same time the force under Fleetwood and Ingoldsby, which had remained before Powick Bridge since the 30th of August, advanced under a brisk fire to attack Montgomery's detachment. To prevent the junction of forces threatened by these combined movements, the king hastened southwards to the scene of action. Scarcely, however, had he quitted his first post, when the main body of the enemy commenced a fire of artillery on the fort royal, which protected the city on the south-east. The battle having now become general,* Charles, leaving Montgomery firm at his post on the Teme, and detaching Colonel Pitscottie with 300 Highlanders, to oppose the 1000 republicans in the passage of the Severn, galloped back to his headquarters, reconnoitring the advanced posts on the east of the city, in the face of the enemy's approaching fire. Meantime the attack on the south

* According to Clarendon, the heat of the action commenced about noon.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER.



- A. Main Body under Cromwell.
- B. Force detached to cross the river, & cut off Montagu.
- C. Fleetwood's Division.
- D. Piscott's Highlanders.
- E. Montgomery's Forces.
- F. Charles's Main Body.
- G. Genl Dabell's Brigade.

became more close and furious, under the eye of Cromwell, who had left Perry Wood to command the pontoniers and the column destined to support them. Montgomery, after maintaining his post till his ammunition was expended, was forced to abandon Powick Bridge in disorder ; and the protector, having at the same time overpowered the equally gallant defence offered by Pitscottie and his handful of men, threw his column over the Severn, to strengthen the right flank of the pursuers. Leaving Montgomery in full retreat towards the city, and bidding "the Lord of Hosts to go with" his victorious detachment, Cromwell returned to his original post at Red Hill and Perry Wood, where his presence gave the signal for a redoubled cannonade on the fort royal and neighbouring outposts.

The king, harassed by the superiority of the enemy's artillery, and perceiving himself wedged into a dangerously narrow space by the retreat of Montgomery, boldly marched out to attack Cromwell in his intrenchments, with the Highlanders and his best infantry, seconded by the English cavaliers. So resolute was the onset of the royalists, led by Charles in person, that the republicans at first gave way before them, abandoning a part of their cannon. "One hour of Montrose," at the head of the 3000 horse whom a few minutes might have brought to the charge, had perhaps retrieved the fortune of the

day ; but Lesley, who commanded this important force, induced either by treachery or distrust, kept them stationary in the rear, until the infantry, having expended their ammunition, and being reduced to fight with the but-ends of their muskets, gave way before the reserves poured in by the protector, and fell back into the city with the loss of their best leaders. The Duke of Hamilton and Sir John Douglas were both mortally wounded ; and Sir Alexander Forbes, disabled by a shot through both his legs, was taken prisoner.

While the republicans, who followed closely on the rear of the routed infantry, were storming the fort royal near Sidbury Gate, the king, finding his entrance on horseback obstructed by the overturn of an ammunition waggon, got into the city on foot ; and putting off his heavy armour, rode up and down the streets on a fresh horse, calling the officers and men by their names, and in vain urging Lesley and his cavalry to face the enemy for the first time. "I had rather," said he, "that you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." In the mean time, however, General Dalyell's brigade, stationed at St John's, had laid down their arms,* after a faint

* It appears from the king's letter "to Tom Dalyell," dated Cologne, 1654, in Lord Hailes's Collection, that this general

resistance, before the republican column on the western bank of the Severn, and the battle was now confined to the city, which the enemy began to enter on all sides. For some time an unequal contest was kept up, wherever the royal forces could be drawn to a head. Lord Rothes and Sir William Hamilton maintained the Castle Hill until fair conditions of surrender were offered to them, and a body of English defended the town-hall as long as it was tenable ; while Lord Cleveland, Colonel

enjoyed his esteem and confidence subsequently to the battle of Worcester. Dalyell's ultra-loyalty and desperate valour are, besides, so well known, as to render it a necessary inference that he was not seconded by his men ; which in some degree clears the otherwise inexplicable conduct of Lesley, a person certainly not suspected of cowardice. The probability is that many among the Scottish army, who would have fought with spirit in the defence of their own country, considered the English expedition as a hopeless act of desperation on the part of the young king ; a conclusion which the scanty muster on the Pitchcroft would confirm in the minds of the best informed. It is but fair, therefore, to infer that Lesley, who appears from the first to have despaired of the success of the Worcester campaign, was better acquainted with the disaffection of his Covenanters than he chose to confess, and distrusting their efficiency in a pitched battle, determined on reserving the horse unbroken, to cover the king's retreat upon his resources in Scotland ; a measure which was frustrated by Charles's natural indignation and mistrust, and which would in all probability have failed. *Valeat quantum valet.* His known character for caution renders this as natural a solution as treachery or jealousy of Middleton.

Wogan,* Major Carlis, and other royalist gentlemen, rallying around them a few resolute troopers, made repeated and destructive charges on the plun-

* This was probably the Wogan immortalised by the beautiful verses in *Waverley*. According to Clarendon, he was promoted early in life to the command of Ormond's guards, after his accession to the royalist cause on the death of Charles I., which probably would have given him a rank superior to his commission of captain of horse under Ireton. And as far as appears from the order of dates and circumstances in the History of the Rebellion, the abortive attempt of Glencairn and Middleton, chiefly marked by Wogan's daring exploit and death, must have taken place subsequently to the battle of Worcester.

"The noble Wogan, who from France had, by the way of Durham and Barwick, and through a fayer in open day, marched into Scotland, and had joyned with those Scotch Royalists, and done excellent service in beating up of quarters and attempting them in all their marchings and advances, came now at last to his end, Providence having reserved this honorable destiny for him, that he alone of all the English of note should fall in his Majesty's last quarrel in the kingdom of Scotland, the manner thus : Being abroad with a party of some 60 English, he met with Capt. Elsenore's lieutenant, ranging upon the same adventure with some more than his number near Drummond and Weems, and fell upon him, and after a sharp and stout conflict (for they were armed with back and brest, and were veterane blades, and never fled before) routed them, but was wounded himself with a tuck, whereof, not long after, he died, and was buried in great state and lamentation with a military funeral in the Church of Kenmore ; and Capt. Ker, a valiant Scot, was killed with him. The said lieutenant was killed also upon the place, with 30 of the men, to accompany the fate of the noble person, so that he fell not unrevenged.

dering parties of the enemy, "filling the streets with the bodies of horses and men." * About fifty of this sacred battalion, with Wogan at their head, after effectually covering the king's retreat, joined him at six in the evening at Barbon's Bridge, about a mile out of the town.† Here Charles, surveying the still unbroken appearance of Lesley's horse, who had taken little or no share in the struggle, faced about, and meditated a fresh charge, to retrieve the fortune of the day. From this hazardous step, however, he was soon dissuaded by Buckingham and his

Great indignation there was against Robinson the surgeon that drest him, for his neglect of him, the Earl of Athol having threatened to kill him ; so dearly was this hero beloved by that nation who constantly envied the worth of gallantry of ours. And here we must leave him till some grateful learned Muse shall sing the honorable atchievements and most laudable high actions of this famous and renowned Captain."—*Chronicle of the late intestine War*, by James Heath, Gent., second edition, small folio, 1676 ; with a Continuation to that date by J. P., p. 355.

From the same work it appears that Wogan first went over to the king during Middleton's expedition from Scotland. He had subsequently distinguished himself under Ormond at Baginbun, and also against Cromwell in person, whom he is said (p. 245) to have baffled by his gallantry at Duncannon. Colonel Zaney took him prisoner in an unsuccessful attempt on Passage Fort ; but how he escaped, and was again in arms, is not mentioned. The dates in this book are, generally, very confused.—R. H. B.

* Prisoner at Chester's letter.

† See *Boscobel*. The Letter from Chester states, that they remained at bay in the town till midnight.

more faithful adherents, who represented that the infantry, on whom the principal struggle and loss had fallen, were nearly annihilated,* and that Lesley's horse, who had already begun to show symptoms of mutiny and desertion, could only be kept to their ranks in a retrograde movement. Nothing, therefore, now remained but the alternative of escape: the question was, in what direction this could best be accomplished. The first impulse of the king was to take refuge in London ; but finding himself supported in this project by none excepting Lord Wilmot, he decided on retreating to the northward. Accordingly, having separated himself from the main body of horse, and the crowd of stragglers who embarrassed their retreat, Charles, accompanied by about sixty of his most trusty adherents, rode off on the road to Kidderminster. At Kinver Heath, five or six miles from the latter town, they first came to a halt, finding that the local knowledge of their guide began to fail him in the dusk of the evening ; and, after a short consultation, determined on escorting the king to Lord Derby's former place of refuge at Boscobel House, whither Mr Charles Giffard undertook to conduct them. The most immediate danger was apprehended at Stourbridge,

* D'Orléans states that 3000 men were killed and 5000 taken.

where a troop of the enemy's horse were stationed : by dint, however, of extreme caution, they contrived to pass through this place about midnight, without giving the alarm, and to obtain some refreshment for the king at a house on the other side of the town. From hence they proceeded to White Ladies, a house belonging to the Giffard family, which they reached by break of day, bringing the king's horse, by way of precaution, into the hall. Here news was brought to him that Lesley's cavalry had rallied in full force on the heath near Tong Castle, and it was suggested to the king to join this force, with a view of insuring his retreat into Scotland. This advice Charles absolutely rejected, indignant at their recent conduct, and "knowing," in his own words, "that men who had deserted him when they were in good order, would never stand to him when they had been beaten : " an opinion which the event fully justified. Having taken his resolution to consult his safety alone, he was accordingly recommended by Mr Giffard to the good offices of his retainers, Richard and William Penderel, whose fidelity Lord Derby had already experienced during his temporary shelter. Being divested of his buff coat, his George,* and other ornaments, and disguised in a leathern doublet and

* In Zouch's *Life of Walton* the curious circumstances as to the preservation of this ornament are spoken of. Blount, however, has been sufficiently minute on the subject.

woodman's suit belonging to these honest yeomen, the king parted from his devoted band of followers, "who took leave of him," says the narrative, "with sad hearts, but hearty prayers;" Lord Derby especially commending him to the good faith of his former host. Under the guidance of the brothers, Charles quitted White Ladies by a back door, it being now broad day, and took refuge in a wood called Spring Coppice, on the Boscobel demesne. The noblemen and gentlemen who had accompanied him, wishing of their own accord to remain in ignorance of the place of his retreat, "because they knew not what they might be forced to confess," rode off with the intention of joining Lesley's horse on the northern road. In this attempt Lord Derby and most of the rest were taken prisoners by the enemy; but the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Leviston, and a few more, escaped in different directions, and, after a series of vicissitudes, ultimately effected their passage into France. The horse under Lesley, as inefficient in retreat as in battle, were shortly dispersed by a comparatively trifling force of republican cavalry, and destroyed or captured in detail by the enemy's scouts and the peasantry of the northern counties.

In the mean time the king, and Lord Wilmot, who remained in the immediate neighbourhood, in the hope of rendering him some assistance, enjoyed

comparative security under the protection of the Penderel family. This loyal brotherhood had formerly consisted of six. George and Thomas, the latter of whom fell at Edgehill, had served in the army of Charles I. At the time of the battle of Worcester, the five survivors were living as tenants of the Giffard family, on the demesnes of Boscobel and White Ladies, then annexed to the principal mansion of Chillington. William Penderel resided with his wife in Boscobel House, Richard with his mother at Hobbal Grange, Humphry at the mill of White Ladies, and John and George in neighbouring cottages, occupying small portions of land, in payment of their services as woodmen. Having deposited Lord Wilmot at Mr Huntbach's house at Brinsford, John Penderel instantly proceeded to Wolverhampton, to secure him some more permanent hiding-place. Returning from his unsuccessful errand, he met Mr Hodleston, a Catholic priest residing with Mr Whitgreave at Moseley Hall, in the vicinity of the town, and in the habit of visiting White Ladies; to whom he communicated the first news of the event of the battle, and the situation of his guest. "Would Mr Whitgreave," said he, "undertake to secure him?" "I will take you to him, and you shall see," was the answer. Mr Whitgreave, who, as well as Hodleston, had served in the army of Charles I., lost no time in

waiting on Lord Wilmot, whom he appointed to receive into his house at midnight.

While this was passing, the situation of the fugitive king in Spring Coppice was as comfortless as fortune could well have devised to "physic pomp." After a day spent in battle, and a night in flight, the morning of the 4th of September found Charles a solitary fugitive, seeking a shelter, like a hunted animal, from the inclemency of the weather and the fury of his pursuers, whose distant alarms alone interrupted his leisure for bitter reflections. Part of his discomforts was soon removed by the care of Richard Penderel, who brought from the house of Yates, his brother-in-law, a blanket to serve as a seat on the wet ground, attended by the good-wife Yates, with a mess of butter, milk, and eggs, which she had hastily prepared. Being tolerably refreshed, and cheered by the assurances of the good woman, "that she would rather die than discover him," Charles passed the rest of the day couched on his blanket at the foot of a tree. During the whole morning the rain, which only fell partially elsewhere, poured down incessantly in Spring Coppice, a circumstance singular enough, and one which diverted the attention of the pursuers from the king's hiding-place. At the fall of night, Charles, having supped and completed his rustic disguise at Hobbal Grange, the house of Richard Penderel, ac-

CHART OF CHARLES IIND'S JOURNEY.



accompanied the latter, with the intention of crossing the Severn at Madeley, and seeking a refuge among the loyalists of Wales, from which quarter it was judged that he might escape to France with the least suspicion. At Evelin Mill they were challenged in the dark by the miller, who, unknown to Penderel, was at that moment entertaining a party of royalist fugitives in his house. Little dreaming of the real character of this honest fellow, who, equally suspicious on his own part, rushed boldly out to seize the supposed roundhead spies, the king and Penderel ran precipitately off, and soon escaped the miller's pursuit. At midnight they reached the house of Mr Wolfe, a royalist gentleman residing at Madeley, about seven miles from Boscobel; whom they found alarmed for the safety of his son (then a prisoner at Shrewsbury), and indisposed, as he declared, to risk his own safety for any one less than the king. In this dilemma, Penderel judged it best to disclose the real quality of his guest, who, though startled at first by this bold step, found no reason to repent the confidence placed in the old cavalier. Every attention was instantly paid to the king's wants; and as the hiding-places belonging to the house had been discovered on former occasions, it was thought most prudent to provide him with a shelter in the barn, among a heap of straw.

Meantime Lord Wilmot, under the guidance of

Mr Huntbach, reached Moseley Hall a little after midnight, having left his horses at Brinsford for security, and was conducted by Mr Whitgreave to the priest's hiding-place, then a necessary appendage to a Catholic gentleman's house. "I would give a world," said the faithful nobleman, his mind reverting to the king's precarious condition, "that my friend were here." Who this friend was, he had not thought it prudent as yet to reveal to his host.

Friday, Sept. 5.—During the rest of the previous night, and the whole of this day, the king, completely exhausted by the previous forty-eight hours of toil and watching, enjoyed his humble shelter in Mr Wolfe's barn. In the evening, as if to reward the good faith of the old royalist, young Wolfe unexpectedly returned from his captivity, in time to deliberate with his father and Penderel as to the fittest course for their guest to pursue. It appeared that two companies of militia were stationed in the town of Madeley, besides outposts, who had seized on the bridges and boats on the Severn adjoining, and whose vigilance rendered any secret passage of that river impracticable. Accordingly, an hour before midnight, Charles returned to Boscobel under the guidance of Penderel, Mrs Wolfe having completed his disguise by staining his face and hands "of a reeky colour," with walnut leaves. To evade the formidable miller of Evelin, they

judged it best to ford a small stream, where Charles, being the best swimmer of the two, acted as the pioneer.

During this day Lord Wilmot, through the activity of John Penderel, had found means of communication with Colonel Lane of Bentley Hall, a known and sure loyalist, who towards the evening waited on that nobleman with the proffer of his house and services. It was determined that Mrs Jane Lane, sister to this gentleman, who was on the point of setting out on a visit to her friend, Mrs Norton of Abbotsleigh, near Bristol, under a pass available for herself and one male attendant, should convey Wilmot, disguised in that capacity, to the point in question.

Saturday, Sept. 6.—About five in the morning, Charles and his guide arrived at Boscobel, hearing at John Penderel's house, in their way, the news that Lord Wilmot had found an asylum at Moseley Hall, about eight miles distant, and that Major Carlis, the hero of Worcester (who, as Blount states, "had seen the last man killed there"), had taken refuge in Boscobel Wood, judging his paternal residence of Brom Hall, in the neighbourhood, an unsafe retreat. After a hasty refreshment, the king and Carlis concealed themselves in a large and bushy pollard oak, about a furlong or less on the south-east side of Boscobel House, and commanding rather

a more open view than the trees which surrounded it. Here they remained during the day, the king enjoying intervals of dozing on a cushion which the Penderels had provided, his head resting on Carlis's lap. The circumstances of this crisis appear to have made a very distinct impression on Charles's recollection. Concealed as he was within a small distance of the ground, the slightest motion or noise must have betrayed him to the patrols of the enemy, whom he every now and then discovered searching closely in the neighbouring covert, as he ventured to peep through the low, close branches of his asylum. Evening, however, put an end to this more imminent danger, and allowed him to enjoy a substantial supper in Boscobel House, prepared by the good-wife, Joan Penderel. For greater security, a pallet was made up for him in the small closet already described as Lord Derby's hiding-place. In this confined space, about five feet square, Charles, at some inconvenience to his limbs, passed an undisturbed night. This same evening, Lord Wilmot, concluding from John Penderel's last report that the king had passed the Severn, removed from Moseley to Bentley Hall, at Colonel Lane's invitation.

Sunday, Sept. 7.—This morning Major Carlis, a person fertile in the expedients of a campaign, was early on the alert to provide, without suspicion, a substantial breakfast for his master, whose return-

ing appetite had exhausted the good-wife Joan's * scanty resources. Accompanied by William Penderel, who, with his brothers, had been on the watch during the night, to prevent surprise from the enemy's scouts, the major repaired soon after daybreak to a neighbouring sheepfold, and stuck with his dagger the best wether, which Penderel brought home on his back. In the mean time Charles had also risen at an early hour, to reconnoitre the road from Tong to Brewood, from the window

* The identity of " Dame Joane " has been unaccountably disputed by the curious. The tombstone at White Ladies, inscribed with her quaint epitaph, which D. Parkes discovered in the year 1792, has disappeared, and is probably in the close keeping of some neighbouring antiquary. Parkes merely mentions (*Gentleman's Magazine*, LXII.) that he had discovered Dame Joane's tombstone, supposing, doubtless, that his readers must have been aware of her being twice mentioned by Blount as the good-wife of Boscobel, William Penderel's abode. She has, however, been mistaken by some for his sister, Frances Yates, and by others for his mother, who lived with her son Richard at Hobbal Grange ; and in the following Number (LXIII.) of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, some anile ally of the worthy Sylvanus, after professing himself in the dark as to Dame Joane's surname, repeats the ubiquitous legend of the spit, on the authority of " an ancient person of veracity lately deceased," who had the relation from her grandmother, as having happened at Boscobel. The " severe blow on the back," which the king, it seems, received from Joan, made but little impression on his memory ; and Blount identifies the adventure as having happened in Mr Tombs's kitchen, at Long Marston, under circumstances highly creditable to Charles's ready tact.

of the staircase adjoining his closet ; and was prepared to partake amply of this new stock of provision, in the preparation of which, as he afterwards laughingly remarked, he performed the part of master-cook. By this time the alarm had extended itself to White Ladies, whither the flight of the king had been traced ; but no suspicion had as yet rested on Boscobel, on account of its lonely situation and the poverty of its tenants. During the whole of this day, therefore, Charles enjoyed a welcome interval of leisure, which he employed partly in his devotions, and partly in reading in a summer-house in the garden, within immediate reach of the door which led up the chimney-stack to his hiding-place.

In the course of the afternoon, John Penderel had gone to seek Lord Wilmot at Moseley, with the intelligence of Charles's failure in the passage of the Severn. Perplexed at finding Wilmot departed since the morning for Bentley Hall, he accompanied Mr Whitgreave in search of that nobleman ; and the result of their conference was that Wilmot should suspend his purpose of accompanying Mrs Jane Lane southward, and meet the king that night at Moseley. Charles, apprised by evening of this arrangement through the indefatigable messenger, took leave of Carlis, whose farther attendance might have led to danger in a country

where his person was known; and set out after nightfall for Moseley. His body-guard consisted of the five Penderels,* and Yates, their brother-in-law, all armed with bills and pike-staves, as well as with concealed pistols, and determined to defend their royal charge at any hazard. The king, not yet recovered from his fatigues, complained of the rough motion of Humphry Penderel's mill horse, on which he rode, surrounded by his defenders. "Can you blame the horse, my liege," said the honest miller, "to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?" On reaching Penford Mill, below Cotsall, to which point they had proceeded by lone byways, for the greater security the party separated; William, Humphry, and George, returning with the horse, while the king, accompanied by the rest, took the footpath to Moseley. After a moment's recollection, Charles called the

* The print annexed is taken from one in the Bodleian edition of Blount's *Boscobel*, the same which has been copied accurately on the black marble of Mr Evans's chimney-piece, in the parlour of Boscobel House. The gigantic figure, which nearly overtops Charles upon his mill horse, and strongly resembles the figure of "Mr Greatheart" in the early editions of Bunyan (save in a convenient obliquity of vision, which enables him to reconnoitre front and rear at the same time), is probably meant for William Penderel, whom Hodleston, in his note on the king's narrative, describes as so tall a man that his breeches hung below the knees of Charles, himself a person above the middle size.

[illegible]



three brothers back, and gave them his hand to kiss. "My troubles," said he, "make me forget myself; I thank you all." A walk of about three miles from this point brought him, without farther interruption, to Moseley, where Mr Whitgreave was at his appointed post in an adjoining field. The king, whom his host had not been able to distinguish from the rest in the darkness of a rainy night, made for a light in Lord Wilmot's chamber, while Whitgreave conducted the Penderels to his buttery, having sent all his servants to bed at an early hour, as a precaution. A summons from Father Hodleston brought him up to Lord Wilmot's room, whom he found talking at a cupboard's head with a squalid figure in a greasy hat, and a woodman's green frock over a leathern doublet. "This gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed," said Wilmot, not knowing that John Penderel had already disclosed the quality of the new guest, "is both your master, mine, and the master of us all, to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance." Whitgreave knelt down to kiss the king's hand, who raised him with warm assurances of his own trust in his zeal and loyalty, and requested to see the place of concealment. Praising its security, he returned to the fireside, where Whitgreave and Hodleston washed his blistered feet, and changed his coarse shirt and wet clothes for more comfortable attire. Having taken some biscuit and sack,



King Charles making his escape, attended by the five Pendrells and Yates.
from a Print in the Bodleian copy, written on the Boscombe Chimney Piece



Charles soon resumed the cheerfulness which had abandoned him during the night-march, and said, "that if it would please Almighty God to send him once more an army of 10,000 good and loyal soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expell all the rogues forth from his kingdom." After an hour's conversation, he retired to bed about daybreak; and Lord Wilmot took this opportunity to urge Mr Whitgreave, that in case of any unavoidable discovery, he would deliver him up to the enemy, as the most likely means of diverting their attention from his sovereign.

Monday, Sept. 8.—This day Boscobel House was searched narrowly by two parties of republicans, one of which plundered the family of their small stock of provisions, and whatever else was portable, and threatened the life of William Penderel, from whom, however, they could extract no intelligence. About this time Major Carlis, by the aid of an old friend at Wolverhampton, obtained a pass under a disguised name, which landed him safely in France, where he first brought the Princess of Orange the news of her brother's safety. Meanwhile Charles enjoyed the effects of the prudent precautions which had been taken for his security. All the servants, excepting a Catholic cook-maid, had been sent out of the house on different errands; and Father Hodleston, under pretence of personal apprehension as a Catholic priest, set his pupils, Palyn, Reynolds,

and Sir John Preston, to watch from the garret window the approach of any rebel parties.*

Tuesday, Sept. 9.—This morning the republicans, having traced the king's route as far as White Ladies, by information extorted from a captured royalist, despatched a party thither in great haste, who threatened the family with their pistols, and broke down the wainscoting in search of the royal fugitive. They were, however, baffled by the self-possession of Mr George Giffard and Mrs Andrew (probably the housekeeper) ; and returning with the conviction that their intelligence was false, revenged themselves, by a severe beating, on their informant. The king, in the mean time, passed this day in conversation with Mr Whitgreave and his mother,† and in the perusal of *Turbervill's Catechism* ‡—his prin-

* Young Sir John, as appears from the Whitgreave MSS., was then with his tutor Mr Hodleston, a guest at Moseley, under the assumed name of Jackson, to protect him from the puritans, who had sequestered his father's property ; and Mr Whitgreave had taken the opportunity of placing his two nephews, Palyn and Reynolds, under Hodleston's care. It might, without this explanation, seem strange that a seminary should be established under the roof of a man of fortune.

† See Pedigree of Robert Whitgreave of Burton, &c., in Appendix (II.)

‡ Either Henry Turberville's *Manual of Controversies*, or his *Abridgment of Christian Doctrine*, both published at Douay, about this period—probably the latter, which was also called *Turbervill's Catechism*.

cipal post being in a little closet over the porch, which his host used as a study. From hence he watched the road from Wolverhampton, along which the wounded and stragglers from his faithful infantry were continually passing; many of whom came to the door directly under his window to beg relief. No enemy, however, as yet appeared, till towards the evening, when the alarm was suddenly given that a party of republicans were at hand. Charles, who was taking some rest in the parlour below, instantly retreated up-stairs to his hiding-place—a closet at the back of the largest bedroom, communicating through a false floor with a door of exit which opened into the brew-house chimney. Whitgreave meantime went calmly to his open door to meet the soldiers, who, under the command of a man called “Southall the priest-catcher,” were on the alert to recover the lost traces of the king from White Ladies, not without suspicion that the master of Moseley himself was a fugitive from the field of Worcester. The latter, however, by his ease and self-possession, convinced them that their graver surmises were equally groundless with the charge relating to himself, which his ill state of health plainly rebutted; and the party left the house quietly. In the dusk of the evening the king prepared for his departure to Bentley Hall, from whence it had been settled that he should proceed

on the morrow, as the servant in attendance on Mrs Jane Lane. Before setting out, however, he was mindful to supply the family with such references and letters of credit to his friends in London, as might secure their safe embarkation, in case of any suspicion falling on their conduct. They on their part were equally careful to furnish him with more than the necessary means and appliances for his short evening's journey, the good old lady insisting on filling his pockets with sweetmeats, and Hodleston pressing on him the loan of a warm cloak. Having delivered their charge to Colonel Lane, who was waiting with his horses in the orchard, Whitgreave and Hodleston kneeled to kiss his hand, and offer up their prayers for his preservation.

Wednesday, Sept. 10.—At break of day the king, who had reached Bentley Hall soon after midnight, was called up by Colonel Lane, who supplied him with the suit of ordinary grey cloth which was to convert him from Will Jones the woodman of Boscobel, into William Jackson, a neighbouring tenant's son. Being duly equipped, and tutored in the stable by the colonel, as to his part of an accomplished serving-man, the new-made domestic rode up, hat in hand, to the front door, upon the double horse provided for Jane Lane, to whom alone, excepting his relative, Mr Lascelles, a royalist officer, the

colonel had communicated the secret. Whether from anxiety to perform his office well, or want of adroitness, the king, much to the amusement of old Mrs Lane, offered the wrong hand in assisting his fair conductress to mount behind him. When the party, consisting of Charles, Mrs Jane Lane, Mr Lascelles, and Mrs Petre,* the colonel's sister, who rode on another double horse behind her husband, had mounted and set off, Colonel Lane and Lord Wilmot, provided with hawks and spaniels to mask their real purpose, followed by another parallel route, to watch and protect their friends in case of emergency, proposing to sleep at the house of a royalist acquaintance in Warwickshire.† In about two hours, Mrs Lane's horse having lost a shoe, the king saw it replaced at the next forge, where he chattered freely with the smith as to the news of the day, and the probable capture of "that rogue, Charles Stuart," who, as Will Jackson remarked (not perhaps without some secret recollection of Lesley's conduct), "deserved hanging more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots." At Wotton, within two or three miles of Stratford, they suddenly caught sight of a troop of cavalry halting to refresh their horses. Mr Petre, not wishing to risk, in the company of his

* Withy Lane ; married Mr Peters, or Petre, of Bucks. See the Lane pedigree, in Appendix.

† Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington Hall.

wife, the rough treatment which he had met with from similar parties, turned back in spite of Jane Lane's remonstrances, and entered Stratford in another direction. The king, however, by no means disconcerted, rode leisurely through the midst of them without attracting notice. Having soon afterwards separated from Mr and Mrs Petre, who were travelling to their seat in Buckinghamshire, the royal party slept at Mr Tombs's of Long Marston, four miles beyond Stratford. Here Charles, being desired by the cook to wind up the jack, provoked her anger by his awkwardness.* "I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane's in Staffordshire," answered he, with readiness: "we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack."

Thursday, Sept. 11.—No particular event occurred on this day. The party travelled by the route of Camden, and slept at Cirencester, the king still performing the part of William Jackson without suspicion. At night he retired to a truckle-

* This anecdote has received many versions, and is probably current in different shapes in every village which local tradition marks as a stage in the king's route. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, LXIII. ; also Major Bernardi's *Autobiography*, quoted in the *Retrospective Review*, No. 27. Blount, whose accuracy seems laborious, and whom I have in no instance caught tripping, has probably given the true account.

bed in Mr Lascelles's room, which the latter, as soon as they were alone, exchanged for his own.

Friday, Sept. 12.—This evening they reached Abbotsleigh, the residence of Mr Norton,* three miles beyond the town of Bristol, having travelled in all thirty miles. Though the honour and loyalty of Mr and Mrs Norton were undoubted, yet, in the fear least any excess of attention on their parts to the supposed yeoman's son might excite suspicion, Jane Lane concealed his real rank from them. In order, however, to secure comfort and privacy to the king, she recommended him to the care of Pope, the butler, as a poor tenant's son just recovering from the ague,—a character which the harassed appearance of Charles enabled him to support consistently. Pope, accordingly, gave him a private room, where he supped alone.

Saturday, Sept. 13.—The king, with an appetite which bore out his character as a convalescent, rose early, and repaired to the buttery, where several guests were assembled, and ale and sack were not wanting as the concomitants to a solid breakfast. One of these persons professed himself to have served in Charles's own regiment at the battle of

* Often mentioned as Sir George Norton. His title probably was subsequent to these events, whether by inheritance or creation.

Worcester, and described minutely the particulars of the action to his circle of auditors. The king, he said, was a man taller by three fingers than Jackson ; who, nevertheless, feeling the comparison come rather home to his own person, took the first opportunity of leaving the buttry. But Pope, who had been a member of his household when Prince of Wales, and had afterwards served in Charles the First's army, and whose recollections were probably awakened by the conversation which had just occurred, communicated, in the course of the day, his suspicions to Miss Lane. After consulting with his protectress and Mr Lascelles, the latter of whom assured him that he would trust his own life to the tried fidelity of this domestic, the king wisely decided on confiding in him. Accordingly, Pope was introduced to Charles, whose hand he kissed as his sworn liegeman, and during the rest of the king's stay proved invaluable from his honesty and discretion.

This night Lord Wilmot arrived in the neighbourhood, from Mr Winter's of Dirham, in Gloucestershire, and was met by Pope, whose precaution prevented him from coming on to Abbotsleigh, where he would have been recognised by several persons.

From Saturday 13th to Tuesday 16th, the king remained in the house of Mr Norton, where, under

pretext of recovering from his ague, he enjoyed as much privacy as he thought fit, feeling himself sufficiently free from apprehension to join one day the lookers-on at a game of fives. Being apprised that no safe opportunity for embarkation from Bristol offered itself, he resolved, by the advice of Lord Wilmot and his other faithful friends, to make his next asylum at Colonel Wyndham's house at Trent, in Somerset, a gentleman personally known to himself, whose family had fought and suffered in his father's cause, and had some of them been connected with the royal household.* On Monday the 15th, however, the eve of their proposed departure, Mrs Norton was suddenly taken ill, and miscarried of a dead child; and Jane Lane, distressed as we may

* Colonel Wyndham had served in the civil wars, with the rank of governor of Dunster Castle. Charles mentions him in his narrative as "Frank Wyndham, the knight marshal's brother, my old acquaintance, and a very honest man." Of the knight marshal, Collinson speaks as follows [*Hist. Som.*]: "Edmund, eldest son of Sir Thomas Wyndham of Kentsford, was by his father sent to serve in the Low Country wars. In 1641 he was one of the first that served in the western army, as colonel; and was governor of Bridgwater at the time it was besieged and taken by Fairfax. He followed Charles II. to France, and remained there till the Restoration, when he was made knight marshal of England, in which office he died, 1682. His lady, Christabella, was wet-nurse to Charles II., and one of the most beautiful women of her time."—See Pedigree of the Wyndham Family, in Appendix (III.)

suppose at her friend's critical situation, was also in no small degree perplexed to find an excuse for leaving her at such a time. The invention of Charles here suggested a ready expedient. A letter, purporting to announce the dangerous illness of the elder Mr Lane, was prepared and delivered to his daughter at supper-time by Pope ; and so well did the young lady act her part, as fully to impose upon the company present, and justify her sudden departure in their eyes.

Tuesday, Sept. 16.—This morning the king, attended by his former companions, set off for Trent House, whither it was settled that Wilmot should precede him, to notify his expected arrival to Colonel Wyndham, who knew nothing of what had occurred since the battle of Worcester. Accordingly, while the rest of the royal party slept at Castle Cary, Lord Wilmot rode on that night to Trent ; and being announced to Colonel Wyndham as Mr Morton, met with a cordial reception from that gentleman, who recognised his person immediately, and joyfully prepared to receive Charles on the morrow.

Wednesday, Sept. 17.—While the king and his friends were on their route from Castle Cary, Colonel Wyndham, in order to multiply the means of safety in a neighbourhood full of sectarians,

communicated the secret to his wife,* Lady Wyndham his mother, and her niece Juliana Coningsby, besides his trusty servant Henry Peters, and two female domestics, Eleanor Withers, and Joan Halsenoth, of whose loyalty he felt assured, and whose services would be necessary to the king in his proposed hiding-place. The rest of the servants having been dispersed on different pretexts, and Lady Wyndham's chamber being prepared as Charles's ordinary place of retirement, Colonel Wyndham and his lady walked out in the fields adjoining their house, in expectation of their royal guest. In a short time they perceived the approach of a lady, riding behind a pale and meanly-dressed young man on a double horse. "Frank, Frank, how dost thou do?" said the latter, in a cheerful tone; and Wyndham joyfully recognised his sovereign. It was immediately agreed that the ladies of the family, to avoid suspicion, should address Jane Lane during her stay as their cousin, and that on the morrow she should return homewards with her kinsman, Mr Lascelles. Having adjourned to Trent House, the king held a

* Anne, heiress of the Gerards of Trent House, and authoress of the *Clastrum Regale Reseratum*, as is supposed by some. Collinson, in his *History of Somerset*, attributes the work to a sister of the Colonel; and Watt's *Bibliotheca Britannica* does not clear up the point.

conversation of much interest with Colonel Wyndham, on some family circumstances previously unknown to him, and which served to strengthen the confidence which he already felt in the character of his host. It appears that in the year 1636, before the breaking out of the civil war, Sir Thomas Wyndham, the colonel's father, summoned his five sons to his chamber a short time previous to his death, and discoursed prophetically to them as to the alarming signs of the times, and the increasing predominance of the republican faction. "My sons," said he, "we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times; but now prepare yourself for cloudy and troublesome. I command you to honour and obey our gracious sovereign, and at all times to adhere to the crown; and though the crown should hang on a bush, I charge you forsake it not." Three of these sons and a grandson, obeying well the dying injunctions of their parent, had fallen on the field of battle in the cause of the late king; and Colonel Wyndham, who had also served with honour, was then a prisoner on his parole. Having repeated his assurances of fidelity to the king, Wyndham promised the next day to consult Sir John Strangways, of Melbury, and his two sons, both formerly colonels in the royal service, as to the best means of arranging his embarkation with secrecy.

Thursday, Sept. 18.—This morning Wyndham

waited on Colonel Giles Strangways, at his father's seat in the neighbourhood, and made known to him the king's arrival and present predicament. Strangways, lamenting his want of connections on the coast, and his own suspected condition, which deprived him of the means of actively furthering the desired project, intrusted Colonel Wyndham with a large sum in gold for the king's use, of which it was arranged that Lord Wilmot should take charge, it being judged prudent, for obvious reasons, that the supposed groom should retain no more than a few shillings at once about his person.

During this time, and for several succeeding days, Charles lay closely hid in the house, dividing his time between Lady Wyndham's chamber, which was given up for his use, and a hiding-place with which it communicated, contrived in the days of the recusant family of the Gerards, ancestors of the colonel's lady. One day hearing a noise in the neighbouring churchyard, and sending to ascertain the reason, he found that news of his own death at the battle of Worcester had been brought by a detachment of Cromwell's troops, who were returning through the village to their quarters. One of them declared he had slain the king with his own hand, and showed in confirmation a buff-coat which he professed to have taken from his body. The villagers, mostly fanatics, proceeded to

show their pious exultation at the news by bonfires and tippling ; and concluded the whole by a visit to the church to ring out the king's knell,—a compliment which he heard in his hiding-place with great composure, exclaiming only, "Alas, poor people !"

All other plans for Charles's escape by sea having miscarried, Colonel Wyndham went to Lyme to consult Captain Ellesdon, a trusty friend, as to the means of accomplishing this end, committing, however, at present no more than the name of Lord Wilmot as the person in danger. Ellesdon accordingly bargained with Limbry, the master of a coasting vessel, and a tenant of his own, that the latter should, for the sum of sixty pounds, to be paid on the certified safe delivery of his passengers, convey a party of three or four royalist gentlemen by night from Charmouth into France.* Next, that a private room might be secured at Charmouth without suspicion, the tide not serving till 11 at night, Henry Peters, the trusty valet, aiding his tale by an earnest in money and a few glasses of wine, succeeded in engaging the hostess of the little inn to promise apartments to a runaway bridal party from Devonshire.

Monday, Sept. 22.—All precautions being now

* Ellesdon's memoir says the party was described as Mr Payne, a broken merchant, flying from his creditors, with one servant accompanying him.

taken, the royal party proceeded from Trent to Charmouth this day, the king attended by Colonel Wyndham as his guide, and riding double before Juliana Coningsby, whose services were probably necessary to personate the supposed Devonshire bride. Lord Wilmot and Peters accompanied them at a convenient distance, in order to avoid suspicion. On their route they were met by Ellesdon, who received them at a lone house, belonging to his brother, among the hills, near Charmouth, in order to wait for nightfall. Here the king discovered his rank to his new protector, and presented him with a piece of foreign gold, which he had amused himself by boring and stringing during his late leisure. At night they repaired to Charmouth, where Ellesdon took his leave in the full confidence that everything had been securely arranged ; an assurance which Limbry, shortly after, called to repeat. Hour after hour elapsed, however, without the performance of his promise, and the king, with Lord Wilmot, sat up during the night in perplexity and suspense, while Colonel Wyndham and Peters kept watch in vain on the beach for Limbry and the ship's boat.

Tuesday, Sept. 23.—At an early hour, Peters was despatched to ascertain from Ellesdon the cause of the failure. The latter, equally perplexed, advised an immediate departure, and the king, with the two

cousins, set off forthwith for Bridport. The fact had been as follows : Limbry, a well-disposed but simple person, had gone home at ten to prepare his sea-chest and other necessities for the voyage. His wife, whom he had kept till the last moment ignorant of his intention to sail, sought an explanation of this sudden step, and was led by his answer as to the nature and remuneration of the service, to conclude that the parties were royalists of rank. In an agony of terror, excited by the proclamation of the 10th of September, she watched her opportunity to lock up her husband in his bedroom, where she kept him prisoner till it was too late to fulfil his engagement. "The more he entreated," says Mrs Anne Wyndham, "the more her violent passion increased, breaking forth into such clamours and lamentations,* that he feared, if he should any longer contend, both himself and the gentlemen he had promised to transport would be cast away in this storm, without ever going to sea."

At this time, perhaps, the most alarming crisis of the king's fate was impending. The port of Lyme

* Ellesdon states that she threatened to give information to Captain Macy, and justifies Limbry as to the choice of the alternative least dangerous to the king. His account of the fruitless attempt made by Limbry, "dogged by" his wife and daughters, to effect an explanation with Colonel Wyndham, is graphic and amusing.

swarmed with persons drawn thither by the fair, and the coast was beleaguered by a detachment of republicans, preparing to embark in the expedition destined to reduce Guernsey and Jersey, whose headquarters were at Bridport when Charles arrived. Here Colonel Wyndham, who began to despair of the safety of his charge, asked the king doubtingly what they must now do. Unwilling to abandon Wilmot, with whom he had appointed a meeting in the town, Charles, with prompt decision, rode into the yard of the principal inn of Bridport, pushing his way with the horses and portmanteaus among the crowd of surly troopers who obstructed the entrance to the stable. Having, like a practised serving-man, made good his point, at the expense of some rough language from the soldiers, the king was somewhat startled by the observation of the hostler, that "surely he had seen his face before." Maintaining his countenance perfectly, he drew from the man that he had lived at an inn at Exeter, close to the house of a Mr Potter, who had in fact entertained part of the royal staff during the civil wars. "Friend," said Charles, "you must have certainly seen me then at Mr Potter's, for I served him above a year." The hostler, perfectly recognising this statement, parted from him with a mutual promise that they would drink a pot of beer together on the young man's return ; and Charles,

after talking with equal freedom to the troopers, joined his friends on pretence of waiting on them at dinner. About 3 o'clock, Lord Wilmot came riding up the street with Peters, and catching a sight of the party at the window, proceeded to the other inn, from whence he despatched Peters to appoint a meeting out of the town, and hasten their departure.

Being thus reassembled, the party resolved, as the only safe step, to return to Trent by the nearest track ; and accordingly, after proceeding a mile or two along the Dorchester road, turned on the left towards Yeovil. In the mean time, a dangerous mischief had been brooding in their rear. The hostler at the inn of Charmouth, an old republican soldier, had drawn suspicious conclusions from observing the horses kept saddled in the stable all the previous night, as well as from the frequent visits of Colonel Wyndham and Peters to the sea-shore. After communicating his thoughts to his mistress, who checked him sharply for his officiousness, he took Lord Wilmot's horse, which had cast a shoe, to the neighbouring forge. Hammet, the blacksmith, a shrewd artisan, instantly remarked, "This horse has but three shoes, and they were all set in different counties, and one in Worcestershire." On the departure of the king, the hostler lost no time in seeking to communicate this hint, and his own

comments, to Westley, the puritan minister of the place, whom he found engaged in family worship. Learning, however, afterwards, the state of facts, either from Hammet or the hostler, the preacher made all speed to the inn, preparing in his mind the most successful mode of entrapping the hostess into a confession. "Why, how now, Margaret," quoth he, "you are a maid of honour." What mean you by that, Mr Parson?" rejoined Margaret, tartly. "Why, Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure; so that now you cannot but be a maid of honour."—The woman then (says Ellesdon) began to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her house into trouble. But, said she, if I thought it was the king, as you say it was, I should think the better of my lips all the days of my life; so, Mr Parson, get you out of my house, or I'll get those shall kick you out." Digesting this rebuff as he might, the minister accompanied the hostler before a magistrate,* who, not seeing, or choosing not to see, any call for his own interference, treated the affair lightly. But Captain Macy, the republican officer commanding the nearest picket, equipped his troop as soon as

* Perhaps another Justice Inglewood. This part of Ellesdon's memoir is replete with circumstantial, and sometimes comic interest.

the tidings reached him, and galloped off on the London road in pursuit of the fugitives. Ere, however, they came in sight, the royal party, little knowing the jeopardy from which they were escaping, had taken the road to Yeovil ; and while Macy and his men dashed on furiously in the direction of Dorchester, reached without molestation a village called Broad Windsor. Here Colonel Wyndham, who knew the loyal principles of his host, introduced Lord Wilmot as his brother-in-law, Colonel Reymes, a prisoner, like himself, on parole ; and procured a lodging for the party in the upper story, for the sake of greater caution. Before, however, they had been long in the house, about forty soldiers, on their way to Jersey, came in unexpectedly to be billeted there for the night. The confusion which ensued in the narrow kitchen was presently worse confounded by the screams of one of the female camp-followers, who was suddenly taken in labour, and by the squabble which presently issued between the troopers and the parish officers, who came down to resist this unwelcome addition to their population. The greater part of the night was consumed in this brawl, which, though it effectually deprived the king of rest, tended to his security, by occupying the attention of the soldiers till the time for marching had arrived.

Wednesday, Sept. 24.—After an early consulta-

tion with Colonel Wyndham, the king was fully confirmed in his intention of returning to Trent, and there awaiting the result of the projects which had been set on foot by his friends for procuring his passage from some Sussex seaport ; no hope seeming to remain of effecting it from the Dorsetshire coast. To Trent, therefore, they returned the same evening, and Charles resumed his station in his old hiding-place, where he remained till the 6th of October in a state of harassing inaction, rendered more precarious by the present condition of affairs in the vicinity. The intelligence of the enemy had correctly traced his route to the confines of Dorsetshire and Somerset, and Charmouth or its neighbourhood was confidently assigned by many as the place of his concealment. Pursuant to these suspicions, Pilisdon House, the residence of the colonel's uncle, Sir J. Wyndham, underwent a complete search, the family being roughly treated, and secured under a guard. Similar surmises began to extend themselves to Trent House, whither Lord Wilmot continued to travel backwards and forwards from Salisbury, engaged indefatigably in arranging schemes with different royalist gentlemen for Charles's embarkation. On Sunday the 28th of September, a tailor of the village informed Colonel Wyndham of the prevailing suspicion that royalist refugees were concealed in his house ; on which

Lord Wilmot accompanied him openly to church in character of his guest and relation, and by this bold measure effectually blinded the eyes of the puritans, who, giving credit to the colonel for conversion to their own principles, suspended their domiciliary visit. Meantime the strictest measures of concealment were adopted in Trent House, the king generally cooking his meals in his own chamber, which partly served to beguile the anxious suspense of his situation. Nothing of moment occurred till the 6th of October, save a false alarm occasioned by the arrival of a troop of horse at Sherborne, whose motions Mrs Wyndham went privately to reconnoitre. On the 5th of October, it was determined that Charles should move onward to Hele House, near Amesbury, the seat of Mrs Hyde, widow of the Chief Justice's elder brother, in order to be nearer to the smaller ports of Sussex, where his friends had nearly brought their schemes to a happy conclusion.

Tuesday, October 6.—This morning the king, under the guidance of Colonel Phelips of Montacute House,* set off on his journey, taking an affectionate leave of the friends who had risked so much in his cause. Colonel Wyndham earnestly and repeatedly

* A distinguished royalist officer, who had been consulted in the first instance by Colonel Wyndham. Montacute House is in the immediate vicinity of Trent.

pressed to accompany him to the coast, but Charles firmly opposed a step which might occasion additional risk ; it was, however, judged expedient that Juliana Coningsby should occupy the double horse as before. At Mere, where they stopped to dine, the king was gratified by the loyalty of the host, who, after sounding the supposed hobby-groom by the cavalier countersign, "Are you a friend to Cæsar?" pledged him to King Charles's health. At night they reached Hele House, where good Mrs Hyde, aware of the rank of her guest, treated him at supper with an embarrassing degree of attention ; and her brother, who was not in the secret, was surprised at the conversation of one so meanly dressed.

Wednesday, Oct. 7.—By the advice of Mrs Hyde, who perhaps wished to atone for her want of previous caution, Charles this morning practised the same doubling manoeuvre which instinct teaches the hare. Having quitted Hele with Colonel Phelips in the most open manner, as if to continue his journey, he spent the day on the downs in the vicinity of Stonehenge, reckoning and re-reckoning its stones, in order to beguile the time. When night was come, Colonel Phelips proceeded to Salisbury, leaving Charles at Hele House, where Mrs Hyde and her sister received and conducted him to a hiding-place similar to that at Trent. For five days more, the king lay concealed in his retreat, waited upon

entirely by these ladies, who communicated the secret of his return to no one in the house. In the mean time, Lord Wilmot, through the means of Colonel Gunter, a royalist of Sussex, had succeeded in hiring a small coasting-vessel, and, accompanied by that gentleman, returned to Salisbury, in order to accompany Charles to his destination.

Monday, Oct. 13.—Early in the morning the king, attended by Dr Henchman, a canon of Salisbury, who had acted as the channel of communication with Wilmot and Phelips, walked from Hele to Clarendon Park corner, where these faithful friends, accompanied by Colonel Gunter and his brother, awaited him, provided with greyhounds, as if for a coursing expedition on the downs, over which the first part of their route lay. They slept at Hambleton, in Hampshire, the house of Colonel Gunter's sister, whose husband, Mr Symons, not having been apprised of their visit, joined them from the ale-house, while they were at supper, in a condition of more than "decent hilarity." From the plain cut of the king's hair and attire, as well as the reproof which he received from Charles for a casual oath, the honest squire sat brooding over the suspicion "that he was some roundheaded rogue's son;" but being assured that it was unfounded, included him in his jovial welcome.

Tuesday, Oct. 14.—After a day's journey of

thirty-five miles, the king and his party met at Brighthelmstone, Captain Tattersal, the master of the promised vessel, and Mr Mansel, the merchant who had engaged it for them, with whom they supped at the inn. In the course of the evening, Smith, the landlord, who had formerly held a small office about court, recognised Charles, as did also Captain Tattersal. The former, as soon as he was alone with the king, seized upon his hand to kiss, expressing his hope "that he should be a lord and his wife a lady."* The latter, whose vessel had been taken and liberated by Charles, while commanding his father's fleet, two years before, remonstrated privately with Mansel on his want of confidence in not wholly trusting him, declaring, nevertheless, his resolution to run any risk of life or property in his sovereign's cause.† Charles, being informed of what

* In Colonel Gunter's narrative, Smith seizes the king's hand as it lay on the back of a chair, and kissed it, saying, "It should not be said but that he had kissed the best hand in the kingdom." The Colonel, after all, does not give him credit for more than a suspicion that it might be the king, and praises Charles's presence of mind in parrying the attack, though, adds he, the king afterwards said he thought he remembered the man as being about his father's back-stairs. Charles, in his narrative, gives a different reason; but his memory evidently betrayed him more than once.—R. H. B.

† The Colonel's account differs very materially from this statement, and indeed represents Tattersal, not only as ignorant of

had passed, and fearing the same domestic influence which had caused his disappointment at Charmouth, found means to detain Tattersal all night in drinking and smoking, until the hour arrived for their setting sail.

Wednesday, Oct. 15.—At four in the morning, Charles and his friends set out from Brighthelmstone to the neighbouring village of Shoreham, where himself and Lord Wilmot embarked on board of Tattersal's vessel. The latter, who had hitherto delicately concealed from the king all knowledge of his person, took this opportunity of disclosing it, and swearing fidelity; and the tide serving at seven in the morning, they weighed anchor with a fair wind, as if for Poole, whither Tattersal was ostensibly bound. To screen the latter from suspicion, it was agreed that his passengers should represent themselves to the crew as merchants flying from their creditors, and offer them a small

the quality of his passengers, but as actuated entirely by mercenary motives. He says, that not only did Mansel receive £50 for his trouble in hiring the boat, but that Tattersal, or, as he calls him, Tatterfield, having received £60 down, refused, when the time for action arrived, to sail unless they bought his vessel outright, and that they were, in consequence, obliged to accede to his terms, which were £400. Even then he made a fresh difficulty, and insisted on being paid in advance, but they positively refusing, and threatening to seek assistance elsewhere, he at last reluctantly consented to start.—R. H. B.

gratuity to set them on the French coast. This manœuvre was successfully acted, the captain appearing reluctantly to consent, as if to oblige his men. At one o'clock in the afternoon (probably about the time when his sovereign lost sight of the English shore), the gallant Lord Derby laid down his head on the scaffold at Bolton, in Lancashire, pursuant to the sentence of the court-martial. With this coincidence terminated the three-and-forty days of hazards and vicissitudes passed by the king since the morning of Worcester. The next day he landed with Lord Wilmot at Fescamp, and proceeded to Rouen, where fortune had still a parting buffet in store for the two friends. The meanness of their apparel, added to their sudden arrival, subjected them, it seems, to the suspicion of the innkeeper as vagrants ; and it was only by reference to Mr Sandburne, a resident English merchant, that they were allowed to remain for a few days. Having, during this interval, apprised the court at Paris of his safe arrival, the king was, on the 30th of October, met and conducted into the capital in a style befitting his rank, by the queen his mother, the Dukes of York and Orleans, and a large assemblage of nobility and gentry of both nations.

About the middle of December 1651, Colonel Lane and his sister, to avoid the consequences to which their loyalty might expose them, took refuge

in France.* In the diary of Evelyn, who was then resident at Paris, no farther mention is made of them than the following :—

“*Dec. 21.*—Came to visite my wife, Mrs Lane, the

* In the British Museum is a small tract, entitled “A History of his Sacred Majestie, King Charles the Second, from the Murder of his Royal Father to this present year 1660, by a person of quality : London, 12mo, printed for James Davies in Ivy Lane,” which gives the following account of Mrs Lane’s escape,—

“Likewise, during his Majesties abode here” (at Paris) “arrived his quondam preserver, Mrs Jane Lane, who, after she had taken leave of his majesty at Bristow, returned home, and lived for some space in a great deal of security, not doubting she could not be betrayed ; yet at length, by what means I know not (though, indeed, I have heard of many relations, that I dare not relate any), it came to light ; yet she had some timely notice of it, whereupon she who had formerly disguised his majesty in a serving-man’s habit now disguised herself in that of a country wench, and that trots on foot (to save her life, which she was like to loose for having formerly saved his sacred majesties) quite crosse the country to Yarmouth, where she found shipping which conveyed her safe into France. Great search, after her departure, there was made for her, but in vain, which so incensed the soldiers that they burnt down to the ground that poor cottage where his majesty first took shelter after his escape from Worcester.

“She being arrived in France, sends a letter to the court, whereupon his majesty, almost overjoyed at her escape who had been the cause of his, immediately sends some persons of quality in coaches to conduct her to Paris, whither she being near come,—himself, with the queen his mother, the Duke of York, Gloucester, went out to meet this preserver of

lady who conveyed the king to the sea-side, at his escape from Worcester."

The particulars of their flight and reception are, however, given in a little book,* published soon

the life of their son, sovereign, and brother ; the coaches meeting, and she being descended from her coach, his majesty likewise descends, and, taking her by the hand, salutes her with this grateful expression, ' Welcome, my life ! ' and so, putting her into his own coach, conducts her to Paris, where she was entertained with the applause and wonder of the whole court ; and she could indeed deserve no less ; for I believe neither past nor future ages can or will ever parallel so great a pattern of female loyalty and generosity."—R. H. B.

* The name of the book in question is, " Monarchy Revived, being the Personal History of Charles II. from his Earliest Years to his Restoration to the Throne." Printed 1661, and reprinted 1822. The author is not aware of the events at Abbotleigh, but seems to suppose that the king stopped at Bristol, " which being a town of great resort, his majesty was enforced to depart from it. Whither he went afterwards, is not certainly known, nor hath it pleased his majesty or that lady (Mrs J. L.) to discover to any. Several passages are written to have happened endangering his discovery, both at Bristol and elsewhere ; but the relators have not the least ground for any of them, and have rather chosen to gratify vulgar readers with impertinent fictions, than to confess their ignorance of that which they did not and cannot yet know. The loyal lady, in all her journeys with his majesty, comported herself with extraordinary prudence and fidelity, expressing her observance as often as opportunity safely permitted it, and at other times acting her part in the disguise with much caution and discretion. A farther relation of his majesty's progress in England, and the manner of his transportation into France, as soon as it comes into our

after the Restoration, in a manner honourable to the good feeling of the king and his family. The words are as follow : " In December 1651,* arrived at Paris, the gentlewoman who had been instrumental, in his majesty's deliverance after the overthrow at Worcester ; of which fearing danger, by the discovery of some unfaithful confidants, she went on foot in disguise to Yarmouth, and there took ship for France. She was conducted to Paris with great honour, the king himself, with the queen his mother and the Dukes of York and Gloucester, going out to meet her : upon the first sight, his majesty took her by the hand, and saluted her with this obliging term, '*Welcome, my life!*' The French court also regarded her with much respect and honour, together with her brother, Colonel Lane, who accompanied her thither."

The subsequent part of this lady's history is for some time obscure : it is probable, however, that as

hands from the honourable person who, besides his majesty, is now alone able to impart it, shall be presented to the world."

This proves how carefully the secrets of Trent and Charmouth were kept, and accounts for many false local traditions, as well as misstatements, in the less authentic narratives. The book does not differ materially from Blount in his general matter.

* The Boscobel edition of 1769, at the end of which are several additions to the text of Blount, agrees with this extract in all its statements, and probably made use of it as an authentic source of information.

a person marked and suspected by the commonwealth, she found it advisable to remain abroad till the Restoration ; a supposition strengthened by the late date of her marriage with Sir Clement Fisher* (already mentioned as her brother's confidential friend), and by the habits of occasional correspondence with Charles, which the following letter in his own hand seems to infer. The language is that of the strictest deference and regard to an honoured friend and adviser.

“ MISTRIS LANE,

“ I hope you doe not beleeeve that hearing from a person that I am so much beholding to, can be in the least degree troublesome to me, that am so sensible of the obligations I have to you ; but, on the contrary, 'tis a very greate satisfaction to me to heare from you ; and for that which Mr Boswell is pleased to tell you concerning your giving me good counsell in a letter, and my making it publick in my bed-chamber, is not the first lie that he has made, nor will not be the last, for I am sartayne there was never any thing spoken in the bed-chamber in my hearing to any such purpose, nor, I am confident, when I was not there,

* In one of the editions of Blount's *Boscobel*, in the library of King's-Bromley Hall, Sir Clement is spoken of in high terms as a distinguished cavalier. The letter in the king's handwriting, accompanied by the picture to which it alludes, is also in the possession of John Newton Lane, Esq., the lineal descendant of Colonel Lane, and representative of the family, who has kindly favoured me with a copy of this valuable heir-loom. I am not aware that it has ever been printed, and have strictly adhered to the orthography.

for I beleave Mr Boswell's end is to show his frequent being in my bed-chamber, which is as true as the other. Your cousin will let you know that I have given orders for my pickture for you ; and if in this or in any thing else I can show the sence I have of that w^{ch} I owe you, pray let me know it, and it shall be done by

“ Your most assured

“ and constant frind,

“ For Mrs Lane.”

“ CHARLES R.”

After Charles's restoration, a pension for life of £1000 was settled on Lady Fisher, whose marriage took place soon after the date of that event. A pension also of £500 was bestowed on her brother, Colonel Lane. This token of gratitude to his protectress was accompanied by the present of a gold watch, which, by the express request of the king, was to descend by succession to the eldest daughter of the house of Lane for the time being. It was, in 1830, in the possession of the dowager Mrs Lucy of Charlecot Park, Warwickshire.*

An English matron of Lady Fisher's character was not likely to be mentioned in the subsequent annals of Charles's court, where, however, her brother and herself were on all occasions received with distinction by the king. The pension was at one time, according to family report, seven years in arrear ;

* See Pedigree of Lane Family, &c. in Appendix (IV.) This lady is aunt to John Newton Lane, Esq., the present representative of the family (1832).—R. H. B.

at the end, however, of James's reign, it appears to have been paid up with more punctuality.

A document in the journals of the House of Commons, dated July 20, 1689, states: "The petition of the Lady Jane Lane, now Fisher, and of Thos. Lane, Esq.,* setting forth that, in consideration of services done by their family to the crown, his late majesty was pleased to grant £1000 per annum for life to the lady, the petitioner, and to the petitioner Thomas £500 per annum for life also; and praying that in the bill now passing concerning their majesties' revenue, the said yearly payments may be preserved unto them." Within three days of the above petition, another was presented "from Dame Anne Wyndham, widow of Sir Francis Wyndham, Bart., deceased," praying confirmation of a similar grant, by letters-patent, of £400 per annum, in which the petitioner's two daughters, Rachel and Frances, had a joint reversionary interest for their lives; and soliciting the payment of an arrear of £400 which had accrued thereon. Similar memorials were on the same day presented from Robert Phelips, Esq., on whom an annuity of the same value

* Afterwards Sir Thomas Lane,† son of Colonel John Lane, and nephew to Lady Fisher. The Colonel died in September 1687, aged about seventy-seven. The pensions in question, according to the family memoranda, ceased in the reign of George I.

† An error; he was never knighted.

as Colonel Lane's had been settled, and from Amias Hext and Juliana his wife (probably Juliana Coningsby), who claim £200 per annum for life out of the customs, in virtue of a grant from Charles.*

An annuity of £200 per annum was granted to Mr Whitgreave, with reversion to his son Thomas ; and an honourable augmentation of arms bestowed on Colonel Carlis, with a slight alteration of name, which rendered the distinction more gracefully pointed. In heraldic language, " he bore upon an oak proper, in a field or, a fesse gules, charged with three royal crowns of the second ; by name Carlos, which in Spanish signifieth Charles. For his crest a civic crown, or oaken garland, with a sword and sceptre crossed through it saltier-wise, and for his device, *Subditus fidelis regis et regni salus.*" †

Soon after the Restoration, the five Penderels were received with distinction by the king at Whitehall, and dismissed with a suitable reward. The follow-

* See the grant from the Crown in the 18th of Charles II., and the second grant in the 29th of the same reign, quoted in No. XXVII. of the *Retrospective Review*.

† The "Colonel Careless" who figures in the excellent old play of the Committee (docked into the modern farce of the *Honest Thieves*, like an old brigadier wig cut down to a fashionable crop), is probably meant for the hero of Worcester. "Colonel Blount" may have been intended for the author of *Boscobel*.—See Pedigree of Colonel Carlos, in Appendix (V.)

ing is the account of their audience, as given in a tract in the *Antiquarian Repertory* : *

“ ‘The simple rustic, who serves his sovereign in the time of need to the utmost extent of his ability, is as deserving of our commendation as the victorious leader of thousands,’ was a saying of King Charles to Richard Penderel, at the time he was introduced to his majesty after the Restoration. ‘Friend Richard,’ rejoined the king, ‘I am glad to see thee ; thou wert my preserver and conductor, the bright star that showed me to my Bethlehem, for which kindness I will engrave thy memory on the tablet of a faithful heart.’† Then turning to the lords about him, the king said, ‘My lords, I pray you respect this good man for my sake.’ At this kind treatment, becoming his majesty’s greatness, he very merrily said, ‘Master Richard, be bold,

* See Bodleian edition, vol. ii. p. 59, printed from a MS. in the collection of Anstis, garter-king-at-arms, communicated by a correspondent signing himself “T. N.” The editor does not undertake to vouch for its authenticity ; but as the two Anstis, father and son, lived in the beginning of the last century, they probably were competent judges as to the facts. It has certainly the pompous air of a got-up document.

† This, as well as his conduct to the other parties of higher condition, by whom he was personally assisted and protected at their own risk of life and goods, should seem to rescue Charles’s character from the charges of levity and ingratitude at this period of his life.

and tell these lords what passed amongst us, when I had quitted the oak at Boscobel to reach Pit-Leasow.'—'Your majesty must well remember,' replied Richard, 'that night when brother Humphry brought his old mill horse from White Ladies, not accoutred with kingly gear, but with a pitiful saddle and worse bridle; not attended by royal guards, but with half-a-dozen raw and undisciplined rustics, who had little else but goodwill to defend your majesty with; 'twas then your majesty mounted, and as we journeyed towards Moseley, your majesty did most heartily complain of the jade you rode on, and said it was the dullest creature you ever met with; to which my brother Humphry replied, "My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?" At which your majesty grew somewhat lighter, and commended brother Humphry's wit.' In like manner did this poor peasant entertain Charles and his courtiers, until his majesty thought proper to dismiss him, but not without settling a sufficient pension on him for life, on which he lived within the vicinity of the court until the 8th of February 1671, twenty years after the fatal battle of Worcester, when he died, much lamented by his majesty, and other great personages whom he had protected from savage barbarity and fanatical persecution. His royal

master, to perpetuate the memory of this faithful man, out of his princely munificence caused a fair monument to be raised over him in the churchyard of St Giles's in the Fields, near about the east end of the church, &c. &c." Here follows the well-known epitaph, given in the *Boscobel* edition of 1725. It is stated in the edition of *Boscobel*, printed 1769, that George II. repaired the monument in 1739; and allusion is also made to the name of Trusty Dick,* by which R. Penderel was known at the

* The following anecdote rests on the authority of Mrs Penderel, a maiden descendant in a direct line from Richard Penderel, who recided at Abergavenny some years ago; but its authenticity, notwithstanding the source from which it springs, may be somewhat doubted, as it does not appear that Charles ever slept at Hobbal Grange. Mrs Penderel affirmed that the appellation of Trusty Dick, given to her ancestor, arose from the king having overheard, in the silence of the night, a dialogue between Richard Penderel and his wife. The dame, in passionate terms, reproved her husband for the danger he had incurred for himself and family by concealing Charles, held out to him the certainty of the splendid reward offered for his apprehension, and conjured him to seize the golden opportunity, hinting her readiness to be herself the informer. Her husband replied with much indignation, assuring her that no money should bribe him to desert his sovereign, with whom he was ready to take all chances; and charging her, in goodset terms, as she valued his future affection, to be secret and faithful to the trust imposed upon them. Next morning, the king acquainted Richard Penderel with his having overheard the conference, and ever after distinguished him by the name of Trusty Dick. The sister of Mrs

court of Charles, as well as to a coat-of-arms which accompanied his pension.

By a patent, dated July 24, 1675, fee-farm rents (probably as a permanent provision for the continuance of a pension previously paid) were settled in trust by Charles to Sir Walter Wrottesley, Bart., Richard Congreve and John Giffard, Esqrs. charged with the following payments : To Richd. Penderel and his heirs for ever, £100 per annum ; to William Penderel and his heirs for ever, a similar sum ; to Humphry, John, and George Penderel, and their heirs for ever, 100 marks per annum severally ; to Elizabeth Yates, widow, and her heirs, £50 per annum, with a mutual benefit of inheritance, in case of the failure of heirs from any of the grantees.*

Penderel above mentioned was married to Mr Bodenham of Rotheras, in Herefordshire.

* It is difficult to reconcile this document with the death of R. Penderel in 1671 ; but as no Richard appears in the list of his sons, stated in his will as Thomas, Simon, Lawrence, and William, it is probable his name was revived in the grant, to connect the pension with the services received. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, LXII. 37, states that these pensions were accompanied with certain rights of fishing and shooting : *Valeat quantum valet*. The question, perhaps, is not worth investigation.

The substance of this grant, as well as many of the particulars respecting the Penderels, is taken from the collection made in 1791 by Mr Pingo, rouge-dragon poursuivant, from the papers of the Yates family, and confirmed by wills proved. Were it not that two separate families, whose descendants are surviving,

Again, in 1686, James II. granted an annuity of £100 per annum to Nicholas Yates of St Mary le Savoy, gentleman, only child of Francis and Margaret Yates of Long Lawn, near Boscobel, deceased, "in reward of assistance given to the late king by the said Francis and Margaret."

From inspection of the wills of the brotherhood, it appears that they mostly died in circumstances of comparative opulence, bequeathing in some instances lands to their families, situated chiefly in the district of Kiddermore Green. The survivor of the five brothers seems to have been Humphry, who died in 1710. William is also stated by Grainger to have lived into the reign of William III., and to have attained the age of eighty-four, or more. In the protections of 1708, 1716, &c., more than one individual of the Penderel blood is specially named: indeed, it appears that all descendants of the families instrumental in the king's escape, whose circumstances required it, were included.

Owing to the lapse of time and change of place, it was at one time supposed that the Penderel

are respectively traced to Francis and Elizabeth Yates, and Francis and Margaret Yates, I should conclude that Elizabeth and Margaret were one and the same person, or that Elizabeth might have been the mother of the Francis named in Blount. As it is, I confess myself puzzled to make out the two loyal Sosias.

blood was nearly or quite extinct; an idea partly refuted by the article in the *Gentleman's Magazine* on the subject of Mrs Teresa Sykes.* The male line, however, of George and John still exists, and the remaining brothers are represented by persons inheriting through female branches. In all these cases (an abstract of which is added in the Appendix), the fee-farm rents are still received in portions regulated by the number of claimants, among whom are citizens of the United States of America. It is also pleasant to observe, from the documents in question, that the different branches of the family have in general attained an apparently prosperous and respectable condition in life, and in many instances moved in a higher sphere than the original yeomen of the Royal Oak. Many a one, with "horse to ride and weapon to wear," has been proud to claim descent from "Trusty Dick" or "Old John of Boscobel."

With respect to those families of consequence for whom the honours of Charles's projected order was intended, their names, to which in fact no arbitrary titles could have added distinction, are in several instances still borne by their male descendants on their hereditary ground. The Giffards of Chillington, the Whitgreaves of Moseley, and the Phelips's of

* Descended from Francis and Elizabeth Yates.

Montacute, are stationary still. The Lanes of Bentley from whom that property passed during the last century, reside at King's Bromley Hall, near Lichfield, another branch of the family estate. From their private documents, it appears that the Colonel Lane commemorated in the Boscobel history was the eldest among nine children of Thomas Lane of Bentley, Esq. (thirteenth in descent from Adam de Lona, de Wolverhampton, temp. Edw. I.), of whom such honourable mention is made by Clarendon.* This gentleman, son of John Lane of Bentley, Esq., by Jane his wife, daughter of Sir Edward Littleton, knight, married Anne, sister of Sir Hervey Bagot of Blithfield, co. Stafford, first baronet of the name. From his son

* Wilmot told the king that he had, by very good fortune, "fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr Lane, a person of excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal and general a good name, that though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war and was then upon his way to Worcester, the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country, and of all opinions, paid the old man a very great respect. . . . The king inquired of the monk the reputation of this gentleman, who told him that he had a fair estate, was exceedingly beloved, and the eldest justice of peace of that county ; and though he was a zealous Protestant, yet he lived with so much civility and candour towards the Catholics, that they would all trust him as much as they would one of their own profession."

Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.

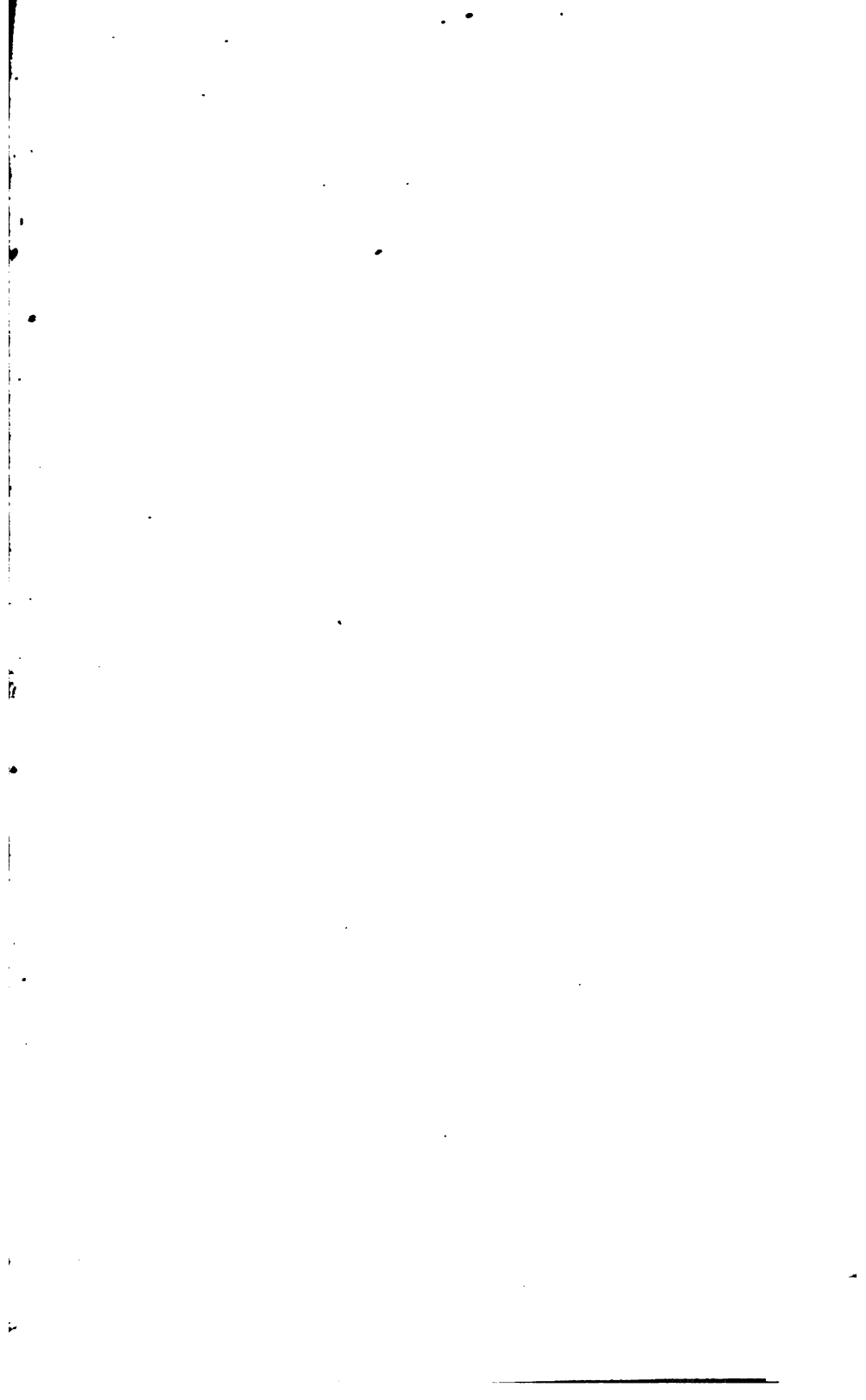
Colonel John Lane, and his wife Athalia Anson, John Newton Lane, Esq. of King's Bromley Hall (married in 1828 to Agnes, second daughter of the present Lord Bagot of Blithfield) is the sixth in descent by the male line. In Mr Lane's possession are the portraits of his distinguished relatives. That of Colonel Lane represents a plain, manly countenance, without any marked trait. The picture of Jane Lane, attributed to Lely, and bearing strong marks of his style, greatly resembles the portraits of Anne Bullen in its thoughtful expression, as well as in the features and colour of the hair :—

“A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase.”

BYRON.

It may be satisfactory to add some slight notice of the present condition of those houses, to which interest is attached as connected with the narrative, and of some of which views are appended.

Boscobel House, which it has been thought most advisable to sketch in the state in which it appeared A. D. 1814, is left as nearly as possible in the exact form preserved in Blount's harsh and elaborate print. Having passed first into the hands of the family of Cotton, by an heiress of the house of Giffard, and next, by the similar transmission, to Sir Basil Fitzherbert (who proved a zealous curator of its classical ground), it was finally purchased by — Evans, Esq. of





The ROYAL OAK at BOSCOBEL.

W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh & London, 1857.

Derby, the father of the present owner.* The latter gentleman, though only an occasional resident there, has, in the true spirit of Sir Basil, repaired everything from time to time in the most judicious taste, adding a few improvements consistent with the general character, but removing nothing which has not been restored by scrupulous measurement. The demesne, with its adjacent woods, stands on the sheltered side of a wild, sandy common, a mile to the south of the small inn of Ivetsey Bank, on the road from Lichfield to Shrewsbury. The house itself presents the appearance of an old-fashioned forest lodge, as in days of yore. A few hundred yards to the south-west of it, in a field commanding a fine distant view of the Wrekin and Cley Hills, stands the present representative of the Royal Oak, itself a tree of some antiquity. It was planted many years ago on the original spot, from an acorn of the parent tree, which soon fell a sacrifice to the destructive zeal of the loyal during Charles's brief popularity. The wall erected by Sir Basil Fitzherbert, with which it was surrounded until the year 1814, has been replaced in better taste by the present owner, with a high iron railing. The brass plate with Sir Basil's inscription, formerly fixed on the tree, as well as the two halves of the stone table in the king's arbour (one of them forming the threshold), are still shown at the house.

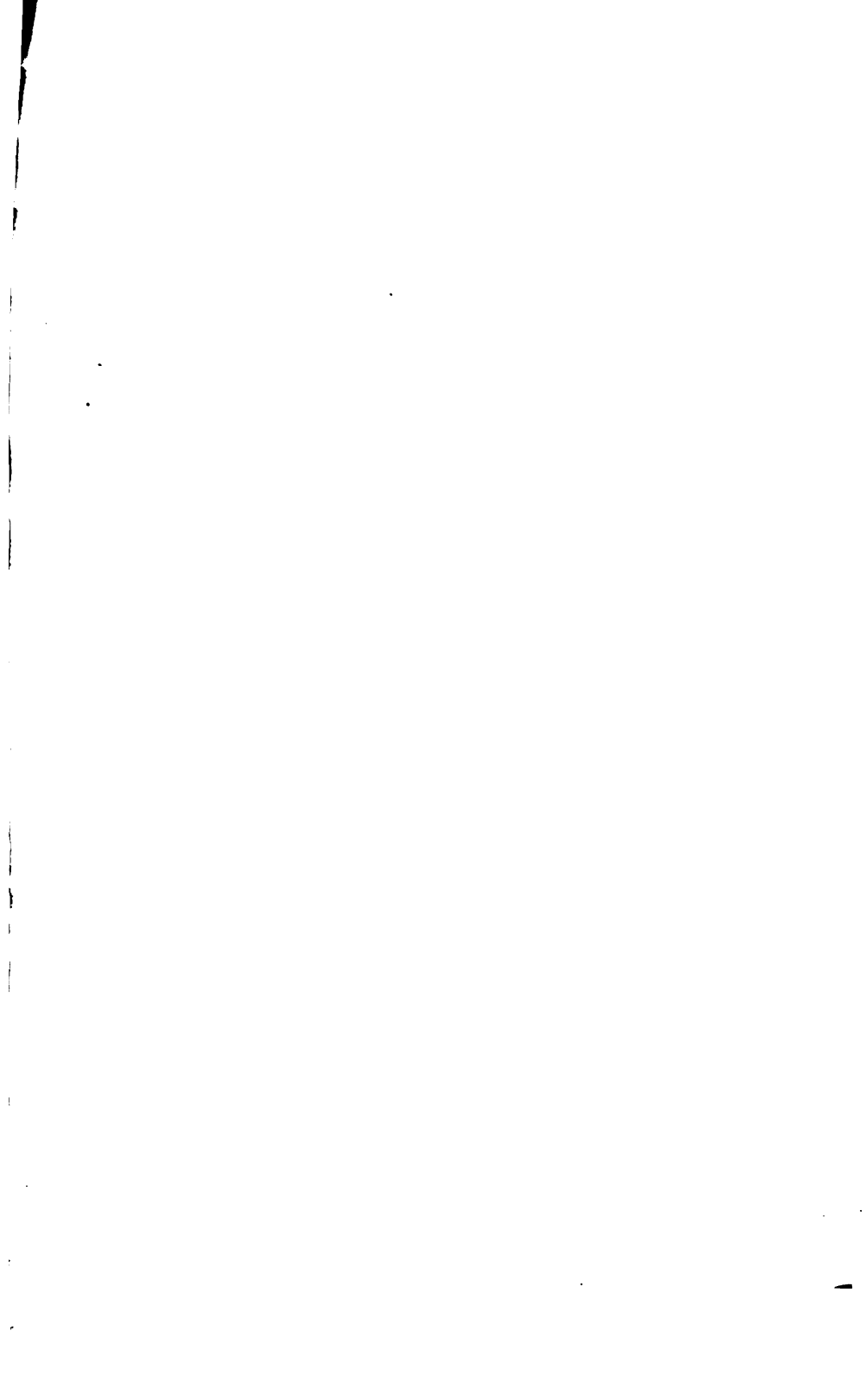
* A. D. 1830.

From hence,* a walk of about two miles to the south will include Spring Coppice and the ruin of the Cistercian monastery at White Ladies, which was standing at a recent date. No remnant of the house of White Ladies more directly connected with Charles's escape now exists ; and Dame Joane's tombstone has disappeared from the Catholic burying-ground, having probably been abstracted bodily by some antiquary of the modern resurrection school, and the village boys left to answer for the misdemeanour.†

The only circumstance in which Boscobel House seems to vary from its original state, is in the substitution of a coat of cement for the ancient chequer-work of black timber and plaster, observable in many mansions of old date in Cheshire and elsewhere ; and in the addition of two plain Gothic chimney-pieces of black marble in the parlour and best bedroom, on which are represented, in a low relief, the night-march to Moseley, and the king's situation on the Royal Oak. The panelled oak wainscoting, the Dutch tiles in the fire-places, and the low but roomy dimensions of the apartments, are in equally good taste and character. In one of the garrets is shown another priest's hiding-place, which is a mere low,

* Mr Ward of Kiddermore Green, where the Penderels possessed some land (as appears by will), is said to have an old picture of Charles in the oak, of the genuineness of which I know nothing.

† A. D. 1830.





Mosely Hall, Essex.

MOSELEY HALL.

W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh & London, 1857.

flat hole, covered by the floor, and in nowise connected with any anecdote.

For a mile or two after passing the neighbouring woods of Chillington House, the road to Moseley lies over a high tract of common, still imperfectly enclosed, and favouring such detours as took place during the memorable night-march. The country then becomes low and enclosed near Cotsall and Penford Mill (places also recorded in the narrative). From the latter spot, the footpath to Moseley crosses the Stafford and Wolverhampton road, and leads chiefly through quiet green lanes to the old mansion, which the annexed sketch will show to be of similar date and architecture with Boscobel.* There is an air of seclusion and weatherbeaten respectability about Moseley Hall, redolent of jack-boot and bandalier, sack and buff-belt (and wanting nothing but a moat), which would strike an imaginative traveller at the first glance, and lead him to idle away half an hour of a still summer evening in the green lane which fronts its gates, peopling the old gable-ends with ghostly or ancestral legends. As may be easily supposed, however, time has rendered it unfit for the purposes of a family house ; and Mr Whitgreave, with excellent tact, has confined himself to such repairs as are merely necessary to keep the genuine floors and rafters in their place ; having removed to

* A. D. 1830.

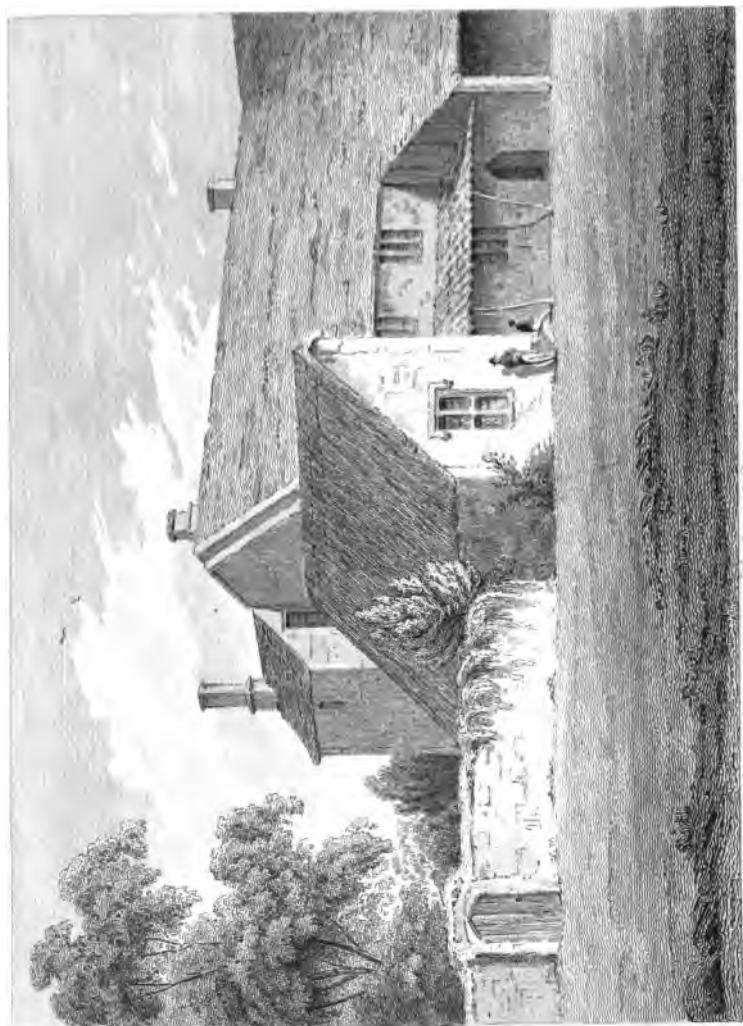
a more modern mansion, and given up the old hall to the use of his Catholic chaplain and the bailiff's family.

On ascending the staircase which fronts the porch, the landing-place on the first floor communicates with three doors. One of them leads into the little study over the entrance, where Charles sat to reconnoitre the road, and which is reserved by Mr Whitgreave as a china-closet: another, closely adjoining, belongs to the bedroom which he occupied, whose windows are marked in the print by long creeping plants. At the back of the room is the hiding-place, accessible by a closet door, and communicating by a secret exit with the offices. According to the bailiff's wife, the lower door is on the side of a large brew-house chimney, down which the passage descended. The meadow near the house, called the Pit-Leasow, bears the same name as of old, and, to judge by the pit and the trees by which its site is marked, the same appearance.

Bentley Hall has been pulled down by the new proprietors, and a modern house erected. The same fate has befallen the old and commodious mansion of the Nortons at Abbotsleigh,* near Bristol, now the property of the family of Miles of that city. It may, however, be as well to annex an extract of a letter from an intelligent friend, who lately

* See Appendix (VI.)





Blackwood Sc.

TRENT HOUSE.

W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh & London. 1857.

visited the spot from Clifton, as a place marked by historical interest :—

“ All that remains of the old building is a piece of wall (a few feet only, without any architectural decoration), which the mason has preserved in raising a pretty modern white-washed dairy. The site of the new mansion is a short distance from it. I had an interesting conversation with an old man who was at work on the roads, and remembered the ‘old court-house’ well, having lived as servant in it thirty-five years ago, and slept frequently in what was called King Charles’s room. He remembered very well the tapestry (carpeting, as he called it) on the walls, with pictures of wild beasts, and women giving their breasts to children hung at their backs, which he had heard were ‘Hottenmatops.’ A figure of ‘Lady Norton,’ in wax-work, seemed also to have made a great impression on his mind. He mentioned, too, having assisted in killing the last of the wild cattle, which were reported to have been sent from France by the king as a present. The jack which the king turned, and the block of wood on which he sat, were held in veneration. The latter has, I fancy, been converted into snuff-boxes. The property has changed hands two or three times since then. The tapestry rotted ; and Lady Norton was, I fear, treated with sad indignity, and thrown on the dunghill.

“ Believe me yours most truly,

“ J. G. C.”

Trent House, the next stage recorded in the king’s journey, is situated on the frontier of Somersetshire, six miles to the west of Sherborne. The parish church itself, embellished in the best cathedral style by the liberality of Mr Putt, of Corpus Christi College, the present incumbent, as well as an old chantry

adjoining it, are objects in themselves worth a visit; the former especially, as containing the family monument of the Wyndhams, and as connected with the narrative. The mansion itself consists of two different parts. The front, commonly selected as a point of view, is a heavy structure, erected since the Restoration; the back part, opening into the farm-yard, and looking out on a range of massive old barns and stabling, contains the important features which the annexed view represents. Over the projecting penthouse, into which the kitchen door opens, are the windows of the bed-chamber which Lady Wyndham gave up to the king's use. This room evidently was once connected with a smaller apartment in the projecting wing marked by the massive stone window, of the shape and size which proves it a hiding-place, and furnished with a double floor. The situation of the latter is shown by a small garret window, now boarded up, which furnished it with light and air; and it probably communicated with a large dilapidated brew-house beneath, from which the curious traveller must crawl up to it by a ladder, to the great disarrangement of farming utensils and roosting hens, as well as peril to his own clothes. The kitchen is spacious, and the fireplace baronial in its dimensions; as might therefore be expected, the farmer's wife points to the identical spot where the king sat and turned the spit. Here, indeed, as

in all other possible places, Charles seems, like a wandering brownie, to have performed the same regular domestic office,—a fact never questioned by the good people all and severally.

In the George Inn, at Mere, nothing of old date remains but a stone staircase in the interior of the house, pointed out by the landlord as King Charles's stairs. A house at Philips Norton, in Somersetshire, is erroneously shown as connected with his wanderings ; but none of the narratives mention this place as one of the stages. The mistake probably arose from the names of Norton and Phelips, as blended with the story, and from the evident date of the tenement. Hele House, on the banks of the Avon, between Sarum and Amesbury, has long ago passed from the family of Hyde ; and within these few years has been pulled down. It was a large stone house, with square turrets at the corners.

The inn at Broad Windsor was also pulled down and rebuilt about ten years ago. Mr Dowland, who has recently been preferred to the living, has obligingly communicated the substance of the village traditions, without vouching for their accuracy. The inn, after the Restoration, changed its name from the Castle to the George, as was natural enough. The rest seems a cento of floating stories, which the accurate narratives of Blount and Mrs Wyndham clearly assign to other places ; such as the remark of

the smith on the horse's four shoes, the detention of the puritan preacher by his own long sermon, &c. A hiding-place in the roof was also shown, communicating with the top of the stairs through a passage masked by a sliding panel, which was asserted to have been the king's hiding-place. It seems more probable that it was subsequently made "for the nonce," by some shrewd publican, — possibly by honest Rice Jones himself, whose known loyalty might have been compatible with this pious fraud on the class of visitors who are not contented unless they see something. There exists still for their gratification a piece of an old bedstead, reported to have been presented by the king to Jones after his restoration (which, like the bricks in Mortimer's chimney of Shakespearian memory) is standing as a part of an old summer-house. "It was of extremely massive oak," says Mr Dowland, "bearing the insignia of royalty, beautifully carved, fluted, and gilded." The fact of its presentation is certainly possible ; whether probable or not, the reader must determine for himself.

The house at Charmouth, pointed out as King Charles's inn, is still in existence, bearing marks of undoubted antiquity ; and though no longer an inn, is not likely to have been substituted by village tradition for the right place. "The chimney at the east end of the house is immensely wide, and projects

some feet into the upper room, causing a little recess or very confined apartment, in which is a small window. This place is called 'the king's hiding-hole' by the people of the house; though a place that looks into the street is not very likely to have been used as a place of concealment. We could make nothing out of this morsel of antiquity." Thus far the lady to whose practised accuracy I am indebted for this notice of the house; and who appears to consider this part of the tradition as apocryphal as I do myself. It is more likely that such fabrications should have been constructed during the king's popularity, for obvious reasons, than that he should on every chance occasion be guided by the instinct which drives a hunted rabbit to the nearest burrow.

Whether the George Inn at Brighton exist in its original state, or not, I am not aware. If still in being, it will have been noticed in the local guide-book; as also the tombstone and epitaph of Captain Tattersal, which the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1773, and February 1766, states as to be found at that date in Brighthelmstone churchyard.*

* Mr Hughes was probably led into this mistake by a letter in *Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1791, respecting Mrs Theresa Sykes, who is there stated to have descended from the Penderels, whereas, in truth, she came from Francis Yates.—(See Pedigree, in Appendix.) There are several communications to the same publication respecting the Penderel family, but almost all grossly inaccurate. The tomb is described as being an "altar tomb"

I am not aware of having omitted any other local particulars likely to engage the attention of those who, like myself, value old chimneys and gables for the sake of historical associations. To the severer eye of political economy, most of them will soon, I fear, become more interesting under the hand of time, in the shape of convertible materials for masonry.

opposite the chancel on the south side of the churchyard, and is said in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1802, to be in good preservation, though the letters are not cut so deep as they should be. The epitaph is curious, not only as arrogating to the deceased a degree of loyalty and disinterestedness which, if Colonel Gunter is to be believed, he did not possess, but from the self-complacency with which his son, who erected the monument, claims to be "the just inheritor of his father's virtues." Captain Tettersell, according to a tradition in the town (*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1766, p. 57), was at the Restoration appointed, at his own request, a captain in the Royal Navy, from which post he was soon after dismissed for some misconduct in an engagement. A pension of £400 per annum was, however, settled on him, which some of his descendants are there said to have been lately in the receipt of. For the epitaph, see Appendix (VII).—R. H. B.

EXTRACT

FROM THE

THIRTEENTH BOOK OF LORD CLARENDON'S "HISTORY OF THE REBELLION."

[N.B.—The following passage, embracing nearly the whole of the period to which the several tracts refer, is reprinted for the purpose of showing its discrepancy, in many points, from the matter in which the other documents agree. The part relating to the king's sojourn at Trent House, and his fruitless expedition to Charmouth, seems the most accurate ; having been probably corrected from Ellesdon's letter, which Lord Clarendon has endorsed in his State Papers as an authentic source of information. The most material errors will be noticed in the course of the narrative by the letter D at the bottom of the page.]

It is great pity that there was never a journal made of that miraculous deliverance, in which there might be seen so many visible impressions of the immediate hand of God. When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood,* he discerned another man,

* D.

who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him, and came down to him, and was known to the king, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the king after his coming to Worcester. His name was Careless,* who had had a command of foot, about † the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough.‡ He persuaded the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that, as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree, where he had been ; where the boughs were so thick with leaves, that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him ; where they sat all that day, and securely

* Printed "Carlis" in *Boscobel*.

+ Above.

‡ D. Carlis did not join the king till after the return from Madeley.

saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all the discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire ; and though there was a highway near one side of it, where the king had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst enclosures, and Careless * was not unacquainted with the neighbour villages ; and it was part of the king's good fortune, that this gentleman, by being a Roman Catholic, was acquainted with those of that profession of all degrees, who had the best opportunities of concealing him : for it must never be denied, that some of that religion † had a very great share in his majesty's preservation.

The day being spent in the tree,‡ it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep ; so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both : and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree ; and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those enclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the king

* And it pleased God that Careless. † Faith. ‡ D.

by the weight of his boots * (for he could not put them off, when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes), before morning they came to a poor cottage,† the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were ; and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay ; which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed,‡ that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together ; and therefore that Careless should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security, and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man§ had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good butter-milk ;|| and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of

* D.

† D.

‡ Resolved.

§ D. An imaginary person. || MS. adds the next morning.

buttermilk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten. The poor man spoke very intelligently to him of the country, and of the people who were well or ill affected to the king, and of the great fear and terror that possessed the hearts of those who were best affected. He told him, "that he himself lived by his daily labour, and that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had ; and that he feared, if he should endeavour to procure better, it might draw suspicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had somebody with him that was not of his own family. However, if he would have him get some meat, he would do it ; but if he could bear this hard diet, he should have enough of the milk, and some of the butter that was made with it." The king was satisfied with his reason, and would not run the hazard for a change of diet ; desired only the man, "that he might have his company as often, and as much as he could give it him ;" there being the same reason against the poor man's discontinuing his labour, as the alteration of his fare.

After he had rested upon this hay-mow, and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night,* another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the

* D.

house, sent for Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was about twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord : * he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt ; but he considered, that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises, than by having fine linen in ill clothes ; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this guide,† who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his

* MS. adds, and putting on those which he usually wore.

† Comrade.

safety at that price. His shoes had, after a few miles,* hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away,† and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out ; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little farther to go : and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning, they arrived at the house designed ;‡ which, though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have ; with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted ; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings ; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to

* After the walking a few miles.

† D.

‡ D.

another poor house,* within such a distance as put him not to much trouble : for having not yet in his thought, which way, or by what means, to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery. And being now in that quarter which was more inhabited by the Roman Catholics than most other parts in England, he was led from one to another of that persuasion, and concealed with great fidelity. But he then observed that he was never carried to any gentleman's house, though that country was full of them, but only to poor houses† of poor men, which only yielded him rest with very unpleasant sustenance : whether there was more danger in those better houses, in regard of the resort, and the many servants ; or whether the owners of great estates were the owners likewise of more fears and apprehensions.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr Hudlestone, a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Roman Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Careless ;‡ and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore.

* D.

† D.

‡ D.

This man told him, "that the Lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his ; which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together ;" which the other easily did, and within a night or two brought them into one place. Wilmot told the king, "that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country, and of all opinions, paid the old man a very great respect ; that he had been very civilly treated there, and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the king was, that he might get him to his house, where he was sure he could conceal him till he might contrive a full deliverance." He told him, "he had withdrawn from that house, in hope* that he might, in some other place,† discover where his majesty was, and having now happily found him, advised him to repair to that house, which stood not near any other."

* And put himself amongst the Catholics in hope.

† Not in MS.

The king inquired of the monk of the reputation of this gentleman ; who told him, "that he had a fair estate, was exceedingly beloved, and the eldest justice of peace of that county of Stafford ; and though he was a very zealous Protestant, yet he lived with so much civility and candour towards the Catholics, that they would all trust him as much as they would do any of their own profession ; and that he could not think of any place of so good repose and security for his majesty's repair to." The king* liked the proposition, yet thought not fit to surprise the gentleman, but sent Wilmot thither again, to assure himself that he might be received there, and was willing that he should know what guest he received ; which hitherto was so much concealed, that none of the houses where he had yet been knew, or seemed to suspect, more than that he was one of the king's party that fled from Worcester. The monk carried him to a house at a reasonable distance, where he was to expect an account from the Lord Wilmot ; who returned very punctually, with as much assurance of welcome as he could wish. And so they two went together to Mr Lane's house,† where the king found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places, as in a large house had been provided to

* The king, who minds to eat well as to sleep, by this time had as good a *
† D.

* Sic in Clarendon, but the sense seems incomplete.—ED.

conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered. Here he lodged, and ate very well ; and begun to hope that he was in present safety. Wilmot returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days,* receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him ; by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might get † near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself ; and he was now near the middle of the kingdom, saving that it was a little more northward, where he was utterly unacquainted with all the ports, and with that coast. In the west he was best acquainted, and that coast was most pro-

* D. Only one night.

† Find himself.

per to transport him into France, to which he was inclined.* Upon this matter he communicated with those of this family to whom he was known, that is, with the old gentleman the father, a very grave and venerable person ; the colonel his eldest son, a very plain man in his discourse and behaviour, but of a fearless courage, and an integrity superior to any temptation ; and a daughter of the house, of a very good wit and discretion, and very fit to bear any part in such a trust. It was a benefit, as well as an inconvenience, in those unhappy times, that the affections of all men were almost as well known as their faces, by the discovery they had made of themselves, in those sad seasons, in many trials and persecutions ; so that men knew not only the minds of their next neighbours, and those who inhabited near them, but, upon conference with their friends, could choose fit houses, at any distance, to repose themselves in security, from one end of the kingdom to another, without trusting the hospitality of a common inn ; and men were very rarely deceived in their confidence upon such occasions, but the persons with whom they were at any time could conduct them to another house of the same affection.

Mr Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr Norton,

* Most inclined.

a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons also, to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved, that Mrs Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service ; and that * a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet. And in this equipage the king begun his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging ; and they need not now contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was in the month of October far advanced,† that the long

* D.

† Wednesday, Sept. 10.

journeys they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the Lord Wilmot found them,* and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night ; so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. In this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr Norton's house ; and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmot, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken, when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Mrs Lane "declaring, that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free." And by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself, to hinder others from doing it. There was no resting in any place till they came to Mr Norton's, nor anything extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day in the way, who were very well known to the king ; and the day that they went to Mr Norton's they were necessarily to ride quite

* D.

through the city of Bristol ; a place and people the king had been so well acquainted with, that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there, after his departure from thence ; * and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him round about it.

They came to Mr Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door ; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own,† who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. William, by which name the king went,‡ walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber ; where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of “ a good youth, who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague ; ” and desired her cousin, “ that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit

* D.

† D. Imaginary.

‡ D.

to be below stairs." A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy* sent into the stable to call William, and to show him his chamber; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. Mrs Lane† was put to find some excuse for making a visit at that time of the year, and so many days' journey from her father, and where she had never been before, though the mistress of the house and she had been bred together, and friends as well as kindred. She‡ pretended, "that she was, after a little rest, to go into Dorsetshire to another friend." When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler, who waited at the table, "to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent him presently." The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin, and spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, "he was glad to see his majesty." The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him, "what he meant?" The man had been a falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it

* D.

† D. She went by appointment.

‡ D.

appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars, which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the king conjured him "not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man." The fellow promised, and kept * his word ; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

Dr Gorges,† the king's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr Norton, supped with them, and, being a man of a cheerful conversation, asked Mrs Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful by sending up meat to him, "how long his ague had been gone, and whether he had purged since it left him?" and the like ; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good nature, and without telling any body, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle ; and the doctor came, and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many ques-

* Faithfully kept.

† D.

tions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed ; to which the doctor left him, and went to Mrs Lane, and told her, "that he had been with William, and that he would do well ;" and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. The next morning the doctor went away, so that the king saw him no more.* The next day the Lord Wilmot came to the house with his hawk, to see Mrs Lane, and so conferred with William, who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days, till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what person lived nearest to it, upon whose fidelity they might rely ; and the king gave him directions to inquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which, when he should be fully instructed, he should return again to him. In the mean time Wilmot lodged at a house not far from Mr Norton's, to which he had been recommended.

After some days' stay here, and communication between the king and the Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad ; for besides the inclination he had to his eldest

* MS. adds, of which he was right glad.

brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar Castle, where the king had lodged when he was in the west. After the end of the war, and when all other places were surrendered in that county, he likewise surrendered that, upon fair conditions, and made his peace, and afterwards married a wife with a competent fortune, and lived quietly, without any suspicion of having lessened his affection towards the king.

The king sent Wilmot to him, and acquainted him where he was, and "that he would gladly speak with him." It was not hard for him to choose a good place where to meet, and thereupon the day was appointed. After the king had taken his leave of Mrs Lane, who remained with her cousin Norton, the king and the Lord Wilmot met the colonel ; and in the way he met,* in a town through which they passed, Mr Kirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be there ; yet that day made the king more wary of having him in his company upon the way. At the place of meeting they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house ; where he rested many days,† whilst

* Encountered.

† D. Only one day.

the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there ; which was not easy to find, there being so great a fear* possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr Ellison,† who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected ‡ who they were ; at least they concluded that it was some of the Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark, of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him, "when he would make another voyage ?" And he answered, "as soon as he could

* There being so great caution in all the ports, and so great a fear.

† D. Ellesdon.

‡ Yet every man suspected.

get lading for his ship." The other asked, "whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?" In conclusion he told him, "he should receive fifty pounds for his fare." The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said, "he must make his provision very secretly; for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned." Colonel Windham, being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved, that on such a night, which, upon consideration of the tides, was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and, being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it,

a small inn,* kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company.† Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and, if any thing fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place, where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark.

The king, being satisfied with these preparations, came, at the time appointed, to that house where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn, and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had

* D.

† Resort.

lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed ; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who, they knew, resolved to stay there till he were assured that they were gone.

The truth of the disappointment was this : the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure ; and the night he was to go out with his vessel, he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours ; and the time of the tide being come, that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen, and other things, which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been

speaking with seamen, who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her, "that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready." She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore, when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her, "he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid." His wife told him, "she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out." The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise, and so went into his bed.

And it was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the king, and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village over against that inn, where a weaver,

who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villany imaginable against the old order of government ; and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation, when the king went from thence, and telling the people, "that Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty, if they could find him out." The passengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost.* The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house, "that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties ;" which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith, going to the sermon, told this story to some of his neighbours ; and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately he sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses ; and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rid those horses, and

* D. The latter end of September.

positively declared, "that one of them was Charles Stuart."

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and, without any farther delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt* in Hampshire and Sussex, where Colonel Windham had no interest. They must pass through all Wiltshire before they came thither, which would require many days' journey; and they were first to consider what honest houses there were in or near the way, where they might securely repose; and it was thought very dangerous for the king to ride through any great town, as Salisbury or Winchester, which might probably lie in their way.

There was between that and Salisbury a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him; and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr Philips to come to him, and when he had spoken with him, Mr Philips should come to

* MS. adds, more southward.

the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters ; and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief.* These marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse ; and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill, with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Sergeant Hyde, who was afterwards chief justice of the King's Bench

* Major-general.

and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother ; a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway ; where, coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But, the next morning, he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey ; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and, at an hour appointed, received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days, the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge upon the plains three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him ; and being there met, he attended him to the place where Colonel Philips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in

Sussex, recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that county, who had served the king in the war ; who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmstone, a small fisher-town ; where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

The Earl of Southampton, who was then at his house at Titchfield, in Hampshire, had been advertised of the king's being in the west, and of his missing his passage at Lyme, and sent a trusty gentleman to those faithful persons in the country, who he thought were most like to be employed for his escape if he came into those parts, to let them know "that he had a ship ready, and if the king came to him, he should be safe ;" which advertisement came to the king the night before he embarked, and when his vessel was ready. But his majesty ever acknowledged the obligation with great kindness, he being the only person of that condition who had the courage to solicit such danger, though all good men heartily wished his deliverance. It was in* November that the king landed in Normandy, in a small creek ; from whence he got to Rouen, and then gave notice to the queen of his arrival, and freed his loyal subjects† in all places from their dismal apprehensions.

* About the end of.

† His subjects.

COPY OF A LETTER

WRITTEN FROM

A PRISONER AT CHESTER, THE 17 SEPTEMBER,

AND SINCE

REVIEWED AND PERFECTED BY SOME ON THIS SIDE THE SEA, WHO WERE
IN THE FIGHT.*

I BELIEVE you have too soon heard our misfortunes at Worcester ; and it is possible there are amongst you that rather blame our proceedings than pity us. But if they knew the state of our master's affairs when he was in Scotland and here, they would say otherwise. It is most certain that Cromwell would not at any time be drawn to hazard a battle in Scotland, but on such great advantages as were no way reasonable to be given ; which induced his majesty (finding Cromwell to have passed the river Forth with most part of his forces, and engaged northward towards St Johnston's, thereby giving us the advantage of four or five days' time) to put in execution that which indeed was originally his design from the beginning of the campaign ; namely, to march in person with his army into England ; not doubting

* From the Oxford Edition of Lord Clarendon's State Papers, 1773.

but this his generous enterprise would give great encouragement and opportunity to his friends to rise and free themselves from that yoke of tyranny which lay so heavy on them. Our army consisted of between ten and eleven thousand horse and foot, with sixteen leather guns, all absolutely under the command of his majesty ; who marched without any opposition, until he came to Appleby, where eleven or twelve troops of those horse which Harrison had left in England endeavoured to hinder our advancing, but were, without great difficulty, forced to retire ; and so we went on with what diligence might be, and without any impeachment, to Warrington, where we found their army, consisting of about seven thousand men, united under Lambert and Harrison, possessed of the bridge, which they had almost broken ; from which the king, at the head of his first troops, did beat them, with loss to them, and great hazard to his own person ; and having made up the bridge with planks, passed over his whole army ; they retreating in such disorder, that besides their loss upon the retreat, at least three thousand of their men did that night disband. The king from thence continued his march to Worcester, they not daring to give him so much as one alarm all the way. In Worcester, besides the garrison, his majesty found five hundred horse, which Lambert had the night before sent in, which presently upon the approach of the army quitted the place,

leaving there the Earl of Shrewsbury, and divers prisoners of note, which they had formerly taken. The city was neither fortified nor victualled, only an old broken wall, and a fort in a manner slighted. His majesty's intention was not to have staid there, but to march on towards London ; but the army was so wearied with their hasty and continued march of three and twenty days (whereof it rested only one day at Penrith, in Cumberland), that it was altogether impossible to advance, and no less necessary to rest and refresh them.

After near a week's stay in Worcester* (in which time his majesty used all endeavours to get in Gloucester, Hereford, and some other places, and likewise provided for the better arming and clothing of his soldiers), Cromwell appeared with his army near Perrywood (about a mile from Worcester) ; and having drawn his left wing towards the river of Severn, his

* The house at the corner of New Street, on its east side, is said to have been the king's quarters whilst at Worcester. The tradition is handed down in strong and direct terms by the oldest inhabitants of the city, and by the relatives of the proprietors of the house at that time, whose names were Durant. The room in which the king slept faces the Corn Market. Over the entrance of the house is this inscription : " Love God [W. B. 1577, R. D.] Honor the King." It is the largest of the old houses of the city. Mr Cooksey has, however, stated strong evidence also that the king's "secret quarters" were at White Ladies.—*Green's History of Worcester*, vol. i. p. 284.—R. H. B.

majesty sent out a party of a thousand commanded foot and two hundred and fifty horse, to have fallen on them at night ; but this design was betrayed by — Gives,* a townsman of Worcester (who was afterwards hanged), whereupon they drew off in the night to their body, leaving only some guards, which were beaten away. During this abode at Worcester, Major-General Massie was sent to try his credit about Gloucester, and lay within a mile of Upton Bridge, which was not so broken, but that the enemy's foot, for want of the placing a sentinel, got over upon a piece of timber (laid only for the convenience of foot passengers), after which a body of their horse did also pass the ford ; some of their foot got into the church of Upton. Whereupon Massie having the alarm, came with some horse, charged their cavalry, and beat them back over the river ; then returning towards Upton, he found in the church those foot who had possessed themselves of it, who fired upon him, and these shot him through the left hand, upon divers places of his arms, and killed his horse under him ; after which he returned to Worcester with his brigade.

Upon Tuesday, September ¹², towards night (which was the day before the fight), his majesty had intelli-

* "Thursday Sept. 9th, 1651.—The Parliament voted Mrs Gyves £200 in money, and an annuity of £200."—See Clowes's *Perfect Passages*, No. 57, p. 376, and No. 54.—R. H. B.

gence that fifteen hundred horse were gone to Bewdly, and that a very strong party of horse and foot and cannon were gone to Upton, which made his majesty the next morning to call a council of war on the top of the steeple at Worcester, whence the country round about might best be discovered, there to advise upon some action while the enemy was thus divided, and part of their forces gone further off. The result of this consultation was to divide the army into two parties; the one to go upon the one side of Perrywood, and the other on the other, reserving a body to fall on and assist where need should require. Whilst this was going to be put in execution, his majesty discovered a body of the enemy's foot, about a thousand, with carriages of poles and planks, and some cannon, going towards the water's side (as was supposed, and proved afterwards true), with intention to make a bridge. And immediately after, espying some fire given at the bridge of Powick, he gave order to the general officers to put the army in posture, and went himself in person out of the town, where he found the parties already engaged near Powick, where the enemy were making two bridges of boats to pass a part of their army over the two rivers, Severn and Teyne, so to get to the other side of the town of Worcester. The king, leaving there two brigades of foot, making near two thousand men, returned to put in execution his first design of falling on the

enemy at Perrywood ; and having led out the army, and engaged it himself, charging at the head thereof many several times in person, with great courage and success, returned towards Powick, to command two brigades of foot to assist those who were already engaged upon that pass. After which his majesty went again towards the main body, which he already found disordered, and with some difficulty made them stand a while ; but, upon the enemy's second firing, they were so dispersed that they rallied no more, but gave back violently, and forced the king to make into the town. The enemy, taking this advantage, fell close in with the rear of his majesty's horse, and at the same time with their foot seized upon the mount, so that our horse were able to stand no longer without the walls ; and the king, with much difficulty and danger, got into the town at Sudbury gate, about the shutting in of the evening.

The enemy's foot entered the town before their horse, and our foot in disorder threw down their arms, whereupon the enemy's foot fell to plunder ; but the king's horse which were left in the town disputed it from street to street, and made great slaughter of the enemy, by reason of their greediness after pillage, insomuch that the streets were full of dead bodies of horses and men ; till at last, over-mastered with numbers, they were forced down to the Key, where many rendered themselves prison-

ers ; only Colonel Wogan about midnight broke through with fifty horse, and marched after the king, who was some hours before gone out at St Martin's gate, and marched northward that night with a body of about six hundred horse in disorder near thirty miles ; where the next morning, finding the close pursuit of the enemy, and the country altogether unsecure, he consulted for his safety.

And of his royal person I can give no farther account ; but certainly a braver prince never lived, having in the day of the fight hazarded his person much more than any officer of his army, riding from regiment to regiment, and leading them on upon service with all the encouragement (calling every officer by his name) which the example and exhortation of a magnanimous general could afford ; showing so much steadiness of mind and undaunted courage in such continual danger, that had not God covered his head, and wonderfully preserved his sacred person, he must in all human reason needs have perished that day. Duke Hamilton was shot in the first charge, which he performed with great honour, at Perrywood, where the king, in the head of those troops, broke through and forced back their horse to their body of foot. The duke, I hear, is since dead, upon the cutting off of his leg at Worcester. We hope God Almighty will preserve his majesty's

sacred person, to be an instrument of his glory in the performance of great things hereafter, though it did not please the divine power at this time to give him the victory, which in all likelihood he had obtained, had not the enemy so exceedingly overpowered him in numbers, they being (as their own party gave out) no less than threescore thousand ; whereas his majesty's army was not in all eleven thousand fighting men, but so well governed as the like hath not been seen ; for in the whole march from Scotland to Worcester they never took anything but what they paid for ; and the discipline was so severe and so strictly observed, that divers were shot to death only for going out of their ranks to gather a few apples in an orchard as they passed ; and another did undergo the same punishment, only for taking a pint of beer without paying for it. It is a great comfort to us in this our calamity, that his majesty hath taken some private way (with only the Lord Wilmot) for his escape ; for had he stayed with us, his person had inevitably fallen into the hands of the enemy. On Thursday night (which was the day after the battle) our Lieutenant-Generals Middleton and Lesley left us, or lost us willingly, but were afterwards taken, and with Sir William Fleming brought prisoners hither. The Earl of Derby, Earl Lauderdale, Sir David Cun-

ningham, and Mr Lane, are prisoners here in the Castle ; and many others of quality are kept in private houses. They have already condemned some ; and what will become of us, I yet know not.

Endorsed by Sir Edward Hyde,
" Relation of the Business of Worcester."

AN ACCOUNT

OF

HIS MAJESTY'S ESCAPE FROM WORCESTER:

Dictated to Mr Pepys by the King himself.

NEWMARKET, *Sunday, October 3d, and
Tuesday, October 5th, 1680.*

AFTER that the battle was so absolutely lost as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself; and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to London, as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither: and it being near dark, I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions, which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine, for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord

Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us, of the horse, that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them ; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it.

So we, that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcey, and several others of my servants, went along northward towards Scotland ; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen and officers, and slipt away out of the high road that goes to Lancastershire, and kept on the right hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road, and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London on horseback, riding directly for it ; nor could we do it, because there was yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

So we rode through a town short of Woolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went through, there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country fellow.

We went that night about twenty miles, to a place called White Ladys, hard by Tong Castle, by the advice of Mr Giffard, where we stopt, and

got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Ladys was a private house that Mr Giffard, who was a Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.*

* S. Pepys desiring to know from Father Hodlestone what he knew touching the brotherhood of the Penderella, as to the names and qualities of each of the brothers? He answered that he was not very perfect in it, but that as far as he could recollect they were thus,—viz. :

1st, William, the eldest, who lived at Boscobel.

2d, John, who lived at White Ladies, a kind of woodward there, all the brothers living in the wood, having little farms there, and labouring for their living, in cutting down of wood, and watching the wood from being stolen, having the benefit of some cow grass to live on. Father Hodlestone farther told me, that here lived one Mr Walker, an old gentleman, a priest, whither the poor Catholics in that neighbourhood resorted for devotion, and whom Father Hodlestone used now and then to visit, and say prayers, and do holy offices with. Upon which score it was, that John Penderell happened to know him in the highway, when the said John Penderell was looking out for a hiding-place for my Lord Wilmot. This John was he, as Father Hodlestone says, that took the most pains of all the brothers.

3d, Richard, commonly called among them Trusty Richard, who lived the same kind of life with the rest.

4th, Humphrey, a miller, who has a son at this day [1680] footman to the queen, to be heard of at Somerset House.

5th, George, another brother, who was in some degree less or more, as he remembers, employed in this service. He thinks there was a sixth brother, but of that is not certain.—
HODLESTONE.

And just as we came thither, there came in a country fellow, that told us there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie, and some other of the general officers: upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me who were very earnest that I should go to him, and endeavour to go into Scotland; which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand to me when they have been beaten.

This made me take the resolution of putting myself into a disguise, and endeavouring to get a-foot to London, in a country fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary gray-cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Ladys. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my clothes into a privy-house, that nobody might see that any body had been stripping themselves.* I acquainting none with my resolution of

* There were six brothers of the Penderells, who all of them knew the secret; and (as I have since learned from one of them) the man in whose house I changed my clothes came to one of them about two days after, and asking him where I was, told him that they might get £1000 if they would tell, because there was that sum laid upon my head. But this Penderell was so

going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they might be forced to confess ; on which consideration they, with one voice, begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

So all the persons of quality, and officers who were with me (except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting at London, if we escaped, and who endeavoured to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot), were resolved to go and join with the

honest, that, though he at that time knew where I was, he bad him have a care what he did ; for, that I being gone out of all reach, if they should now discover I had ever been there, they would get nothing but hanging for their pains. I would not change my clothes at any of the Penderell's houses, because I meant to make further use of them, and they might be suspected ; but rather chose to do it in a house where they were not Papists, I neither knowing them, nor to this day what the man was at whose house I did it. But the Penderells have since endeavoured to mitigate the business of their being tempted by their neighbour to discover me ; but one of them did certainly declare it to me at that time.—KING.

Concerning one Yates, that married a sister of one of the Penderells, Father Hodlestone says, he has heard that the old coarse shirt, which the king had on, did belong to him ; and consequently that the king did shift himself at his house ; but believes that the rest of the king's clothes were William Penderell's, he being a tall man, and the breeches the king had on being very long at the knees.—HODL.

three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were not marched six miles, after they got to them, but they were all routed by a single troop of horse ; which shows that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away.

As soon as I was disguised I took with me a country fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr Giffard had undertaken to answer for to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding holes for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

I was no sooner gone (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day) out of the house with this country fellow, but being in a great wood, I set myself at the edge of the wood, near the highway that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the runaways, and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse ; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

In this wood I staid all day, without meat or drink ; and by great good fortune it rained all the

time, which indicated that he had been running into the wood to escape from the fleeing children. And one thing was certain: that those were the children who had been that friend with the letter who had said that it would take a long time to get a day, but only in the way of a day, and he was going to my side.

As I was in the way of thinking, I was not
about getting towards London. I was not
many questions about what I was doing
did not find he knew any more. I was
way towards London. I was not
changed as I lay in the way. I was
another way if making my way. I was
get over the Severn into Wales. I was
to Swansea. It some time I was not
knew had experience with I was not
might get over that way. I was not
thought I was would suggest my way.
that, I remembered several I was not
were of my acquaintance in Wales.

So that night as soon as it was dark I and Penderell and I took our weapons and went to the Severn, intending to pass over a ford between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. As we were going in the night we came to a hill where we heard some people talking. ~~They were~~

had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderell's houses, I not going in), and as we conceived it was about twelve or one o'clock at night ; and the country fellow desired me not to answer if any body should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country.

Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believe, sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, "Who goes there?" Upon which Richard Penderell answered, "Neighbours going home," or some such-like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, "If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down." Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close, and he run to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, "Rogues ! rogues !" And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believe were soldiers : so we fell a-running, both of us up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if any body followed us ; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn, where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman,

one Mr Woolfe, that lived in that town,* where I might be with great safety, for that he had hiding-places for priests. But I would not go in till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me, and therefore stayed in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I, but only to ask Mr Woolfe whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night, for I durst not go but by night.

Mr Woolfe, when the country fellow told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said that, for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour any body that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the king himself. Upon which, Richard Penderell, very indiscreetly, and without any leave, told him that it was I. Upon which Mr Woolfe replied, that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done, at which I was a little troubled; but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that or run some greater danger.

* Mr Francis Woolfe lived at Madely.—HODL.

So I came into the house a back way, where I found Mr Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there, because there was two companies of the militia foot at that time in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry, to examine every body that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way ; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house, because they had been discovered, and consequently, if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes ; and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lie behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day ; when, towards evening, his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released, and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little darkish, Mr Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn ; and there we discoursed with them whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales, which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn, where any passage could be found, for preventing any body's escaping that way into Wales.

Upon this I took resolution of going that night the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London.

So we set out as soon as it was dark. But, as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there ; and therefore asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be past in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him, that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the river side, and I, entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle ; and thereupon taking Richard Penderell by the hand, I helped him over.

Which being done, we went on our way to one of Penderell's brothers (his house being not far from White Ladys), who had been guide to my Lord Wilmot, and we believed might, by that time, be come back again ; for my Lord Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house, I inquired where my Lord Wilmot was ; it being now towards morning, and having travelled these two nights on foot, Penderell's

brother told me that he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr Pitchcroft,* not far from Woolverhampton,† a Roman Catholic. I asked him, what news? He told me that there was one Major Careless in the house that was that countryman; whom I knowing, he having been a major in our army, and made his escape thither, a Roman Catholic also, I sent for him into the room where I was, and consulting with him what we should do the next day. He told me that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house or to go into the wood, there being a great wood hard by Boscobel; that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was, to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place, where we see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape. Of which proposition of his I approving, we

* The king is mistaken in calling Mr Whitgrave Mr Pitchcroft. Pitchcroft is the name of a very large meadow, contiguous to the city of Worcester, where part of the king's troops lay on the night before the battle, and which his majesty might have a distant view of from the top of the tower of the cathedral, where he held a council just before the unfortunate engagement. It is not to be wondered at, if, after the interval of twenty-nine years, the king should mistake the name of a place for the name of a person.—PEPYS.

† Mr Whitgrave lived at Mosely.—HODL.

(that is to say, Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day—viz. bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak that had been lopt some three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we staid all the day. I having, in the mean time, sent Penderell's brother to Mr Pitchcroft's, to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no,* and had word brought me by him at night that my lord was there, that there was a very secure hiding hole in Mr Pitchcroft's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him.

Memorandum, That while we were in this tree we see soldiers going up and down, in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them now and then peeping out of the wood.

That night Richard Penderell and I went to Mr Pitchcroft's, about six or seven miles off, where I found the gentleman of the house, and an old grandmother of his, and Father Hurlston,† who had then the care, as governor, of bringing up two

* I did not depend upon finding Lord Wilmot, but sent only to know what was become of him ; for he and I had agreed to meet at London, at the Three Cranes in the Vintry, and to inquire for Will. Ashburnam.—KING.

† His name is Hodlestone, and his grandfather was half

young gentlemen, who, I think, were Sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys.*

Here I spoke with my Lord Wilmot, and sent him away to Colonel Lane's,† about five or six miles off, to see what means could be found for my escaping towards London; who told my lord,

brother, by a second venter, to the ancestor of Sir William Hodleston, who, with eight brothers, raised two regiments for the king, and served with them. Father Hodleston observes very particularly, as one extraordinary instance of God's providence in this affair, the contingency of his first meeting with John Penderell, occasioned by one Mr Garret's coming, the Thursday after the fight, out of Warwickshire, from Mrs Morgan, grandmother to little Sir John Preston, with some new linen for Sir John, and some for Father Hodleston himself, namely, six new shirts, one whereof he gave to the king, and another to my Lord Wilmot.‡—HODL.

* This Sir John Preston's father was Sir John Preston who raised a regiment for the king, and for so doing had his estate given away by the parliament to Pen. This Sir John Preston, the son, is since dead, and his estate fallen to his brother, Sir Thomas Preston, mentioned in Oates's narrative of the plot, who married my Lord Molineux his daughter, by whom he had two daughters, great heiresses, himself being become a Jesuit.
—PEP.

† Colonel Lane lived at Bentely.—HODL.

‡ By the Stuart papers, it appears that Father Hodleston not only survived the Restoration, but even King Charles himself, and was the ecclesiastic who was smuggled into the royal chamber to administer extreme unction to that monarch in his last moments. Mr Pulman, of the College of Arms, who has examined these papers, is my authority for this.—R. H. B.

after some consultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers that was married to one Mr Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol, on Somersetshire side, and she might carry me thither as her man, and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England.*

So the next night† I went away to Colonel Lane's, where I changed my clothes‡ into a little

* The king, after having changed his linen and stockings at Mr Whitgrave's, said, that he found himself at more ease, was fit for a new march, and if it would please God ever to bless him with ten or twelve thousand men of a mind, and resolved to fight, he should not doubt but to drive those rogues out of the land.—HODL.

† I think I stayed two days at Pitchcroft's [Whitgrave's], but Father Hurlstone can tell better than I.—KING.

‡ The habit that the king came in to Father Hodlestone was a very greasy old gray steeple-crowned hat, with the brims turned up, without lining or hatband, the sweat appearing two inches deep through it, round the band place ; a green cloth jump coat, threadbare, even to the threads being worn white, and breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter ; with an old sweaty leathern doublet, a pair of white flannel stockings next to his legs, which the king said were his boot stockings, their tops being cut off to prevent their being discovered, and upon them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their feet cut off ; which last he said he had of Mr Woolfe, who persuaded him thereto, to hide his other white ones, for fear of being observed ; his shoes were old, all slashed for the ease of his feet, and full of

better habit, like a serving-man, being a kind of gray-cloth suit ; and the next day Mrs Lane and I took our journey towards Bristol, resolving to lie at a place called Long Marson, in the vale of Esham.

But we had not gone two hours on our way but the mare I rode on cast a shoe ; so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village, whose name begins with something like Long—. And as I was holding my horse's foot, I asked the smith what news. He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating the rogues of the Scots. I asked him whether

gravel, with little rolls of paper between his toes, which he said he was advised to, to keep them from galling ; he had an old coarse shirt, patched both at the neck and hands, of that very coarse sort which, in that country, go by the name of hogging-shirts ; which shirt, Father Hodlestone shifting from the king, by giving him one of his new ones, Father Hodlestone sent afterwards to Mr Sherwood, now Lord Abbot of Lamspring, in Germany, a person well known to the Duke [of Yorke], who begged this shirt of Father Hodlestone ; his handkerchief was a very old one, torn, and very coarse, and being daubed with the king's blood from his nose, Father Hodlestone gave it to a kinswoman of his, one Mrs Brathwayte, who kept it with great veneration, as a remedy for the king's evil ; he had no gloves, but a long thorn-stick, not very strong, but crooked three or four several ways, in his hand ; his hair cut short up to his ears, and hands coloured ; his majesty refusing to have any gloves, when Father Hodlestone offered him some, as also to change his stick.—PEP.

there was none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stuart was taken ; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stuart. I told him, that if that rogue were taken he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said that I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted.

Here it is to be noted, that we had in company with us Mrs Lane's sister, who was married to one Mr —, she being then going to my Lord Paget's hard by Windsor, so as we were to part, as accordingly we did, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

But a mile before we came to Stratford-upon-Avon, we espied upon the way a troop of horse,* whose riders were alighted, and the horses eating some grass by the way-side, staying there, as I thought, while their muster-master was providing their quarters. Mrs Lane's sister's husband, who went along with her as far as Stratford, seeing this troop of horse just in our way, said, that for his part he would not go by them, for he had been once or twice beaten by some of the parliament soldiers, and he would not run the venture again. I hearing him say so, begged Mrs Lane, softly in

* A poor old woman that was gleaning in the field cried out, of her own accord, without occasion given her, "Master, don't you see a troop of horse before you?"—KING.

her ear, that we might not turn back, but go on, if they should see us turn. But all she could say in the world would not do, but her brother-in-law turned quite round, and went into Stratford another way. The troop of horse being then just getting on horseback, about twice twelve score off, and, as I told her, we did meet the troop just but in the town of Stratford.

But then her brother and we parted, he going his way, and we ours towards Long Marson, where we lay at a kinsman's, I think, of Mrs Lane's ; neither the said kinsman, nor her afore-mentioned brother-in-law, knowing who I was.

The next night we lay at Cirencester, and so from thence to Mr Norton's house, beyond Bristol ; where as soon as ever I came, Mrs Lane called the butler of the house, a very honest fellow, whose name was Pope, and had served Tom Jermyn, a groom of my bed-chamber when I was a boy at Richmond, she bade him to take care of William Jackson, for that was my name, as having been lately sick of an ague, whereof she said I was still weak, and not quite recovered. And the truth is, my late fatigues and want of meat had indeed made me look a little pale ; besides this, Pope had been a trooper in the king my father's army ; but I was not to be known in that house for anything but Mrs Lane's servant.

Memorandum, That one Mr Lassells, a cousin of Mrs Lane's, went all the way with us from Colonel Lane's, on horseback, single, I riding before Mrs Lane.

Pope the butler took great care of me that night, I not eating, as I should have done, with the servants, upon account of my not being well.

The next morning I arose pretty early, having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery hatch to get my breakfast, where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him, how he came to give so good an account of that battle? He told me he was in the king's regiment, by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But questioning him further, I perceived he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what a kind of man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then looking upon me, he told me that the king was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what

haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me, as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's.

So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it Mrs Norton was coming by through it ; upon which I, plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand as she past by, that Pope looked very earnestly in my face. But I took no notice of it, but put on my hat again, and went away, walking out of the house into the field.

I had not been out half an hour, but coming back I went up to the chamber where I lay ; and just as I came thither, Mr Lassells came to me, and in a little trouble said, " What shall we do ? I am afraid Pope knows you, for he says very positively to me that it is you, but I have denyed it." Upon which I presently, without more ado, asked him whether he was a very honest man or no. Whereto he answering me, that he knew him to be so honest a fellow that he durst trust him with his life, as having been always on our side, I thought it better to trust him, than go away leaving that suspicion upon him ; and thereupon sent for Pope, and told him that I was very glad to meet him there, and would trust him with my life as an old acquaintance. Upon which, being a discreet fellow, he asked me what I intended to do ; " for," says he, " I am extremely happy I

know you, for otherwise you might run great danger in this house. For though my master and mistress are good people, yet there are at this time one or two in it that are very great rogues, and I think I can be useful to you in any thing you will command me." Upon which I told him my design of getting a ship if possible at Bristol ; and to that end bade him go that very day immediately to Bristol, to see if there were any ships going either to Spain or France, that I might get a passage away in.

I told him also that my Lord Wilmot was coming to meet me here : for he and I had agreed at Colonel Lane's, and were to meet this very day at Norton's. Upon which Pope told me, that it was most fortunate that he knew me, and had heard this from me, for that if my Lord Wilmot should have come hither, he would have been most certainly known to several people in the house, and therefore he would go. And accordingly went out, and met my Lord Wilmot a mile or two off the house, not far off, where he lodged him till it was night, and then brought him hither by a back door into my chamber, I still passing for a serving-man ; and Lassells and I lay in one chamber, he knowing all the way who I was.

So after Pope had been at Bristol to inquire for a ship, but could hear of none ready to depart beyond sea sooner than within a month, which was too long for me to stay thereabout, I betook myself to the

advising afresh with my Lord Wilmot and Pope what was to be done. And the latter telling me that there lived somewhere in that country, upon the edge of Somersetshire, at Trent, within two miles of Sherburn, Frank Windham, the knight marshall's brother, who being my old acquaintance, and a very honest man, I resolved to go to his house.

But the night before we were to go away, we had a misfortune that might have done us much prejudice ; for Mrs Norton, who was big with child, fell into labour, and miscarried of a dead child, and was very ill, so that we could not tell how in the world to find an excuse for Mrs Lane to leave her cousin in that condition ; and indeed it was not safe to stay longer there, where there was so great resort of disaffected idle people.

At length, consulting with Mr Lassells, I thought the best way to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear that she should not otherwise find him alive ; which letter Pope delivered so well while they were all at supper, and Mrs Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed old Mr Lane to be indeed in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse to go away with me the very next morning early.

Accordingly, the next morning,* we went directly to Trent to Frank Windham's house, and lay that night at Castle Cary, and the next night came to Trent, where I had appointed my Lord Wilmot to meet me, whom I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left to come after me.†

When we came to Trent, my Lord Wilmot and I advised with Frank Windham whether he had any acquaintance at any sea-town upon the coast of Dorset or Devonshire; who told me that he was very well acquainted with Gyles Strangways, and that he would go directly to him, and inform himself whether he might not have some acquaintance at Weymouth or Lyme, or some of those parts.

But Gyles Strangways proved not to have any, as having been long absent from all those places, as not daring to stir abroad, having been always faithful to the king; but he desired Frank Windham to try what he could do therein, it being unsafe for him to be found busy upon the sea-coast. But withal he sent me three hundred broad pieces, which he knew were necessary for me in the condition I was now in; for I durst carry no money about me in those mean

* I staid about two days at Pope's [Lassell's].—KING.

† I could never get my Lord Wilmot to put on any disguise, he saying that he should look frightfully in it, and therefore did never put on any.—KING.

clothes, and my hair cut short, but about ten or twelve shillings in silver.

Frank Windham upon this went himself to Lyme, and spoke with a merchant there to hire a ship for my transportation, being forced to acquaint him that it was I that was to be carried out. The merchant undertook it, his name being _____, and accordingly hired a vessel for France, appointing a day for my coming to Lyme to embark. And accordingly we set out from Frank Windham's ; and, to cover the matter the better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, one Mrs Judith Coningsby, still going by the name of William Jackson.*

Memorandum, That one day, during my stay at Trent, I hearing the bells ring (the church being hard by Frank Windham's house), and seeing a company got together in the churchyard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to inquire what the matter was ; who returning, came up and told me that there was a rogue a trooper come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on ; upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it.

* At Trent, Mrs Lane and Lassells went home. I stayed some four or five days at Frank Windham's house, and was known to most of his family.—KING.

This merchant having appointed us to come to Lyme, we, viz. myself, my Lord Wilmot, Frank Windham, Mrs Coningsby, and one servant of Frank Windham's, whose name was Peter, were directed from him to a little village hard by Lyme, the vessel being to come out of the cobb at Lyme, and come to a little creek that was just by this village, whither we went, and to send their boat ashore to take us in at the said creek, and carry us over to France, the wind being then very good at north.

So we sat up that night, expecting the ship to come out, but she failed us. Upon which I sent Frank Windham's man, Peter, and my Lord Wilmot, to Lyme the next morning, to know the reason of it. But we were much troubled how to pass away our time the next day, till we could have an answer. At last we resolved to go to a place called Burport, about four miles from Lyme, and there stay till my Lord Wilmot should bring us news whether the vessel could be had the next night or no, and the reason of her last night's failure.

So Frank Windham and Mrs Coningsby and I went in the morning, on horseback, away to Burport; and just as we came into the town, I could see the streets full of redcoats, Cromwell's soldiers, being a regiment of Colonel Haynes's, viz. fifteen hundred men going to embark to take Jersey, at which Frank Windham was very much startled, and

asked me what I would do. I told him that we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done ; because we should otherwise miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went anywhere else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable ; which I did, and they were very angry with me for my rudeness.

As soon as I came into the stable I took the bridle off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the hostler was helping me to feed the horses, "Sure, sir," says the hostler, "I know your face?" which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him where he had lived—whether he had always lived there or no ? He told me that he was but newly come thither ; that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of the war : so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last ; therefore I told him, "Friend, certainly you have

seen me then at Mr Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year." "Oh!" says he, "then I remember you a boy there;" and with that was put off from thinking any more on it, but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together, which I excused by saying that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him; but told him that my master was going for London, and would return about three weeks hence, when he would lie there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him.

As soon as we had dined, my Lord Wilmot came into the town from Lyme, but went to another inn. Upon which we rode out of town, as if we had gone upon the road towards London; and when we were got two miles off, my Lord Wilmot overtook us (he having observed, while in town, where we were), and told us that he believed the ship might be ready next night, but that there had been some mistake betwixt him and the master of the ship.

Upon which, I not thinking it fit to go back again to the same place where we had sat up the night before, we went to a village called ——— about four miles in the country above Lyme, and sent in Peter to know of the merchant whether the ship would be ready. But the master of the ship, doubting that it was some dangerous employment he was hired upon, absolutely refused the merchant, and would not carry us over.

Whereupon we were forced to go back again to Frank Windham's to Trent, where we might be in some safety till we had hired another ship.

As soon as we came to Frank Windham's, I sent away presently to Colonel Robert Philips, who lived then at Salisbury, to see what he could do for the getting me a ship; which he undertook very willingly, and had got one at Southampton, but by misfortune she was, amongst others, prest to transport their soldiers to Jersey, by which she failed us also.

Upon this I sent further into Sussex, where Robin Philips knew one Colonel Gunter, to see whether he could hire a ship any where upon that coast. And not thinking it convenient for me to stay much longer at Frank Windham's (where I had been in all about a fortnight, and was become known to very many), I went directly away to a widow gentlewoman's house, one Mrs Hyde, some four or five miles from Salisbury, where I came into the house just as it was almost dark, with Robin Philips only, not intending at first to make myself known. But just as I alighted at the door, Mrs Hyde knew me, though she had never seen me but once in her life, and that was with the king my father, in the army, when we marched by Salisbury, some years before, in the time of the war; but she being a discreet woman took no notice at that time of me, I passing only for a friend of Robin Philips', by whose advice I went thither.

At supper there was with us Frederick Hyde, since a judge, and his sister-in-law, a widow, Robin Philips, myself, and Dr Henshaw, since Bishop of London, whom I had appointed to meet me there.

While we were at supper, I observed Mrs Hyde and her brother Frederick to look a little earnestly at me, which led me to believe they might know me. But I was not at all startled by it, it having been my purpose to let her know who I was ; and accordingly after supper Mrs Hyde came to me, and I discovered myself to her, who told me she had a very safe place to hide me in, till we knew whether our ship was ready or no. But she said it was not safe for her to trust any body but herself and her sister, and therefore advised me to take my horse next morning, and make as if I quitted the house, and return again about night ; for she would order it so that all her servants and every body should be out of the house but herself and her sister, whose name I remember not.

So Robin Philips and I took our horses, and went as far as Stonehenge ; and there we staid looking upon the stones for some time,* and returned

* The king and Colonel Philips rode about the Downes, and took a view of the wonder of the country, Stonehenge ; where they found that the king's arithmetic gave the lie to the fabulous tale that those stones cannot be told alike twice together.—
PHILIPS.

back again to Hale (the place where Mrs Hyde lived) about the hour she appointed ; where I went up into the hiding-hole, that was very convenient and safe, and staid there all alone (Robin Philips then going away to Salisbury) some four or five days.

After four or five days' stay, Robin Philips came to the house, and acquainted me that a ship was ready provided for me at Shoreham by Colonel Gunter. Upon which, at two o'clock in the morning, I went out of the house by the back way, and, with Robin Philips, met Colonel Gunter and my Lord Wilmot together, some fourteen or fifteen miles off, on my way towards Shoreham, and were to lodge that night at a place called Hambleton, seven miles from Portsmouth, because it was too long a journey to go in one day to Shoreham. And here we lay at a house of a brother-in-law of Colonel Gunter's, one Mr —, where I was not to be known (I being still in the same grey-cloth suit, as a serving-man), though the master of the house was a very honest poor man, who, while we were at supper, came in, he having been all the day playing the good-fellow at an ale-house in the town, and taking a stool, sat down with us ; where his brother-in-law, Colonel Gunter, talking very feelingly concerning Cromwell and all his party, he went and whispered his brother in the ear, and asked whether I was not some roundheaded rogue's son, for I looked very suspiciously. Upon

which, Colonel Gunter answering for me, that he might trust his life in my hands, he came and took me by the hand, and drinking a good glass of beer to me, called me brother roundhead.

About that time my Lord Southampton, that was then at Titchfield, suspecting, for what reason I don't know, that it was possible I might be in the country, sent either to Robin Philips, or Dr Henshaw, to offer his service if he could serve me in my escape. But being then provided of a ship, I would not put him to the danger of having anything to do with it.

The next day we went to a place, four miles off of Shoreham, called Brighthelmstone, where we were to meet with the master of the ship, as thinking it more convenient for us to meet there than just at Shoreham, where the ship was. So when we came to the inn at Brighthelmstone, we met with one [Mansel], the merchant, who had hired the vessel, in company with her master,* the merchant only knowing me, as having hired her only to carry over a person of quality that was escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming any body. And as we were all sitting together (*viz.* Robin Philips, my Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, the merchant, the master, and I), I observed that the master of the vessel looked very

* Mr Francis Mansel, the faithful merchant who provided the bark. Captain Tettershall, the master of the bark.—PHEL.

much upon me. And as soon as we had supped, calling the merchant aside, the master told him that he had not dealt fairly with him ; for though he had given him a very good price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him ; “for,” says he, “he is the king, and I very well know him to be so.” Upon which, the merchant denying it, saying that he was mistaken, the master answered, “I know him very well, for he took my ship, together with other fishing vessels at Brighthelmstone, in the year 1648” (which was when I commanded the king my father’s fleet, and I very kindly let them go again). “But,” says he to the merchant, “be not troubled at it, for I think I do God and my country good service in preserving the king, and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France.” Upon which the merchant came and told me what had passed between them, and thereby found myself under a necessity of trusting him. But I took no kind of notice of it presently to him ; but thinking it convenient not to let him go home, lest he should be asking advice of his wife, or any body else, we kept him with us in the inn, and sat up all night drinking beer, and taking tobacco with him.

And here I also run another very great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn ; for as I was standing, after supper, by the fire-

side, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in, and fell a-talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he, upon a sudden, kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, "God bless you wheresoever you go ! I do not doubt, before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady." So I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might have but raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best for to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest.

About four o'clock in the morning, myself and the company before named went towards Shoreham, taking the master of the ship with us, on horseback, behind one of our company, and came to the vessel's side, which was not above sixty ton. But it being low water, and the vessel lying dry, I and my Lord Wilmot got up with a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabin, till the tide came to fetch us off.

But I was no sooner got into the ship, and lain down upon the bed, but the master came in to me, fell down upon his knees, and kist my hand, telling me that he knew me very well, and would venture

life and all that he had in the world to set me down safe in France.

So about seven o'clock in the morning, it being high water, we went out of the port ; but the master being bound for Pool, loaden with sea-coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, but stood all the day, with a very easy sail, towards the isle of Wight (only my Lord Wilmot and myself, of my company, on board). And as we were sailing, the master came to me, and desired me that I would persuade his men to use their endeavours with me to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which I went to the men, which were four and a boy, and told them, truly, that we were two merchants that had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt ; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England ; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of those ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much ; and with that I gave them twenty shillings to drink. Upon which they undertook to second me, if I would propose it to the master. So I went to the master, and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him some consideration for it. Upon which he counterfeited

difficulty, saying that it would hinder his voyage. But his men, as they had promised me, joining their persuasions to ours, and at last he yielded to set us over.

So about five o'clock in the afternoon, as we were in sight of the isle of Wight, we stood directly over to the coast of France, the wind being then full north ; and the next morning, a little before day, we saw the coast. But the tide failing us, and the wind coming about to the south-west, we were forced to come to an anchor, within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done.

We found ourselves just before an harbour in France called Fescamp ; and just as the tide of ebb was made, espied a vessel to leeward of us, which, by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer. Upon which I went to my Lord Wilmot, and telling him my opinion of that ship, proposed to him our going ashore in the little cock-boat, for fear they should prove so, as not knowing but, finding us going into a port of France (there being then a war betwixt France and Spain), they might plunder us, and possibly carry us away and set us ashore in England ; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so, which thought I made it my business to dissuade him from, for fear it should tempt him to set sail again with us for the coast of England ; yet

so sensible I was of it, that I and my Lord Wilmot went both on shore in the cock-boat, and going up into the town of Fescamp, staid there all day to provide horses for Rouen. But the vessel which had so affrighted us proved afterwards only a French hoy.

The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town, in the Fish-market, where they made difficulty to receive us, taking us, by our clothes, to be some thieves, or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, until Mr Sandburne, a merchant, for whom I sent, came and answered for us.

One particular more there is observable in relation to this our passage into France, that the vessel that brought us over had no sooner landed me, and I given her master a pass, for fear of meeting with any of our Jersey frigates, but the wind turned so happily for her, as to carry her directly for Pool without its being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France.

We staid at Rouen one day, to provide ourselves better clothes, and give notice to the queen, my mother (who was then at Paris), of my being safely landed. After which, setting out in a hired coach, I was met by my mother, with coaches, short of Paris ; and by her conducted thither, where I safely arrived.

BOSCOBEL;

OR, THE

COMPLEAT HISTORY OF THE MOST MIRACULOUS
PRESERVATION

OF

KING CHARLES THE SECOND

AFTER

THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER, SEPTEMBER THE 3d, 1651:

TO WHICH IS ADDED

CLAUSTRUM REGALE RESERATUM;

OR, THE

KING'S CONCEALMENT AT TRENT.



P R E F A C E.

THOMAS BLOUNT, author of "Boscobel," was the eldest son of Miles Blount of Orleton, county of Hereford: descended of the ancient family of that name, seated in Worcestershire; Chalmers says, at Bordsley in that county, 1618. His father enjoyed there a good estate, to which he succeeded, as well as to considerable property both in Essex and Warwickshire, the former of which appears to have been derived from his mother, as a manor-farm near Malden is described in his will as being her jointure-land. He was a member of the Inner Temple; but Anthony Wood, who knew him, says he never pleaded, probably from the circumstance of his being a Roman Catholic. Watts gives a long list of his writings, the best known of which are the little tract which follows, and a treatise on "Antient Tenures and Jocular Customs," London, 4to. 1679; reprinted by Beckwith, 8vo. 1784, and again by a descendant of that editor, 4to. 1815. Mr Blount seems to have led a quiet retired life at Orleton, till the breaking out of the Popish Plot in 1678, in which he was either impli-

cated or suspected of being so, as Wood attributes a stroke of the palsy, with which he was afflicted in the following year, to the fatigue of mind and body occasioned by his being harassed about from place to place in consequence of it. He appears, however, to have made his peace, or proved his innocence, as he expired quietly at Orleton, December 26th, 1679, and was buried in the chancel of the church belonging to that parish, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory.—See Chalmers, Watts, Wood's *Athens*, vol. ii., and Warton's *Pope*, p. 207.

[R. H. B.]

TO THE

KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

SIR,

AMONG the many addresses which every day offers your sacred majesty, this humbly hopes your particular gracious acceptance, since it has no other ambition than faithfully to represent to your majesty, and, by your royal permission, to all the world, the history of those miraculous providences that preserv'd you in the battle of Worcester, conceal'd you in the wilderness at Boscobel, and led you, on your way towards a land where you might safely expect the returning favours of Heaven, which now, after so long a trial, has graciously heard our prayers, and abundantly crown'd your patience.

And, as in the conduct of a great part of this greatest affair, it pleased God (the more to endear his mercies) to make choice of many very little, though fit, instruments : so has my weakness, by this happy precedent, been encourag'd to hope, it not unsuitable for me to relate, what the wisest king thought proper for them to act ; wherein yet I humbly beg your majesty's pardon, being conscious to

myself of my utter incapacity to express, either your unparallel'd valour in the day of contending, or (which is a virtue far less usual for kings) your strong and even mind in the time of your sufferings.

From which sublime endowments of your most heroick majesty, I derive these comforts to myself, that whoever undertakes to reach at your perfections, must fall short as well as I, though not so much: And while I depend on your royal clemency more than others, I am more oblig'd to be

Your majesty's most loyal subject,

And most humble servant,

THO. BLOUNT.

TO THE READER.

BEHOLD, I present you with an history of wonders ; wonders so great, that, as no former age can parallel, succeeding times will scarce believe them.

Expect here to read the highest tyranny and rebellion that was ever acted by subjects, and the greatest hardships and persecutions that ever were suffered by a king ; yet did his patience exceed his sorrows, and his virtue became at last victorious.

Some particulars, I confess, are so superlatively extraordinary, that I easily should fear they would scarce gain belief, even from my modern reader, had I not this strong argument to secure me, that no ingenuous person will think me so frontless, as knowingly to write an untruth in an history where his sacred majesty (my dread Sovereign, and the best of kings) bears the principal part, and most of the other persons concerned in the same action (except the Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, and Colonel Blague) still alive, ready to pour out shame and confusion on so impudent a forgery.

But I am so far from that foul crime of publish-

ing what's false, that I can safely say I know not one line unauthentick; such has been my care to be sure of the truth, that I have diligently collected the particulars from most of their mouths, who were the very actors themselves in this scene of miracles.

To every individual person (as far as my industry could arrive to know) I have given the due of his merit, be it for valour, fidelity, or whatever other quality that any way had the honour to relate to his majesty's service.

In this later edition, I have added some particulars which came to my knowledge since the first publication; and have observed that, in this persecution, much of his majesty's actions and sufferings have run parallel with those of King David.

And though the whole complex may want elegance and politness of style (which the nature of such relations does not properly challenge), yet it cannot want truth, the chief ingredient for such undertakings; in which assurance I am not afraid to venture myself in your hands.

Read on, and wonder!

BOSCOBEL;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND'S

MOST MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

PART I.

It was in June, in the year 1650, that Charles the Second, undoubted heir of Charles the First, of glorious memory, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland (after his royal father had been barbarously murdered, and himself banished his own dominions, by his own rebellious subjects), took shipping at Scheveling, in Holland, and having escaped great dangers at sea, arrived soon after at Spey, in the north of Scotland.

On the first of January following, his majesty was crowned at Scoon, and an army raised in that kingdom to invade this, in hope to recover his regalities here, then most unjustly detained from him by some members of the Long Parliament, and Oliver Cromwell their general, who soon after most traiterously assumed the title of Protector of the new-minted commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Of this royal Scotch army the general officers were these, Lieutenant-General David Lesley, Lieutenant-General Middleton (who was since created Earl of Middleton, Lord Clarmont and Fettercairn), Major-General Massey, Major-General Montgomery, Major-General Dalziel, and Major-General Vandrose, a Dutchman.

The first of August, 1651, his majesty with his army began his march into England; and on the fifth of the same month, at his royal camp at Woodhouse, near the border, published his gracious declaration of general pardon and oblivion to all his loving subjects of the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, that would desist from assisting the usurped authority of the pretended commonwealth of England, and return to the obedience they owed to their lawful king, and to the ancient happy government of the kingdom, except only Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, John Cook (pretended solicitor), and all others who did actually sit and vote in the murder of his royal father.

And lastly did declare, that the service being done, the Scotch army should quietly retire, that so all armies might be disbanded, and a lasting peace settled with religion and righteousness.

His majesty, after the publication of this gracious offer, marched his army into Lancashire, where he received some considerable supplies from the Earl of

Derby (that loyal subject), and at Warrington Bridge met with the first opposition made by the rebels in England, but his presence soon put them to flight.

In this interim his majesty had sent a copy of his declaration, inclosed in a gracious letter to Thomas Andrews, then lord mayor (who had been one of his late majesty's judges), and the aldermen of the city of London, which, by order of the rump-rebels then sitting at Westminster, was (on the 26th of August) publicly burnt at the old Exchange by the hangman, and their own declaration proclaimed there and at Westminster, with beat of drum and sound of trumpet; by which his sacred majesty (to whom they could afford no better title than Charles Stuart), his abettors, agents, and complices, were declared traitors, rebels, and publick enemies. Impudence and treason beyond example!

After a tedious march of near three hundred miles, his majesty, with his army, on the 22d of August, possessed himself of Worcester, after some small opposition made by the rebels there, commanded by Colonel John James. And at his entrance, the mayor of that city carried the sword before his majesty, who had left the Earl of Derby in Lancashire, as well to settle that and the adjacent countries in a posture of defence against Cromwell and his confederates, as to raise some auxiliary forces to

recruit his majesty's army, in case the success of a battle should not prove so happy as all good men desired.

But (such was Heaven's decree) on the 25th of August, the earl's new rais'd forces, being overpowered, were totally defeated, near Wiggan, in that county, by Colonel Lilburn, with a regiment of rebellious sectaries. In which conflict the Lord Widdrington, Sir Thomas Tildesly, Colonel Trollop, Colonel Bointon, Lieutenant-Colonel Galliard (faithful subjects and valiant soldiers), with some others of good note, were slain ; Colonel Edward Roscarrock wounded ; Sir William Throkmorton (since knight marshal to his majesty), Sir Timothy Fetherstonhaugh (who was beheaded by the rebels at Chester, on the 22d of October following), Colonel Baines, and others, taken prisoners ; and their general, the Earl of Derby (who charged the rebels valiantly, and received several wounds), put to flight with a small number of men : in which condition he made choice of the way towards Worcester, whither he knew his majesty's army was designed to march.

After some days, my lord, with Colonel Roscarrock and two servants, got into the confines of Staffordshire and Shropshire, near Newport, where at one Mr Watson's house he met with Mr Richard Snead (an honest gentleman of that county, and of his lordship's acquaintance), to whom he recounted the mis-

fortune of his defeat at Wiggan, and the necessity of taking some rest, if Mr Snead could recommend his lordship to any private house near hand, where he might safely continue till he could find an opportunity to go to his majesty.

Mr Snead brought my lord and his company to Boscobel House, a very obscure habitation, situate in Shropshire, but adjoining upon Staffordshire, and lies between Tong Castle and Brewood, in a kind of wilderness. John Giffard, Esq., who first built this house, invited Sir Basil Brook, with other friends and neighbours, to a housewarming feast ; at which time Sir Basil was desired by Mr Giffard to give the house a name, he aptly calls it BOSCOBEL (from the Italian *Bosco-bello*, which in that language signifies fair wood), because seated in the midst of many fair woods.

At this place the earl arrived on the 29th of August (being Friday), at night ; but the house at that time afforded no inhabitant except William Penderel the housekeeper, and his wife, who, to preserve so eminent a person, freely adventured to receive my lord, and kept him in safety till Sunday night following, when (according to my lord's desire of going to Worcester) he conveyed him to Mr Humphrey Elliot's house, at Gataker Park (a true-hearted royalist), which was about nine miles on the way from Boscobel thither. Mr Elliot did not only cheerfully entertain the earl,

but lent him ten pounds, and conducted him and his company safe to Worcester.

The next day after his majesty's arrival at Worcester, being Saturday the 23d of August, he was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by Mr Thomas Lisens, mayor, and Mr James Bridges, sheriff, of that loyal city, with great acclamations.

On the same day his majesty published this following manifesto, or declaration :—

“Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all whom it may concern, greeting. We desire not the effusion of blood, we covet not the spoil or forfeiture of our people ; our declaration at our entry into this kingdom, the quiet behaviour and abstinence of our army throughout this long march, and our own general pardon declared to all the inhabitants of this city, without taking advantage of the opposition here made us, by a force of the enemy over-mastering them, until we have chased them away, have sufficiently certified both what we seek is only that the laws of England (which secure the right both of king and subject) may henceforth recover their due power and force, and all past bitterness of these unnatural wars be buried and forgotten. As a means whereunto, we have by our warrants of the date hereof, and do hereby summon,

upon their allegiance, all the nobility, gentry, and others of what degree and condition soever, of our county of Worcester, from sixteen to sixty, to appear in their persons, and with any horses, arms, and ammunition they have or can procure, at Pitchcroft, near the city, on Tuesday next, being the 26th of this instant month, where our self will be present that day (and also the next, in case those of the further parts of the county shou'd not be able to come up sooner), to dispose of such of them as we shall think fit, for our service in the war, in defence of this city and county, and to add unto our marching army, and to apply others (therein versed) to matters of civil advice and government. Upon which appearance, we shall immediately declare to all present, and conforming themselves to our royal authority, our free pardon ; not excluding from this summons, or the pardon held forth, or from trust and employment in our service, as we shall find them cordial and useful therein, any person or persons heretofore, or at this time actually employed in opposition to us, whether in the military way, as governours, colonels, captains, common soldiers, or whatsoever else ; or in the civil, as sheriffs, under-sheriffs, justices of the peace, collectors, high constables, or any other higher or lower quality ; for securing of all whom before mentioned in their loyal addresses and performances (besides

our army [more than once successful since our entrance] which will be between them and the enemy, and the engagement of our own person in their defence), we have directed this city to be forthwith fortified, and shall use such other helps and means as shall occur to us in order to that end. But, on the other side, if any person, of what degree or quality soever, either through disloyalty and disaffection, or out of fear of the cruel usurpers and oppressors, accompanied with a presumption upon our mercy and goodness, or lastly, presuming upon any former service, shall oppose or neglect us at this time, they shall find, that as we have authority to punish in life, liberty, and estate, so we want not now the power to do it, and (if overmuch provoked) shall not want the will neither ; and in particular, unto those who have heretofore done and suffered for their loyalty, we say it is now in their hands either to double that score, or to strike it off ; concluding with this, that although our disposition abound with tenderness to our people, yet we cannot think it such to let them lie under a confest slavery and false peace, when, as we well know, and all the world may see, we have force enough, with the conjunction of those that groan under the present yoke (we will not say to dispute, for that we shall do well enough with those we have brought with us), but clearly (without any considerable op-

position) to restore, together with our self, the quiet, the liberty, and the laws of the English nation.

Given at our city of Worcester, the 23d of Aug. 1651,
and in the third year of our reign.

Upon Sunday the 24th of August, Mr Crosby (an eminent divine of that city) preach'd before his majesty in the cathedral church, and in his prayer stiled his majesty, "in all causes, and over all persons, next under God, supreme head and governour ;" at which the presbyterian Scots took exception, and Mr Crosby was afterwards admonished by some of them to forbear such expressions.

Tuesday the 26th of August was the rendezvous, in Pitchcroft, of such loyal subjects as came into his majesty's aid, in pursuance of his before-mentioned declaration and summons. Here appeared,—

Francis Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, with
about 60 horse.

Mr Mervin Touchet, his lieut.-collonel.

Sir John Packington.

Sir Walter Blount.

Sir Ralph Clare.

Sir Rowland Berkley.

Sir John Winford.

Mr Ralph Sheldon of Beoly.

Mr John Washburn of Witchinford, with 40 horse.

Mr Thos. Hornyold of Blackmore Park, with 40 horse.

Mr William Seldon of Finstall.
Mr Thomas Acton.
Captain Benbow.
Mr Robert Blount of Kenswick.*
Mr Robert Wigmore of Lucton.
Mr Edward Pennel the elder.
Captain Kingston.
Mr Peter Blount.†
Mr Edward Blount.
Mr Walter Walsh.
Mr Charles Walsh.
Mr William Dansey.
Mr Francis Knotsford.
Mr George Chambers, &c.

With divers others, who were honoured and encouraged by his majesty's presence. Notwithstanding which access, the number of his army, both English and Scots, was conceived not to exceed 12,000 men—viz. 10,000 Scots, and about 2000 English; and those, too, not excellently armed, nor plentifully stored with ammunition.

Meantime Cromwell (that grand patron of sec-

* Robert Blount of Keswick was eldest son and heir of Giles Blount of Keswick, by his wife Frances, daughter of Edmond Pigot, of . . . , county Bucks. He was born 1619, married Anne, daughter of . . . Cocks of Crowle; living S.P. 1682; will proved 1683.—See Visitation of Worcestershire, 1682 (K. 4, p. 37.)

† Peter Blount, fifth son of Edward, the 7th son of Walter Blount of Sodington, county Worcester, by his wife Elizabeth, daughter of George Wyld, Serjeant-at-Law.—Visitation of Worcestershire, 1634 (C. 30, p. 38) in Coll. Arm.

taries) had amass'd together a numerous body of rebels, commanded by himself in chief, and by the Lord Grey of Groby, Fleetwood, and Lambert, under him, consisting of above 30,000 men (being generally the scum and froth of the whole kingdom), one part of which were sectaries, who, through a fanatick zeal, were become devotes to this great idol ; the other part seduc'd persons, who either by force or fear were unfortunately made actors or participants in this so horrible and fatal a tragedy.

Thus, then, began the pickeerings to the grand engagement, Major-General Massey, with a commanded party, being sent by his majesty to secure the bridge and pass at Upton, upon Severn, seven miles below Worcester. On Thursday the 28th of August, Lambert with a far greater number of rebels attacked him, and after some dispute gained the pass, the river being then fordable. Yet the major-general behav'd himself very gallantly, received a shot in the hand from some musketiers the enemy had conveyed into the church, and retreated in good order to Worcester.

During this encounter, Cromwell himself (whose head-quarter was the night before at Pershore) advanced to Stoughton, within four miles of the city, on the south side, himself quartered that night at Mr Simon's house, at White Lady-Aston ; and a party of his horse faced the city that evening.

The next day (August the 29th) Sultan Oliver appeared with a great body of horse and foot on Red Hill, within a mile of Worcester, where he made a bonnemine, but attempted nothing ; and that night part of his army quartered at Judge Barkley's house at Speachley. The same day it was resolved by his majesty, at a council of war, to give the grand rebel a camisado, by beating up his quarters that night with 1500 select horse and foot, commanded by Lieut.-General Middleton and Sir William Keyth, all of them wearing their shirts over their armour for distinction ; which accordingly was attempted and might in all probability have been successful, had not the design been most traiterously discovered to the rebels by one Guyse, a tailor in the town, and a notorious sectary, who was hanged the day following, as the just reward of his treachery. In this action Major Knox was slain, and some few taken prisoners by the enemy. A considerable party of the rebels, commanded by Collonel Fleetwood, Collonel Richard Ingoldsby (who since became a real convert, and was created Knight of the Bath at his majesty's coronation), Collonel Goff, and Collonel Gibbons, being got over the Severn, at Upton, marched next day to Powick-town, when they made an halt ; for Powick-bridge (lying upon the river Team, between Powick town and Worcester) was guarded by a

brigade of his majesty's horse and foot, commanded by Major-General Robert Montgomery and Collonel George Keyth.

The fatal 3d of September being come, his majesty this day (holding a council of war upon the top of the colledge church steeple, the better to discover the enemies' posture) observed some firing at Powick, and Cromwell making a bridge of boats over Severn, under Bunshill, about a mile below the city towards Team mouth; his majesty presently goes down, commands all to their arms, and marches in person to Powick-bridge, to give orders, as well for maintaining that bridge, as for opposing the making the other of boats, and hastened back to his army in the city.

Soon after his majesty was gone from Powick-bridge, the enemy assaulted it furiously, which was well defended by Montgomery, till himself was dangerously wounded and his ammunition spent, so that he was forced to make a disorderly retreat into Worcester, leaving Collonel Keyth a prisoner at the bridge. At the same time Cromwell had with much celerity finish'd his bridge of boats and planks over the main river, without any considerable opposition, saving that Colonel Pitscotty, with about three hundred Highlanders, performed as much therein as could be expected from a handful of men fighting against great numbers. By this means Oliver

held communication with those of his party at Powick-bridge, and when he had marched over a considerable number of his men, said (in his hypocritical way), "The Lord of Hosts be with you ;" and return'd himself to raise a battery of great guns against the fort royal on the south side of the city.

His majesty being return'd from Powick-bridge, march'd with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grandison, and some of his cavalry, through the city, and out at Sudbury-gate by the fort royal, where the rebels' great shot came frequently near his sacred person.

At this time Cromwell was settled in an advantageous post at Perrywood, within a mile of the city, swelling with pride, and confident in the numbers of his men, having besides rais'd a breastwork, at the cockshoot of that wood, for his greater security ; but Duke Hamilton (formerly Lord Lanerick), with his own troop and some Highlanders, Sir Alexander Forbes, with his regiment of foot, and divers English lords and gentlemen volunteers, by his majesty's command and encouragement, engaged him, and did great execution upon his best men, forced the great sultan (as the Rhodians in like case did the Turk) to retreat with his janizaries ; and his majesty was once as absolute master of his great guns as he ought then to have been of the whole land.

Here his majesty gave an incomparable example

of valour to the rest, by charging in person, which the Highlanders, especially, imitated in a great measure, fighting with the but-end of their muskets when their ammunition was spent ; but new supplies of rebels being continually poured upon them, and the main body of Scotch horse not coming up in due time from the town to his majesty's relief, his army was forced to retreat in at Sudbury-gate in much disorder.

In this action Duke Hamilton (who fought valiantly) had his horse killed under him, and was himself mortally wounded, of which he died within few days, and many of his troop (consisting much of gentlemen, and diverse of his own name) were slain ; Sir John Douglas received his death's wound ; and Sir Alex. Forbes (who was the first knight the king made in Scotland, and commanded the fort royal here) was shot through both the calves of his legs, lay in the wood all night, and was brought prisoner to Worcester next day.

The rebels in this encounter had great advantage, as well in their numbers, as by fighting both with horse and foot against his majesty's foot only, the greatest part of his horse being wedged up in the town. And when the foot were defeated, a part of his majesty's horse fought afterwards against both the enemy's horse and foot upon great disadvantage. And as they had few persons of condition among

them to lose, so no rebels, but Quartermaster-general Mosely and one Captain Jones, were worth taking notice of to be slain in this battle.

At Sudbury-gate (I know not whether by accident or on purpose) a cart laden with ammunition was overthrown and lay across the passage, one of the oxen that drew it being there killed ; so that his majesty could not ride into the town, but was forced to dismount and come in on foot.

The rebels soon after stormed the fort royal (the fortifications whereof were not perfected), and put all the Scots they found therein to the sword.

In the Friars-street his majesty put off his armour, (which was heavy and troublesome to him), and took a fresh horse ; and then perceiving many of his foot soldiers began to throw down their arms and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them, sometimes with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms and fight like men, other whiles encouraging them, alleging the goodness and justice of the cause they fought for ; but seeing himself not able to prevail, said, "I had rather you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." So deep a sense had his prophetic soul of the miseries of his beloved country, even in the midst of his own danger.

During this hot engagement at Perrywood and

Redhill, the rebels on the other side the water possessed themselves of St John's ; and a brigade of his majesty's foot which were there, under the command of Major-General Daliel, without any great resistance, laid down their arms and craved quarter.

When some of the enemy were entered, and entering the town both at the Key, Castle-hill, and Sudbury-gate, without any conditions, the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Colonel Thos. Wogan, Colonel William Carlis (then major to the Lord Talbot), Lieut.-Colonel John Slaughter, Captain Thos. Hornyold, Captain Thos. Giffard, Captain John Astley, Mr Peter Blount, and Captain Richard Kemble (captain-lieutenant to the Lord Talbot), and some others, rallied what force they could (though inconsiderable to the rebels' numbers), and charged the enemy very gallantly both in Sudbury-street and High-street, where Sir James and Captain Kemble were desperately wounded, and others slain ; yet this action did much secure his majesty's march out at St Martin's-gate, who had otherwise been in danger of being taken in the town.

About the same time, the Earl of Rothes, Sir William Hamilton, and Colonel Drummond, with a party of Scots, maintained the Castle-hill with much resolution, till such time as conditions were agreed on for quarter.

Lastly, some of his majesty's English army valiantly opposed the rebels at the Town-hall, where Mr Coningsby Colles and some others were slain ; Mr John Rumney, Mr Chas. Wells, and others, taken prisoners ; so that the rebels having in the end subdued all their opponents, fell to plundering the city unmercifully, few or none of the citizens escaping but such as were of the fanatic party.

When his majesty saw no hope of rallying his thus discomfited foot, he marched out of Worcester, at St Martin's-gate (the Fore-gate being mured up), about six of the clock in the evening, with his main body of horse, as then commanded by General David Lesley, but were now in some confusion.

The Lord St Clare, with diverse of the Scottish nobility and gentry, were taken prisoners in the town ; and the foot soldiers (consisting most of Scots) were almost all either slain or taken, and such of them who in the battle escaped death lived but longer to die, for the most part, more miserably, many of them being afterwards knocked o' the head by country people, some bought and sold like slaves, for a small price, others went begging up and down, till, charity failing them, their necessities brought upon them diseases, and diseases death.

Before his majesty was come to Barbon's-bridge,

about half a mile out of Worcester, he made several stands, faced about, and desired the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and other of his commanders, that they might rally and try the fortune of war once more. But at the bridge a serious consultation was held ; and then perceiving many of the troopers to throw off their arms and shift for themselves, they were all of opinion the day was irrecoverably lost, and that their only remaining work was to save the king from those ravenous wolves and regicides. Whereupon his majesty, by advice of his council, resolved to march with all speed for Scotland, following therein the steps of King David, his great predecessor in royal patience, who, finding himself in circumstances not unlike to these, "said to all his servants that were with him at Jerusalem, Arise, and let us fly ; for we shall not else escape from Absalom : make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly, and bring evil upon us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword."*

Immediately after this result, the duke asked the Lord Talbot (being of that country) if he could direct the way northwards. His lordship answered, that he had one Richard Walker in his troop (formerly a scout-master in those parts, and who since died in Jamaica) that knew the way well,

* 2 Sam. xv. 14.

who was accordingly called to be the guide, and performed that duty for some miles ; but being come to Kinver-heath, not far from Kederminster, and daylight being gone, Walker was at a puzzle in the way.

Here his majesty made a stand, and consulted with the duke, Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, &c. to what place he might march, at least to take some hours' rest. The Earl of Derby told his majesty, that in his flight from Wiggan to Worcester he had met with a perfect honest man, and a great convenience of concealment at Boscobel House (before mentioned), but withal acquainted the king it was a recusant's house ; and it was suggested, that those people (being accustomed to persecution and searches) were most like to have the readiest means and safest contrivances to preserve him : his majesty therefore inclined to go thither.

The Lord Talbot being made acquainted therewith, and finding Walker dubious of the way, called for Mr Charles Giffard (a faithful subject, and of the ancient family of Chillington) to be his majesty's conductor, which office Mr Giffard willingly undertook, having one Yates a servant with him, very expert in the ways of that country ; and being come near Sturbridge, it was under consideration whether his majesty should march through that town or no, and resolved in the affirmative, and

that all about his person should speak French, to prevent any discovery of his majesty's presence.

Meantime General Lesley, with the Scottish horse, had, in the close of the evening, taken the more direct way northward, by Newport, his majesty being left only attended by the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, Lord Wilmot, Colonel Thomas Blague, Colonel Edward Roscarrock, Mr Marmaduke Darcy, Mr Richard Lane, Mr William Armorer (since knighted), Mr Hugh May, Mr Charles Giffard, Mr Peter Street, and some others, in all about sixty horse.

At a house about a mile beyond Sturbridge, his majesty drank and ate a crust of bread, the house affording no better provision ; and as his majesty rode on, he discoursed with Colonel Roscarrock touching Boscobel House, and the means of security which the Earl of Derby and he found at that place.

However, Mr Giffard humbly proposed to carry his majesty first to White Ladies (another seat of the Giffards), lying but half a mile beyond Boscobel, where he might repose himself for a while, and then take such farther resolution as his majesty and council should think fit.

This house is distant about twenty-six miles from Worcester, and still retains the ancient name of White Ladies, from its having formerly been a

monastery of Cistercian nuns, whose habit was of that colour.

His majesty and his retinue (being safely conducted thither by Mr Giffard) alighted, now, as they hoped, out of danger of any present surprise by pursuits ; George Penderel (who was a servant in the house) opened the doors ; and after his majesty and the lords were entered the house, his majesty's horse was brought into the hall, and by this time it was about break of day on Thursday morning. Here every one was in a sad consult how to escape the fury of bloodthirsty enemies ; but the greatest solicitude was to save the king, who was both hungry and tired with this long and hasty march.

Mr Giffard presently sent for Richard Penderel, who lived near hand at Hobbal Grange ; and Colonel Roscarrock caused Bartholomew Martin, a boy in the house, to be sent to Boscobel for William Penderel ; meantime Mistress Giffard brought his majesty some sack and biscuit ; for "the king, and all the people that were with him, came weary, and refreshed themselves there."* Richard came first, and was immediately sent back to bring a suit of his clothes for the king ; and by that time he arrived with them, William came, and both were brought

* 2 Sam. xvi. 14.

into the parlour to the Earl of Derby, who immediately carried them into an inner parlour (where the king was), and told William Penderel, "This is the king," pointing to his majesty; "thou must have a care of him, and preserve him as thou didst me." And Mr Giffard did also much conjure Richard to have a special care of his charge; to which commands the two brothers yielded ready obedience.

Whilst Richard and William were thus sent for, his majesty had been advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney, and with them his face, for a disguise, and some person had disorderly cut off his hair. His majesty having put off his garter, blue riband, George of diamonds, buff-coat, and other princely ornaments, committed his watch to the custody of the Lord Wilmot, and his George to Colonel Blague, and distributed the gold he had in his pocket among his servants, and then put on a noggen coarse shirt, which was borrowed of Edward Martin, who lived in the house, and Richard Penderel's green suit and leather doublet, but had not time to be so disguised as he was afterwards, for both William and Richard Penderel did advertise the company to make haste away, in regard there was a troop of rebels commanded by Colonel Ashenhurst, quartered at Cotsal, but three miles distant, some of which troop came to the house within half

an hour after the dissolution of the royal troop. "Thus David and his men departed out of Keilah, and went whithersoever they could go." *

Richard Penderel conducted the king out at a back door, unknown to most of the company (except some of the lords, and Colonel Roscarrock, who, with sad hearts, but hearty prayers, took leave of him), and carried him into an adjacent wood belonging to Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from White Ladies (where he abode, as David did in the wilderness of Ziph, "in a wood," †) whilst William, Humphrey, and George, were scouting abroad to bring what news they could learn to his majesty in the coppice, as occasion required.

His majesty being thus, as they hoped, in a way of security, the duke, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, and the rest (having Mr Giffard for their guide, and being then not above forty horse, of which number his majesty's pad-nag was one, ridden by Mr Richard Lane, one of the grooms of the bed-chamber), marched from White Ladies northwards by the way of Newport, in hope to overtake or meet General Lesley with the main body of Scotch horse.

As soon as they were got into the road, the Lord Leviston (who commanded his majesty's life guard)

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 13.

† 1 Sam. xxiii. 15.

overtook them, pursued by a party of rebels under the command of Colonel Blundel: the lords with their followers faced about, fought, and repelled them; but when they came a little beyond Newport, some of Colonel Lilburn's men met them in the front, other rebels, from Worcester, pursued in the rear; themselves and horses being sufficiently tired, the Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Mr Charles Giffard, and some others, were taken and carried prisoners, first to Whitchurch, and from thence to an inn in Bunbury, in Cheshire, where Mr Giffard found means to make an escape; but the noble Earl of Derby was thence conveyed to Westchester, and there tried by a pretended court-martial, held the 1st of October 1651, by virtue of a commission from Cromwell, grounded on an execrable rump-act, of the 12th of August, then last past, the very title whereof cannot be mentioned without horror; but it pretended most traiterously to prohibit correspondence with Charles Stuart (their lawful sovereign), under penalty of high treason, loss of life and estate,——
Prodigious rebels!

*In this Black Tribunal there sate, as Judges, these Persons,
and under these titles:*

Colonel Humphrey Mackworth, president.

Major-General Mitton.

Colonel Robert Duckenfield.

Colonel Henry Bradshaw.

Colonel Thomas Croxton.
Colonel George Twisleton.
Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Birkenhead.
Lieutenant-Colonel Simon Finch.
Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Newton.
Captain James Stepford.
Captain Samuel Smith.
Captain John Downes.
Captain Vincent Corbet.
Captain John Delves.
Captain John Griffith.
Captain Thomas Portington.
Captain Edward Alcock.
Captain Ralph Pownall.
Captain Richard Grantham.
Captain Edward Stelfax.

THEIR CRUEL SENTENCE.

“ Resolved by the Court upon the question : That James, Earl of Derby, is guilty of the breach of the Act of the 12th of August 1651, last past, entitled, ‘ An Act prohibiting Correspondence with Charles Stuart or his Party,’ and so of high treason against the commonwealth of England, and is therefore worthy of death.

“ Resolved by the Court : That the said James, Earl of Derby, is a traitor to the commonwealth of England, and an abetter, encourager, and assister of the declared traitors and enemies thereof, and shall be put to death by severing his head from his body, at the market-place in the town of Bolton, in Lancashire,

upon Wednesday the 15th day of this instant October, about the hour of one of the clock the same day."

This was the authority, and some of these the persons, that so barbarously, and contrary to the law of nations, condemned this noble earl to death, notwithstanding his just plea, "That he had quarter for life given him by one Captain Edge, who took him prisoner." But this could not obtain justice, nor any intercession, mercy ; so that on the 15th of the said October he was accordingly beheaded at Bolton in a most barbarous and inhumane manner.*

The Earl of Lauderdale, with several others, were carried prisoners to the Tower, and afterwards to Windsor Castle, where they continued divers years.

Whilst the rebels were plundering those noble persons, the duke, with the Lord Leviston, Colonel Blague, Mr Marmaduke Darcy, and Mr Hugh May, forsook the road first, and soon after their horses, and betook themselves to a by-way, and got into Bloore Park, near Cheswardine, about five miles from Newport, where they received some refreshment at a little obscure house of Mr George Barlow's, and afterwards met with two honest labourers, in an adjoining wood, to whom they communicated the exigent and distress

* See the proceedings against him at large, with his prayers before his death, and his speech and courageous deportment on the scaffold, in *England's Black Tribunal*, fifth edit. p. 156, &c.

which the fortune of war had reduced them to ; and finding them like to prove faithful, the duke thought fit to imitate his royal master, delivered his George (which was given him by the Queen of England) to Mr May (who preserved it through all difficulties, and afterwards restored it to his grace in Holland), and changed habit with one of the workmen ; and in this disguise, by the assistance of Mr Barlow and his wife, was, after some days, conveyed by one Nicholas Matthews, a carpenter, to the house of Mr Hawley, an hearty cavalier, at Bilstrop, in Nottinghamshire, from thence to the Lady Villiars' house at Booksby, in Leicestershire ; and after many hardships and encounters, his grace got secure to London, and from thence to his majesty in France.

At the same time the Lord Leviston, Colonel Blague, Mr Darcy, and Mr May, all quitted their horses, disguised themselves, and severally shifted for themselves, and some of them, through various dangers and sufferings, contrived their escapes ; in particular, Mr May was forced to lie twenty-one days in a hay mow belonging to one John Bold an honest husbandman, who lived at Soudley : Bold having all that time rebel soldiers quartered in his house, yet failed not to give a constant relief to his more welcome guest ; and when the coast was clear of soldiers, Mr May came to London on foot in his disguise.

The Lord Talbot (seeing no hope of rallying) hasted towards his father's house at Longford, near Newport; where being arrived, he conveyed his horse into a neighbouring barn, but was immediately pursued by the rebels, who found the horse saddled, and by that concluded my lord not to be far off, so that they searched Longford House narrowly, and some of them continued in it four or five days, during all which time my lord was in a close place in one of the out-houses, almost stifled for want of air, and had perished for want of food, had he not been once relieved in the dead of the night, and with much difficulty, by a trusty servant; yet his lordship thought it a great providence, even by these hardships, to escape the fury of such enemies, who sought the destruction of the nobility, as well as of their king.

In this interim the valiant Earl of Cleveland (who, being above sixty years of age, had marched twenty-one days together upon a trotting horse) had also made his escape from Worcester, when all the fighting work was over, and was got to Woodcot, in Shropshire, whither he was pursued, and taken at or near Mistress Broughton's house, from whence he was carried prisoner to Stafford, and from thence to the Tower of London.

Colonel Blague, remaining at Mr Barlow's house at Bloor-pipe, about eight miles from Stafford, his first

action was, with Mistress Barlow's privity and advice, to hide his majesty's George under a heap of chips and dust ; yet the colonel could not conceal himself so well, but that he was here, soon after, taken and carried prisoner to Stafford, and from thence conveyed to the Tower of London. Meantime the George was transmitted to Mr Robert Milward, of Stafford, for better security, who afterwards faithfully conveyed it to Colonel Blague in the Tower, by the trusty hands of Mr Isaac Walton ; and the Colonel not long after happily escaping thence, restored it to his majesty's own hands, which had been thus wonderfully preserved from being made a prize to sordid rebels.

The Scotch cavalry (having no place to retreat unto nearer than Scotland) were soon after dispersed, and most of them taken by the rebels and country people in Cheshire, Lancashire, and parts adjacent.

Thus was this royal army totally subdued, thus dispersed ; and if in this so important an affair, any of the Scottish commanders were treacherous at Worcester (as some suspected), he has a great account to make for the many years' miseries that ensued thereby to both nations, under the tyrannical, usurped government of Cromwell.

But to return to the duty of my attendance on his sacred majesty in Spring Coppice. By that time Richard Penderel had conveyed him into the obscurest

part of it, it was about sun-rising on Thursday morning, and the heavens wept bitterly at these calamities, insomuch as the thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep his majesty dry, nor was there anything for him to sit on ; wherefore Richard went to Francis Yates' house (a trusty neighbour, who married his wife's sister), where he borrowed a blanket, which he folded and laid on the ground under a tree for his majesty to sit on.

At the same time Richard spoke to the good-wife Yates to provide some victuals, and bring it into the wood at a place he appointed her. She presently made ready a mess of milk, and some butter and eggs, and brought them to his majesty in the wood, who, being a little surprised to see the woman (no good concealer of a secret), said cheerfully to her, "Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?" She answered, "Yes, sir, I will rather die than discover you." With which answer his majesty was well satisfied, and received from her hands, as David did from Abigail's, "that which she brought him."*

The Lord Wilmot in the interim took John Penderel for his guide, but knew not determinately whither to go, purposing at first to have marched northwards ; but as they passed by Brewood forge,

* 1 Sam. xxv. 35.

the forgemen made after them, till being told by one Rich. Dutton that it was Colonel Crompton whom they pursued, the Vulcans happily, upon that mistake, quitted the chase.

Soon after they narrowly escaped a party of rebels as they passed by Covenbrook ; so that seeing danger on every side, and John meeting with William Walker (a trusty neighbour), committed my lord to his care and counsel, who for the present conveyed them into a dry marl pit, where they stayed a while, and afterwards to one Mr Huntbache's house at Brinsford, and put their horses into John Evans's barn, whilst John Penderel goes to Wolverhampton to see what convenience he could find for my lord's coming thither, but met with none, the town being full of soldiers.

Yet John leaves no means unessayed, hastens to Northcot (an adjacent village), and there, whilst he was talking with good-wife Underhill (a neighbour), in the instant Mr John Huddleston (a sojourner at Mr Thomas Whitgreave's of Moseley, and of John's acquaintance) was accidentally passing by, to whom John (well assured of his integrity) presently addresses himself and his business, relates to him the sad news of the defeat of his majesty's army at Worcester, and discovers in what strait and confusion he had left his majesty and his followers at White Ladies, and in particular, that he had brought thence

a person of quality (for John then knew not who my lord was) to Huntbach's house, who, without present relief, would be in great danger of being taken.

Mr Huddleston goes home forthwith, takes John with him, and acquaints Mr Whitgreave with the business, who freely resolved to venture all, rather than such a person should miscarry.

Hereupon Mr Whitgreave repairs to Huntbach's house, speaks with my lord, and gives direction how he should be privately conveyed into his house at Moseley, about ten of the clock at night ; and though it so fell out that the directions were not punctually observed, yet my lord and his man were at last brought into the house, where Mr Whitgreave (after some refreshment given them) conveys them into a secret place, which my lord admiring for its excellent contrivance, and solicitous for his majesty's safety, said, " I would give a world my friend," meaning the king, " were here ; " and then (being abundantly satisfied of Mr Whitgreave's fidelity) deposited in his hands a little bag of jewels, which my lord received again at his departure.

As soon as it was day, Mr Whitgreave sent William Walker with my lord's horses to his neighbour, Colonel John Lane of Bentley, near Walsall, south-east from Moseley about four miles (whom Mr Whitgreave knew to be a right honest gentleman, and ready to contribute any assistance to so charitable a work),

and wished Walker to acquaint the colonel that they belonged to some eminent person about the king, whom he could better secure than the horses. The colonel willingly receives them, and sends word to Mr Whitgreave to meet him that night in a close not far from Moseley, in order to the tender of farther service to the owner of the horses, whose name neither the colonel nor Mr Whitgreave yet knew.

On Thursday night when it grew dark, his majesty resolved to go from those parts into Wales, and to take Richard Penderel with him for his guide ; but, before they began their journey, his majesty went into Richard's house at Hobbal Grange, where the old good-wife Penderel had not only the honour to see his majesty, but to see him attended by her son Richard. Here his majesty had time and means better to complete his disguise. His name was agreed to be Will. Jones, and his arms a wood-bill. In this posture, about nine o'clock at night (after some refreshment taken in the house), his majesty, with his trusty servant Richard, began their journey on foot, resolving to go that night to Madely, in Shropshire, about five miles from White Ladies, and within a mile of the river Severn, over which their way lay for Wales. In this village lived one Mr Francis Woolf, an honest gentleman of Richard's acquaintance.

His majesty had not been long gone, but the Lord

Wilmot sent John Penderel from Mr Whitgreave's to White Ladies and Boscobel, to know in what security the king was. John returned and acquainted my lord that his majesty was marched from thence. Hereupon my lord began to consider which way himself should remove with safety.

Colonel Lane, having secured my lord's horses, and being come to Moseley, according to appointment, on Friday night, was brought up to my lord by Mr Whitgreave, and (after mutual salutation) acquainted him that his sister, Mrs Jane Lane, had by accident procured a pass from some commander of the rebels, for herself and a man to go a little beyond Bristol, to see Mrs Norton, her special friend, then near her time of lying in, and freely offered, if his lordship thought fit, he might make use of it ; which my lord seemed inclinable to accept, and on Saturday night was conducted by Colonel Lane's man (himself not being well) to the colonel's house at Bentley ; his lordship then, and not before, discovering his name to Mr Whitgreave, and giving him many thanks for so great a kindness in so imminent a danger.

Before his majesty came to Madeley, he met with an ill-favoured encounter at Evelin Mill, being about two miles from thence. The miller (it seems) was an honest man, but his majesty and Richard knew it not, and had then in his house some considerable persons of his majesty's army, who took shelter there in

their flight from Worcester, and had not been long in the mill, so that the miller was upon his watch ; and Richard unhappily permitting a gate to clap, through which they passed, gave occasion to the miller to come out of the mill and boldly ask, " Who is there ? " Richard, thinking the miller had pursued them, quitted the usual way in some haste, and led his majesty over a little brook, which they were forced to wade through, and which contributed much towards the galling his majesty's feet, who (as he afterwards pleasantly observed) was here in some danger of losing his guide, but that the rustling of Richard's calves-skin breeches was the best direction his majesty had to follow him in that dark night.

They arrived at Madeley about midnight ; Richard goes to Mr Woolf's house, where they were all in bed, knocks them up, and acquaints Mr Woolf's daughter (who came to the door) that the king was there, who presently received him into the house, where his majesty refreshed himself for some time ; but understanding the rebels kept several guards upon Severn, and it being feared that some of their party (of which many frequently passed through the town) might quarter at the house (as had often happened), it was apprehended unsafe for his majesty to lodge in the house (which afforded no secret place for concealment), but rather to retire into a barn

near adjoining, as less liable to the danger of a surprise ; whither his majesty went accordingly, and continued in a hay-mow there all the day following, his servant Richard attending him.

During his majesty's stay in the barn, Mr Woolf had often conference with him about his intended journey, and in order thereto took care, by a trusty servant (sent abroad for that purpose), to inform himself more particularly of those guards upon Severn, and had certain word brought him, that not only the bridges were secured, but all the passage-boats seized on, insomuch that he conceived it very hazardous for his majesty to prosecute his design for Wales, but rather go to Boscobel House, being the most retired place for concealment in all the country, and to stay there till an opportunity of a farther safe conveyance could be found out ; which advice his majesty inclined to approve, and thereupon resolved for Boscobel the night following. In the mean time, his hands not appearing sufficiently discoloured, suitable to his other disguise, Mrs Woolf provided walnut-tree leaves, as the readiest expedient for that purpose.

The day being over, his majesty adventured to come again into the house, where having for some time refreshed himself, and being furnished with conveniences for his journey (which was conceived to be safer on foot than by horse), he with his faith-

ful guide Richard, about eleven o'clock at night, set forth toward Boscobel.

About three of the clock on Saturday morning, being come near the house, Richard left his majesty in the wood, whilst he went in to see if any soldiers were there, or other danger ; where he found Colonel William Carlis (who had seen, not the last man born, but the last man killed, at Worcester, and) who, having with much difficulty made his escape from thence, was got into his own neighbourhood, and for some time concealing himself in Boscobel Wood, was come that morning to the house, to get some relief of William Penderel, his old acquaintance.

Richard having acquainted the colonel that the king was in the wood, the colonel, with William and Richard, went presently thither to give their attendance, where they found his majesty sitting on the root of a tree, who was glad to see the colonel, and came with them into the house, where he eat bread and cheese heartily, and (as an extraordinary) William Penderel's wife made his majesty a posset of thin milk and small beer, and got ready some warm water to wash his feet, not only extreme dirty, but much galled with travel.

The colonel pulled off his majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and stockings, which were very wet ; and there being no other shoes in the house that would fit him, the good-wife put some hot embers

in those to dry them, whilst his majesty's feet were washing and his stockings shifted.

Being thus a little refreshed, the colonel persuaded his majesty to go back into the wood (supposing it safer than the house), where the colonel made choice of a thick-leaved oak, into which William and Richard helped them both up, and brought them such provision as they could get, with a cushion for his majesty to sit on ; the colonel humbly desired his majesty (who had taken little or no rest the two preceding nights) to seat himself as easily as he could in the tree, and rest his head on the colonel's lap, who was watchful that his majesty might not fall. In this oak they continued most part of the day ; and in that posture his majesty slumbered away some part of the time, and bore all these hardships and afflictions with incomparable patience.

In the evening they returned to the house, where William Penderel acquainted his majesty with the secret place wherein the Earl of Derby had been secured, which his majesty liked so well, that he resolved, whilst he stayed there, to trust only to that, and go no more into the royal oak, as from hence it must be called, where he could not so much as sit at ease.

His majesty now finding himself in a hopeful security, permitted William Penderel to shave him, and cut the hair off his head as short at top as the

scissors would do it, but leaving some about the ears, according to the country mode ; Colonel Carlis attending, told his majesty, " William was but a mean barber ;" to which his majesty answered, " He had never been shaved by any barber before." The king bad William burn the hair which he cut off ; but William was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good part of it, wherewith he has since pleased some persons of honour, and is kept as a civil relic.

Humphrey Penderel was this Saturday designed to go to Shefnal, to pay some taxes to one Captain Broadway ; at whose house he met with a colonel of the rebels, who was newly come from Worcester in pursuit of the king, and who, being informed that his majesty had been at White Ladies, and that Humphrey was a near neighbour to the place, examined him strictly, and laid before him, as well the penalty for concealing the king, which was death without mercy, as the reward for discovering him, which should be one thousand pounds certain pay. But neither fear of punishment, nor hope of reward, was able to tempt Humphrey into any disloyalty ; he pleaded ignorance, and was dismissed, and on Saturday night related to his majesty and the loyal colonel at Boscobel what had passed betwixt him and the rebel colonel at Shefnal.

This night the good-wife (whom his majesty was pleased to call " my dame Joan ") provided some

chickens for his majesty's supper (a dainty he had not lately been acquainted with), and a little pallet was put into the secret place for his majesty to rest in ; some of the brothers being continually upon duty, watching the avenues of the house, and the road-way, to prevent the danger of a surprise.

After supper, Colonel Carlis asked his majesty what meat he would please to have provided for the morrow, being Sunday ; his majesty desired some mutton, if it might be had. But it was thought dangerous for William to go to any market to buy it, since his neighbours all knew he did not use to buy such for his own diet, and so it might beget a suspicion of his having strangers at his house. But the colonel found another expedient to satisfy his majesty's desires. Early on Sunday morning he repairs to Mr Wm. Staunton's sheep-coat, who rented some of the demesns of Boscobel ; here he chose one of the best sheep, sticks him with his dagger, then sends William for the mutton, who brings him home on his back.

On Sunday morning (September the 7th) his majesty got up early, his dormitory being none of the best, nor his bed the easiest), and, near the secret place where he lay, had the convenience of a gallery to walk in, where he was observed to spend some time in his devotions, and where he had the advantage of a window, which surveyed the road

from Tong to Brewood. Soon after his majesty coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a-bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants into a great fright ; but his majesty was pleased soon to remove it, by telling them it often did so.

As soon as the mutton was cold, William cut it up and brought a leg of it into the parlour ; his majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife point, then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he eat heartily ; Colonel Carlis the while being but under cook (and that honour enough too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan.

When the colonel afterwards attended his majesty in France, his majesty calling to remembrance this passage among others, was pleased merrily to propose it, as a problematical question, whether himself or the colonel were the master-cook at Boscobel, and the supremacy was of right adjudged to his majesty.

All this while the other brothers of the Penderels were, in their several stations, either scouting abroad to learn intelligence, or upon some other service ; but it so pleased God, that, though the soldiers had some intelligence of his majesty's having been at White Ladies, and none that he was gone thence, yet his house (which proved a happy sanctuary for

his majesty in this sad exigent) had not at all been searched during his majesty's abode there, though that had several times ; this, perhaps, the rather escaping, because the neighbours could truly inform none but poor servants lived here.

His majesty spent some part of this Lord's day in reading, in a pretty arbour in Boscobel garden, which grew upon a mount, and wherein there was a stone table, and seats about it, and commended the place for its retiredness.

And having understood by John Penderel that the Lord Wilmot was at Mr Whitgreave's house (for John knew not of his remove to Bentley), his majesty was desirous to let my lord hear of him, and that he intended to come to Moseley that night.

To this end, John was sent on Sunday morning to Moseley, but finding my lord removed thence, was much troubled ; and then acquainting Mr Whitgreave and Mr Huddleston that his majesty was returned to Boscobel, and the disaccommodation he had there, whereupon they both resolve to go with John to Bentley, where having gained him an access to my lord, his lordship designed to attend the king that night at Moseley, and desired Mr Whitgreave to meet his lordship at a place appointed about twelve of the clock, and Mr Huddleston to nominate a place where he would

attend his majesty about one of the clock the same night.

Upon this intelligence, my lord made stay of Mrs Jane Lane's journey to Bristol, till his majesty's pleasure was known.

John Penderel returned to Boscobel in the afternoon, with intimation of this designed meeting with my lord at Moseley that night, and the place which was appointed by Mr Huddleston where his majesty should be expected. But his majesty, having not recovered his late foot journey to Madeley, was not able without a horse to perform this to Moseley, which was about five miles distant from Boscobel, and near the midway from thence to Bentley.

It was therefore concluded that his majesty should ride upon Humphrey Penderel's mill-horse (for Humphrey was the miller of White Ladies mill). The horse was taken up from grass, and accoutred, not with rich trappings or furniture, befitting so great a king, but with a pitiful old saddle, and a worse bridle.

When his majesty was ready to take horse, Colonel Carlis humbly took leave of him, being so well known in the country, that his attendance upon his majesty would in all probability have proved rather a disservice than otherwise ; however, his hearty prayers were not wanting for his majesty's preservation.

Thus then his majesty was mounted, and thus he rode towards Moseley, attended by all the honest brothers, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, and George Penderel, and Francis Yates ; each of these took a bill or pike staff on his back, and some of them had pistols in their pockets ; two marched before, and one on each side his majesty's horse, and two came behind aloof off ; their design being this, that in case they should have been questioned or encountered but by five or six troopers, or such like small party, they would have showed their valour in defending, as well as they had done their fidelity in otherwise serving his majesty ; and though it was midnight, yet they conducted his majesty through by-ways, for better security.

After some experience had of the horse, his majesty complained, "it was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on ;" to which Humphrey (the owner of him) answered, (beyond the usual capacity of a miller) : "My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back ?"

When his majesty came to Penford mill, within two miles of Mr Whitgreave's house, his guides desired him to alight and go on foot the rest of the way, for more security, the foot way being the more secure, and the nearer ; and at last they arrived at the place appointed by Mr Huddleston

(which was a little grove of trees, in a close of Mr Whitgreave's, called the Pit-Leasow), in order to his majesty's being privately conveyed into Mr Whitgreave's house ; William, Humphrey, and George, returned with the horse, the other three attended his majesty to the house ; but his majesty, being gone a little way, had forgot (it seems) to bid farewell to William and the rest who were going back, so he called to them and said, "My troubles make me forget myself ; I thank you all !" and gave them his hand to kiss.

The Lord Wilmot, in pursuance of his own appointment, came to the meeting place precisely at his hour, where Mr Whitgreave received him, and conveyed him to his old chamber ; but hearing nothing of the king at his prefixed time gave occasion to suspect some misfortune might have befallen him, though the night was very dark and rainy, which might possibly be the occasion of so long stay ; Mr Whitgreave therefore leaves my lord in his chamber, and goes to Pit-Leasow, where Mr Huddleston attended his majesty's coming ; and about two hours after the time appointed his majesty came, whom Mr Whitgreave and Mr Huddleston conveyed, with much satisfaction, into the house to my lord, who expected him with great solicitude, and presently kneeled down and embraced his majesty's knees, who kissed my lord on the

cheek, and asked him earnestly, "What is become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and others?" To which my lord could give little satisfaction, but hoped they were in safety.

My lord soon after (addressing himself to Whitgreave and Mr Huddleston) said : "Though I have concealed my friend's name all this while, now I must tell you, this is my master, your master, and the master of us all," not knowing that they understood it was the king ; whereupon his majesty was pleased to give his hand to Mr Whitgreave and Mr Huddleston to kiss, and told them he had received such an account from my Lord Wilmot of their fidelity, that he should never forget it ; and presently asked Mr Whitgreave, "Where is your secret place?" which being showed his majesty, he was well pleased therewith, and returning into my lord's chamber, sat down on the bed-side, where his nose fell a-bleeding, and then pulled out of his pocket a handkerchief, suitable to the rest of his apparel, both coarse and dirty.

His majesty's attire, as was before observed in part, was then a leathern doublet, with pewter buttons, a pair of old green breeches, and a jump coat (as the country calls it) of the same green, a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup stockings, which were lent him at Madeley, and a pair of

old shoes, cut and slashed to give ease to his feet, an old gray greasy hat, without a lining, a noggen shirt of the coarsest linen ; his face and his hands made of a reechy complexion, by the help of the walnut-tree leaves.

Mr Huddleston, observing the coarseness of his majesty's shirt to disease him much and hinder his rest, asked my lord if the king would be pleased to change his shirt, which his majesty condescended unto, and presently put off his coarse shirt and put on a flaxen one of Mr Huddleston's, who pulled off his majesty's shoes and stockings, and put him on fresh stockings, and dried his feet, where he found somebody had innocently, but indiscreetly, applied white paper, which, with going on foot from the place where his majesty alighted to the house, was rolled betwixt his stockings and his skin, and served to increase rather than assuage the soreness of his feet.

Mr Whitgreave had by this time brought up some biscuit and a bottle of sack ; his majesty eat of the one, and drank a good glass of the other ; and, being thus refreshed, was pleased to say cheerfully, " I am now ready for another march ; and if it shall please God once more to place me at the head of but eight or ten thousand good men, of one mind, and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdoms."

It was now break of the day on Monday morning the 8th of September, and his majesty was desirous to take some rest ; to which purpose a pallet was carried into one of the secret places, where his majesty lay down, but rested not so well as his host desired, for the place was close and inconvenient, and durst not adventure to put him into any bed in an open chamber, for fear of a surprise by the rebels.

After some rest taken in the whole, his majesty got up, and was pleased to take notice of and salute Mr Whitgreave's mother, and (having his place of retreat still ready) sat between whiles in a closet over the porch, where he might see those that passed the road by the house.

Before the Lord Wilmot betook himself to his dormitory, he conferred with Mr Whitgreave, and advised that himself or Mr Huddleston would be always vigilant about the house, and give notice if any soldiers came ; "and," says this noble lord, "if it should so fall out that the rebels have intelligence of your harbouring any of the king's party, and should therefore put you to any torture for confession, be sure you discover me first, which may haply in such case satisfy them, and preserve the king." This was the expression and care of a loyal subject, worthy eternal memory.

On Monday, his majesty and my lord resolved

to dispatch John Penderel to Colonel Lane at Bentley, with directions for the colonel to send my lord's horses for him that night about midnight, and to expect him at the usual place. My lord accordingly goes to Bentley again, to make way for his majesty's reception there, pursuant to a resolution taken up by his majesty to go westward, under the protection of Mrs Jane Lane's pass ; it being most probable that the rebels wholly pursued his majesty northwards, and would not at all suspect him gone into the west.

This Monday afternoon, Mr Whitgreave had notice that some soldiers were in the neighbourhood, intending to apprehend him, upon information that he had been at Worcester fight. The king was then laid down upon Mr Huddleston's bed, but Mr Whitgreave presently secures his royal guest in the secret place, and my lord also leaves open all the chamber doors, and goes boldly down to the soldiers, assuring them (as his neighbours also testified) that he had not been from home in a fortnight then last past ; with which asseveration the soldiers were satisfied, and came not up stairs at all.

In this interval the rebels had taken a cornet in Cheshire, who came in his majesty's troop to White Ladies, and either by menaces, or some other way, had extorted this confession from him concerning

the king (whom these bloodhounds sought with all possible diligence), that he came in company with his majesty to White Ladies, where the rebels had no small hopes to find him ; whereupon they posted thither without ever drawing bit, almost killed their horses, and brought their faint-hearted prisoners with them.

Being come to White Ladies on Tuesday, they called for Mr George Giffard, who lived in an apartment of the house, presented a pistol to his breast, and bad him confess where the king was, or he should presently die. Mr Giffard was too loyal and too much a gentleman, to be frightened into any infidelity, resolutely denies the knowing any more but that divers cavaliers came thither on Wednesday night, ate up their provision, and departed ; and that he was as ignorant who they were, as whence they came, or whither they went ; and begged, if he must die, that they would first give him leave to say a few prayers. One of these villains answered, "If you can tell us no news of the king, you shall say no prayers." But his discreet answer did somewhat assuage the fury of their leader. They used the like threats and violence (mingled, notwithstanding, with high promises of reward) to Mrs Anne Andrew (to whose custody some of the king's clothes, when he first took upon him the disguise, were committed), who (like a true

virago) faithfully sustained the one, and loyally refused the other, which put the rebels into such a fury, that they searched every corner of the house, broke down much of the wainscot, and at last beat the intelligencer severely for making them lose their labours.

During this Tuesday, in my Lord Wilmot's absence, his majesty was for the most part attended by Mr Huddleston, Mr Whitgreave being much abroad in the neighbourhood, and Mrs Whitgreave below stairs, both inquisitive after news, and the motions of the soldiery, in order to the preservation of their royal guest. The old gentlewoman was this day told by a countryman, who came to her house, that he heard the king, upon his retreat, had beaten his enemies at Warrington Bridge, and that there were three kings come in to his assistance; which story she related to his majesty for divertisement, who smiling, answered, "Surely they are the three Kings of Cologne come down from heaven, for I can imagine none else."

The same day his majesty out of the closet window espied two soldiers, who passed by the gate in the road, and told Mr Huddleston he knew one of them to be a Highlander, and of his own regiment; who little thought his king and colonel to be so near.

And his majesty, for entertainment of the time,

was pleased to discourse with Mr Huddleston the particulars of the battle of Worcester (the same in substance with what is before related); and by some words which his majesty let fall, it might easily be collected that his counsels had been too often sooner discovered to the rebels than executed by his loyal subjects.

Mr Huddleston had under his charge young Sir John Preston, Mr Thomas Playn, and Mr Francis Reynolds, and on this Tuesday in the morning (the better to conceal his majesty's being in the house, and excuse his own more than usual long stay above stairs) pretended himself to be indisposed and afraid of the soldiers, and therefore set his scholars at several garret windows, and surveyed the roads, to watch and give notice when they saw any troopers coming. This service the youths performed very diligently all day; and at night when they were at supper, Sir John called upon his companions, and said (more truly than he imagined), "Come, lads, let us eat lustily, for we have been upon the life guard to-day."

This very day (September the 9th), the rebels at Westminster (in further pursuance of their bloody designs) set forth a proclamation for the discovery and apprehending Charles Stuart (for so their frontless impudence usually styled his sacred majesty), his adherents and abettors, with promise of £1000

reward to whomsoever should apprehend him (so vile a price they set upon so inestimable a jewel) ; and, besides, gave strict command to all officers of port towns, that they should permit no person to pass beyond sea without special license. "And Saul sought David every day ; but God delivered him not into his hand." *

On Tuesday night, between twelve and one o'clock, the Lord Wilmot sent Colonel Lane to attend his majesty to Bentley ; Mr Whitgreave meets the colonel at the place appointed, and brings him to the corner of his orchard, where the colonel thought fit to stay whilst Mr Whitgreave goes in and acquaints the king that he was come ; whereupon his majesty took his leave of Mrs Whitgreave, saluted her, and gave her many thanks for his entertainment, but was pleased to be more particular with Mr Whitgreave and Mr Huddleston, not only by giving them thanks, but by telling them he was very sensible of the dangers they might incur by entertaining him, if it should chance to be discovered to the rebels ; therefore his majesty advised them to be very careful of themselves, and gave them direction to repair to a merchant in London, who should have order to furnish them with moneys and means of conveyance beyond sea, if they thought fit.

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 14.

After his majesty had vouchsafed these gracious expressions to Mr Whitgreave and Mr Huddleston, they told his majesty all the service they could now do him was to pray heartily to Almighty God for his safety and preservation ; and then kneeling down, his majesty gave them his hand to kiss, and so went down stairs with them into the orchard, where Mr Whitgreave both humbly and faithfully delivered his great charge into Colonel Lane's hands, telling the colonel who the person was he there presented to him.

The night was both dark and cold, and his majesty's clothing thin ; therefore Mr Huddleston humbly offered his majesty a cloak, which he was pleased to accept, and wore to Bentley, from whence Mr Huddleston afterwards received it.

As soon as Mr Whitgreave and Mr Huddleston heard his majesty was not only got safe to Bentley, but marched securely from thence, they began to reflect upon his advice, and lest any discovery should be made of what had been acted at Moseley, they both absented themselves from home ; the one went to London, the other to a friend's house in Warwickshire, where they lived privately till such time as they heard his majesty was safely arrived in France, and that no part of the aforesaid transactions at Moseley had been discovered to the rebels, and then returned home.

This Mr Whitgreave was descended of the ancient family of the Whitgreaves of Burton, in the county of Stafford, and was first a cornet, afterwards lieutenant to Captain Thomas Giffard, in the first war for his majesty King Charles the First.

Mr John Huddleston was a younger brother of the renowned family of the house of Hutton-John, in the county of Cumberland, and was a gentleman volunteer in his late majesty's service, first under Sir John Preston the elder, till Sir John was rendered unserviceable by the desperate wounds he received in that service, and after under Colonel Ralph Pudsey at Newark.

His majesty being safely conveyed to Bentley by Colonel Lane, staid there but a short time, took the opportunity of Mrs Jane's pass, and rode before her to Bristol, the Lord Wilmot attending, by another way, at a distance. In all which journey Mrs Lane performed the part of a most faithful and prudent servant to his majesty, showing her observance when an opportunity would allow it, and at other times acting her part in the disguise with much discretion.

But the particulars of his majesty's arrival at Bristol, and the houses of several loyal subjects, both in Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and so to Brighthempston, in Sussex, where he, on the 15th of October 1651, took shipping, and landed securely in France the next morning; and the

several accidents, hardships, and encounters, in all that journey, must be the admired subject of the Second Part of this history.

The very next day after his majesty left Boscobel, being Monday the 8th of September, two parties of rebels came thither, the one being part of the county troop, who searched the house with some civility ; the other (Captain Broadway's men) did it with more severity, eat up their little store of provision, plundered the house of what was portable, and one of them presented a pistol to William Penderel, and much frightened my dame Joan ; yet both parties returned as ignorant as they came of that intelligence they so greedily sought after.

This danger being over, honest William began to think of making satisfaction for the fat mutton, and accordingly tendered Mr Staunton its worth in money ; but Staunton understanding the sheep was killed for the relief of some honest cavaliers, who had been sheltered at Boscobel, refused to take the money, but wished much good it might do them.

These Penderels were of honest parentage, but mean degree ; six brothers, born at Hobbal Grange, in the parish of Tong, and county of Salop ; William, John, Richard, Humphry, Thomas, and George. John, Thomas, and George were soldiers in the first war for King Charles I. Thomas was slain at Stow fight ; William, as you have heard, was a servant at

Boscobel ; Humphry, a miller, and Richard, rented part of Hobbal Grange.

His majesty had not been long gone from Boscobel, but Colonel Carlis sent William Penderel to Mr Humphry Ironmonger, his old friend at Wolverhampton, who not only procured him a pass from some of the rebel commanders, in a disguised name, to go to London, but furnished him with money for his journey, by means whereof he got safe thither, and from thence into Holland, where he brought the first happy news of his majesty's safety to his royal sister the Princess of Orange.

This Colonel William Carlis was born at Bromhall, in Staffordshire, within two miles of Boscobel, of good parentage, was a person of approved valour, and engaged all along in the first war for King Charles I. of happy memory, and since his death was no less active for his royal son ; for which, and his particular service and fidelity before mentioned, his majesty was pleased, by letters patents under the great seal of England, to give him, by the name of William Carlos (which in Spanish signifies Charles), a very honourable coat of arms, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, as 'tis expressed in the letters patents.

The oak is now properly called "The Royal Oak of Boscobel," nor will it lose that name whilst it continues a tree, nor that tree a memory whilst we have an inn left in England ; since the "Royal Oak" is

now become a frequent sign, both in London and all the chief cities of this kingdom. And since his majesty's happy restauration, that these mysteries have been revealed, hundreds of people for many miles round have flocked to see the famous Boscobel, which (as you have heard) had once the honour to be the palace of his sacred majesty, but chiefly to behold the Royal Oak, which has been deprived of all its young boughs by the numerous visitors of it, who keep them in memory of his majesty's happy preservation, insomuch that Mr Fitzherbert, who was afterwards proprietor, was forced in a due season of the year to crop part of it, for its preservation, and put himself to the charge of fencing it about with a high pale, the better to transmit the happy memory of it to posterity.

This Boscobel House has yet been a third time fortunate ; for after Sir George Booth's forces were routed in Cheshire, in August 1659, the Lord Brereton, who was engaged with him, took sanctuary there for some time, and was preserved.

When his majesty was thus happily conveyed away by Colonel Lane and his sister, the rebels had an intimation that some of the brothers were instrumental in his preservation, so that, besides the temptations Humphry overcame at Shefnal, William Penderel was twice questioned at Shrewsbury on the same account by Captain Fox, and one Lluellin, a

sequestrator, and Richard was much threatened by a peevish neighbour at White Ladies ; but neither threats nor temptations were able to batter the fort of their loyalty.

After this unhappy defeat of his majesty's army at Worcester, good God ! in what strange canting language did the fanaticks communicate their exultations to one another, particularly in a letter (hypocritically pretended to be written from the Church of Christ at Wrexham, and printed in the Diurnal, November 10, 1651) there is this malignant expression : " Christ has revealed his own arm, and broke the arm of the mighty once and again, and now lastly at Worcester ; so that we conclude (in Ezekiel's phrase) there will be found no roller to bind the late king's arm to hold a sword again," &c. And that you may know who these false prophets were, the letter was thus subscribed : " Daniel Lloyd, Mor. Lloyd, John Brown, Edw. Taylor, An. Maddokes, Dav. Maurice ;" men who measured causes by that success which fell out according to their evil desires, not considering that God intended, in his own good time, " to establish the king's throne with justice."*

After the " king had entered into the kingdom, and returned to his own land,"† the five brothers attended him at Whitehall, on Wednesday the 13th

* Prov. xxv. 5.

† Dan. xi. 9.

of June 1660, when his majesty was pleased to own their faithful service, and graciously dismissed them with a princely reward.

And soon after Mr Huddleston and Mr Whitgreave made their humble addresses to his majesty, from whom they likewise received a gracious acknowledgment of their service and fidelity to him at Moseley, and this in so high a degree of gratitude, and with such a condescending frame of spirit, not at all-puffed up with prosperity, as cannot be paralleled in the best of kings.

Here let us with all glad and thankful hearts humbly contemplate the admirable providence of Almighty God, who contrived such wonderful ways, and made use of such mean instruments, for the preservation of so great a person. Let us delight to reflect minutely on every particular, and especially on such as most approach to miracle ; let us sum up the number of those who were privy to this first and principal part of his majesty's disguise and concealment : Mr Giffard, the five Penderels, their mother, and three of their wives, Colonel Carlos, Francis Yates, and his wife, divers of the inhabitants of White Ladies (which then held five several families), Mr Woolf, his wife, son, daughter, and maid, Mr Whitgreave and his mother, Mr Huddleston, Colonel Lane and his sister ; and then consider whether it were not indeed a miracle, that so many men and

(which is far more) so many women should faithfully conceal so important and unusual a secret ; and this notwithstanding the temptations and promises of reward on the one hand, and the danger and menaces of punishment on the other.

To which I shall add but this one circumstance, that it was performed by persons for the most part of that religion which has long suffered under an imputation (laid on them by some mistaken zealots) of disloyalty to their sovereign.

And now, as we have thus thankfully commemorated the wonderful *preservation* of his majesty, what remains but that we should return due thanks and praises for his no less miraculous RESTORATION ; who, after a long series of misfortunes, and variety of afflictions, after he had been hunted to and fro like a “partridge upon the mountains,” was, in God’s due time, appointed to sit, as his vicegerent, upon the throne of his ancestors, and called forth to govern his own people when they least expected him ; for which all the nation, even all the three nations, had just cause to sing

Te Deum laudamus.

BOSCOBEL;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF THE MOST MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION

OF

KING CHARLES THE SECOND

AFTER

THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER, SEPTEMBER THE 3d, 1651.

PART II.

*"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will
be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and
honour him."—Psal. xci. 15.*

PREFACE.

THE First Part of this miraculous History I long since published, having the means to be well informed in all circumstances relating to it ; the scene (whereon those great actions were performed) being my native country, and many of the actors my particular friends.

I did not then intend to have proceeded farther, presuming some of those worthy persons of the west (who were the happy instruments in this Second Part) would have given us that so much desired supplement ; the rather, since the publication of the wonderful series of this great work, wherein the hand of God so miraculously appeared in preservation of "him whom the Lord hath chosen,"* must needs open the eyes and convert the hearts of the most disloyal.

But finding, in all this time, nothing done, and the world more greedy of it than ever young ladies were to read the conclusion of an amorous strange romance, after they had left the darling lover plunged

* 1 Sam. x. 24.

into some dire misfortune, I have thus endeavoured to compleat the History.

Chiefly encouraged hereunto by an express from Lisbon, wherein 'tis certified that (besides the translation of the first part of *Boscobel* into French) Mr Peter Giffard of White Ladies has lately made it speak Portuguese, and presented it to the infanta, our most excellent queen, who was pleased to accept it with grace, and peruse it with passion, intimating her royal desire to see the particulars how the hand of Providence had led the great monarch of her heart out of the treacherous snares of so many rebels.

In this I dare not undertake to deliver so many particulars as in the former ; for though the time of his majesty's stay in those western parts was longer, yet the places were more remote, and my Lord Wilmot (the principal agent) dead. But I will again confidently promise to write nothing but truth, as near as a severe scrutiny can inform me.

And, perhaps, a less exactness in circumstantials will better please some who (as I have heard) object against my former endeavours on this royal subject as too minutely written, and particulars set down of too mean a concern, for which I have yet the example of that renowned historian, Famian Strada,* to protect me, who writing of the Emperor Charles the

* De Bello Belgico.

Fifth, mentions what meat he fed on such a day, what clothes he wore another time, and gives this reason, "that it pleases to know every thing that princes do," especially when by a chain of providences, whose every link seems small and weak in its single self, so great a "blessing" will at last be drawn in amongst us.

That part of this unparalleled relation of a king, which here I undertake to deliver, may fitly, I think, be called, "The Second Stage of the Royal Progress," wherein as I am sure every good subject will be astonished to read the hardships and difficulties his majesty encountered in this long and perilous journey, so will they be even overjoyed to find him at last (by the conduct of Heaven) brought safe to Paris, where my humble endeavours leave him thus comforted by the prophet: "Fear not, for the hand of Saul shall not find thee, and thou shalt be king over Israel."*

T. B.

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 17.

BOSCOBEL;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF KING CHARLES THE SECOND'S

MOST MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

THE SECOND STAGE OF THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

HE that well considers the admirable events particularised in the First Part of this History of his majesty's miraculous preservation, will be apt to think his evil genius had almost racked its invention to find out hardships and perils beyond human imagination, and that his good angel had been even tired out with contriving suitable means for his deliverance; yet, if you please (after you have sufficiently wondered and blessed God for the preservation you read there), proceed and admire the strange stupendous passages you shall find here; which when you have done with just and due attention, I cannot doubt but your thoughts will easily raise themselves into some holy extasy, and growing warm with often repeating their own reflections, break forth at last, and join your exclama-

tions with all the true and hearty adorers of the divine Providence, "Thou art great, O Lord, and dost wonderful things ; thou art God alone !"*

I shall not need, I hope, to bespeak my readers' patience for any long introduction, since all the compliment I intend, is humbly to kiss the pen and paper, which have the honour to be servants of this royal subject, and without farther ceremony begin.

Colonel John Lane having (as it has been related) safely conveyed his majesty from Moseley to his own house at Bentley, in Staffordshire, on Tuesday night, the 9th of September 1651, the Lord Wilmot was there ready to receive him, and after his majesty had eaten and conferred with my lord and the colonel of his intended journey towards Bristol the very next morning, he went to bed, though his rest was not like to be long ; for at the very break of the day on Wednesday morning the colonel called up his majesty, and brought him a new suit and cloak, which he had provided for him, of country grey cloth, as near as could be contrived like the holyday suit of a farmer's son, which was thought fittest to carry on the disguise. Here his majesty quitted his leather doublet and green breeches for this new grey suit, and forsook his former name Will. Jones for that of Will. Jackson.

* Psalm lxxxvi. 10.

Thus, then, was the royal journey designed : the king, as a tenant's son (a quality far more convenient for their intention than that of a direct servant), was ordered to ride before Mrs Jane Lane as her attendant, Mr Henry Lassels (who was kinsman, and had been coronet to the colonel in the late wars) to ride single, and Mr John Petre of Horton in Buckinghamshire, and his wife, the colonel's sister, who were then accidentally at Bentley, being bound homeward, to ride in the same company ; Mr Petre and his wife little suspecting Will. Jackson, their fellow-traveller, to be the monarch of Great Britain.

His majesty thus refreshed and thus accoutred with all necessities for a journey in the designed equipage, after he had taken leave of my Lord Wilmot, and agreed on their meeting within a few days after at Mr George Norton's house at Leigh, near Bristol ; the colonel conveyed him a back way into the stable, where he fitted his stirrups, and gave him some instructions for better acting the part of Will. Jackson, mounted him on a good double gelding, and directed him to come to the gate of the house, which he punctually performed, with his hat under his arm.

By this time it was twilight, and old Mrs Lane (who knew nothing of this great secret) would needs see her beloved daughter take horse, which whilst she was intending, the colonel said to the king,

“Will. thou must give my sister thy hand ;” but his majesty (unacquainted with such little offices) offered his hand the contrary way, which the old gentlewoman taking notice of, laughed, and asked the colonel her son, “What a goodly horseman her daughter had got to ride before her ?”

Mr Petre and his wife, and Mr Lassels being also mounted, the whole company took their journey (under the protection of the King of kings) towards Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire. And soon after they were gone from Bentley, the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Lane, and Robert Swan my lord’s servant, took horse, with a hawk and spaniels with them for a disguise, intending to go that night to Sir Clement Fisher’s house at Packington, in Warwickshire, where the colonel knew they should both be as welcome as generosity, and as secure as fidelity could make them.

When the king and his small retinue arrived near Wotton, within four miles of Stratford, they espied a troop of rebels, baiting (as they conceived) almost a mile before them in the very road, which caused a council to be held among them, wherein Mr Petre presided, and he would by no means go on, for fear of losing his horse, or some other detriment ; so that they wheeled about a more indirect way ; and at Stratford (where they were of necessity to pass the river Avon) met the same or another troop in a

narrow passage, who very fairly opened to the right and left, and made way for the travellers to march through them.

That night (according to designment) Mrs Lane and her company took up their quarters at Mr Tombs' house, at Longmarston, some three miles west of Stratford, with whom she was well acquainted. Here Will. Jackson being in the kitchen, in pursuance of his disguise, and the cook maid busy in providing supper for her master's friends, she desired him to wind up the jack ; Will. Jackson was obedient, and attempted it, but hit not the right way, which made the maid in some passion ask, "What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a jack?" Will. Jackson answered very satisfactorily, "I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane, in Staffordshire ; we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack ;" which in some measure asswaged the maid's indignation.

The same night my lord, with the colonel, arrived safely at Sir Clement Fisher's house at Packington, where they found a welcome suitable to the nobleness of his mind, and a security answerable to the faithfulness of his heart.

Next morning my lord thought fit to dispatch the colonel to London, to procure, if possible, a pass for the king, by the name of William Jackson, to go

into France, and to bring it himself, or send it (as opportunity should be offered) to Mr Norton's house, where my lord (as you have heard) was designed to attend his majesty.

On Thursday morning (11th of September), the king, with Mrs Lane and Mr Lassels, rose early, and after Mrs Lane had taken leave both of Mr Petre and his wife (whose way lay more south), and of Mr Tombs, the master of the house, they took horse, and without any considerable accident rode by Camden, and arrived that night at an inn in Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, distant about twenty-four miles from Longmarston. After supper, a good bed was provided for Mr Lassels, and a truckle bed for Will. Jackson in the same chamber; but Mr Lassels, after the chamberlain had left them, laid his majesty in the best bed, and himself in the other, and used the like due observance when any opportunity would allow it.

The next day, being Friday, the royal traveller, with his attendants, left Cirencester, and by the way of Sudbury rode to and through the city of Bristol (wherein they had once lost their way, till inquiry better informed them), and arrived that evening at Mr Norton's house, at Leigh, some three miles from Bristol, and about thirty from Cirencester, which was the desired end of this perilous journey.

At this place his majesty still continued under the notion of one of Colonel Lane's tenant's sons, and, by a presettled contrivance with Mrs Lane, feigned himself sick of an ague, under colour whereof she procured him the better chamber and accommodation without any suspicion, and still took occasion from thence, with all possible care and observance, to send the sick person some of the best meat from Mr Norton's table ; and Mrs Norton's maid, Margaret Rider (who was commanded to be his nurse-keeper, and believed him sick indeed,) made William a carduus posset, and was very careful of him ; nor was his majesty at all known or suspected here, either by Mr Norton or his lady, from whose knowledge yet, he was not concealed out of any the least distrust of their fidelity (for his whole dominions yielded not more faithful subjects), but because such knowledge might haply at unawares have drawn a greater respect and observance from them than that exigent would safely admit of.

Under the disguise of this ague, his majesty for the most part kept his chamber during his stay at Leigh ; yet, being somewhat wearied with that kind of imprisonment, one day (when his ague might be imagined to be in the intermission) he walked down to a place where the young men played at a game of ball called fives, where his majesty was asked by one of the gamesters if he could play, and would

take his part at that game; he pleaded unskilfulness, and modestly refused.

But behold an unexpected accident here fell out, which put his majesty and Mrs Lane into some apprehension of the danger of a discovery. Mr Norton's butler (whose name was John Pope) had served a courtier some years before the war, and his majesty's royal father in the war, under Colonel Bagot, at Litchfield, and by that means had the physiognomy of the king (then Prince of Wales) so much imprinted in his memory, that (though his majesty was in all points most accurately disguised), yet the butler knew him, and communicated his knowledge to Mrs Lane, who at first absolutely denied him to be the king, but after, upon conference and advice had with his majesty, it was thought best to acknowledge it to the butler, and, by the bonds of allegiance, conjure him to secrecy, who thereupon kissed the king's hand, and proved perfectly honest.

On Saturday night (13th of September) the Lord Wilmot arrived at a village near Leigh, where he lay, but came every day to visit Will. Jackson and Mrs Lane, as persons of his acquaintance; and so had the opportunity to attend and consult with his majesty unsuspected during their stay at Leigh.

Soon after, upon serious advice had with my

lord, it was resolved by his majesty to go to Trent, the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham (of whose fidelity his majesty had ample assurance), which lies in Somersetshire, but bordering on the very skirts of Dorsetshire, near Sherburn, and therefore was judged to be conveniently seated in the way towards Lime and other port towns, where his majesty might probably take shipping for France.

In pursuance of this resolve, the Lord Wilmot (as his majesty's harbinger) rode to Trent on Monday, to make way for his more private reception there ; and Tuesday morning (September 16), his majesty's ague being then (as was pretended) in the recess, he repaired to the stable, and there gave order for making ready the horses ; and then it was signified from Mrs Lane (though before so agreed), that William Jackson should ride single and carry the portmanteau ; accordingly they mounted, being attended part of the way by one of Mr Norton's men as a guide, and that day rode through the body of Somersetshire, to Mr Edward Kirton's house at Castle Cary, near Burton, where his majesty lay that night, and next morning arrived at Colonel Wyndham's said house, which was about twenty-six miles from Leigh.

His majesty was now at Trent, in as much safety as the master of the house his fidelity and prudence could make him ; but the great work was how to

procure a vessel for transportation of this great treasure. For this end his majesty, the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Wyndham, had several consults ; and in pursuance of their determination, the colonel, with his trusty servant Henry Peters, posted to Lime, which is about twenty miles from Trent, where, after some difficulty, by the assistance of Captain William Elsdon, a loyal subject (at whose house the colonel lodged), he hired a bark to transport his majesty for France, which bark was by agreement to attend at Charmouth (a little maritime village near Lime) at a time appointed, and returned with all speed to Trent with the good news.

The next day his majesty resolved for Lime, and Mrs Jane Lane here humbly took her leave of him, returning with Mr Lassels, by his majesty's permission, into Staffordshire, leaving him in faithful hands, and in a hopeful way of escaping the bloody designs of merciless rebels, which as it was all along the scope of her endeavours, so was it now the subject of her prayers ; yet it was still thought the best disguise for his majesty to ride before some woman, and accordingly Mrs Julian Coningsby, Colonel Wyndham's kinswoman, had the honour to ride behind his majesty, who with the Lord Wilmot, the colonel, and Henry Peters, came that evening to a blind inn in Charmouth, near which place the

skipper had promised to be in readiness with his bark ; but observe the disappointment.

In the interim (whilst Colonel Wyndham was gone back to Trent) it seems the rebels' proclamation for apprehending Charles Stuart (meaning, in their impudent phrase, our then gracious king), and prohibiting, for a certain time, the transportation of any person without a particular license, had been published in and about Lime ; and the skipper having acquainted his wife that he had agreed to transport two or three persons into France, whom he believed might be cavaliers, it seems the grey mare was the better horse, for she locked up her husband in his chamber, and would by no means permit him to go the voyage ; so that whilst Henry Peters staid on the beach most part of the night, his majesty and the rest of the company sate up in the inn, expecting news of the seaman with his boat, who never appeared.

The next morning, his majesty and attendants resolving to return to Trent, rode first to Brutepoort, in Dorsetshire, where he staid at an inn, whilst Henry Peters was sent back to Captain Elsdon, to see if there were any hope left of persuading the skipper, or rather of gaining leave of his wife, for him to undertake the voyage ; but all endeavours proved ineffectual, and by that time Harry returned,

the day was so far spent that his majesty could conveniently reach no farther that night than Broad-Windsor ; and (which added much to the danger) Colonel Heane (one of Cromwell's commanders) at this very time was marching rebels from several garrisons to Weymouth and other adjacent ports, in order to their being shipped, for the forcing the island of Jersey from his majesty's obedience, as they had done all the rest of his dominions ; so that the roads of this country were full of soldiers.

Broad-Windsor afforded but one inn, and that the George, a mean one too, and (which was worse) the best accommodations in it were, before his majesty's arrival, taken up by rebel soldiers, one of whose doxies was brought to bed in the house, which caused the constable and overseers for the poor of the parish to come thither at an unreasonable hour of the night, to take care that the brat might not be left to the charge of the parish ; so that his majesty, through this disturbance, went not to bed at all ; and we may safely conclude he took as little rest here as he did the night before at Charmouth. Thus were "the tribulations of David's heart enlarged," and he prayed, "Deliver me, O Lord, from my distresses."

His majesty having still thus miraculously escaped dangers which hourly environed him, returned safe

to Trent next morning, where, after some refreshment and rest taken, he was pleased to call my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Wyndham (the members of his little privy council) together, to consider what way was next to be attempted for his transportation.

After several proposals, it was at last resolved that my lord (attended and conducted by Henry Peters) should the next day be sent to Salisbury to Mr John Coventry (son to the late Lord Coventry, lord keeper of the great seal of England), who then lived in the close of that city, and was known to be both a prudent person and a perfect lover of his sovereign, as well to advise how to procure a bark for passing his majesty into France, as for providing some moneys for his present necessary occasions.

My lord, being arrived at Salisbury, dispatched Henry Peters back to Trent, with intimation of the good reception he found there; for Mr Coventry did not only furnish him with moneys, but was very solicitous for his majesty's safety; to which end he advised with Dr Humphrey Henchman, a worthy divine, who, since his majesty's happy restoration, was with much merit advanced to the episcopal see of Salisbury.

The result of these two loyal persons' consultation was, that his majesty should be desired to

remove to Hele (which lay about three miles north-east of Salisbury), the dwelling-house of Mrs Mary Hyde, the relict of Laurence Hyde, Esq., eldest brother to Hon. Sir Robert Hyde, one of the justices of his majesty's Court of Common Pleas, whom they knew to be both as discreet and as loyal as any of her sex.

With this resolution and advice, Mr Coventry dispatched his chaplain, Mr John Selleck, to Trent, with a letter, rolled up into the bigness of a musket bullet, which the faithful messenger had order to swallow down his throat in case of any danger.

Meantime Mr Coventry had found out a trusty seaman at Southampton, who undertook to transport whom he pleased ; but on second thoughts and advice had with my Lord Wilmot, it was not held safe for his majesty to take shipping there, in regard of the so many castles by which the ships pass that are outward-bound, and the often examination of the passengers in them ; so that some of the small ports of Sussex were concluded to be the safer places for effecting this great work of his majesty's delivery from the hands of such unparalleled rebels, who even ravenously thirsted after royal blood.

In the interim Mr Selleck returned with his majesty's resolution to come to Hele, signified by a like paper bullet ; and by this time his majesty thought

fit to admit of the service and assistance of Colonel Robert Philips (grandson to the famed Sir Edward Philips, late master of the rolls), who lived in those parts, and was well acquainted with the ways of the country, and known to be as faithful as loyalty could make him. This colonel undertook to be his majesty's conductor to Hele, which was near thirty miles distant from Trent.

During his majesty's stay at Trent (which was about a fortnight), he was, for his own security, forced to confine himself to the voluntary imprisonment of his chamber, which was happily accommodated (in case the rebels had searched the house) with an old well-contrived secret place, long before made (for a shelter against the inquisition of pursuivants) by some of the ancient family of the Gerhards, Colonel Wyndham's lady's ancestors, who were recusants, and had formerly been owners of that house.

His majesty's meat was likewise (to prevent the danger of a discovery) for the most part dressed in his own chamber, the cookery whereof served him for some divertisement of the time ; and it is a great truth if we say, there was no cost spared, nor care wanting in the colonel, for the entertainment and preservation of his royal guest.

On the 3d of October, his majesty (having given

Colonel Wyndham particular thanks for his great care and fidelity towards him) left Trent, and began his journey with Colonel Philips, and personating a tenant's son of his, towards Hele, attended by Henry Peters (afterwards yeoman of the field to his majesty), and riding before Mrs Cunningsby. The travellers passed by Wincanton, and near the midst of that day's journey arrived at Mere, a little market town in Wiltshire, and dined at the George inn; the hoast, Mr Christopher Philips, whom the colonel knew to be perfectly honest.

The hoast sate at the table with his majesty, and administered matters of discourse, told the colonel, for news, that he heard the men of Westminster (meaning the rebels), notwithstanding their victory at Worcester, were in a great maze, not knowing what was become of the king; but (says he) it is the most received opinion that he is come in a disguise to London, and many houses have been searched for him there: at which his majesty was observed to smile.

After dinner, mine hoast familiarly asked the king "if he were a friend to Cæsar?" to which his majesty answered, "Yes." "Then," said he, "here's a health to King Charles," in a glass of wine, which his majesty and the colonel both pledged; and that evening arrived in safety at Hele. And his majesty, since his happy return, has been pleased

to ask, "What was become of his honest hoast at Mere?"

In the mean time the Lord Wilmot (who took up the borrowed name of Mr Barlow) rode to such gentlemen of his acquaintance in Hampshire, whom he knew to be faithful subjects, to seek means for (what he so much desired) the transportation of his majesty; and first repaired to Mr Laurence Hyde (a name as faithful as fortunate in his majesty's service), at his house at Hinton d'Aubigny, near Catharington, then to Mr Thomas Henslow, at Burhant, in the same county, to whom (as persons of known fidelity) my lord communicated his weighty business, and desired their assistance for procuring a bark for his majesty's transportation.

Mr Henslow (in zeal to this service) immediately acquainted the Earl of Southampton (then at his house at Titchfield, and afterwards with much merit dignified with the great office of lord high treasurer of England) with this most important affair, my Lord Wilmot judging it fitter for Mr Henslow (his neighbour) to do it, than for himself, in those circumstances, to appear at my lord's house, whose eminent fidelity and singular prudence, in the conduct of even the greatest affairs of state, being known both to them and all the world, and his great power and command at Bewly Haven, and the maritime parts of Hampshire, esteemed very

favourable for their design, wherein his lordship was extremely active and solicitous.

Besides this, Mr Laurence Hyde recommended my Lord Wilmot to Colonel George Gunter, who lived at Rackton, near Chichester, in Sussex, and was known to be both faithful and active, not unlike to be successful in this service, to whom therefore my lord hasted, and lay at Rackton one night, where he imparted his great solicitation to the colonel and his kinsman, Mr Thos. Gunter, who was then accidentally there.

All these persons had the like instructions from my lord, which made a deep impression on their loyal hearts, and excited them to use their utmost endeavours by several ways and means to procure the Noah's ark, which might at last secure his majesty from the great inundation of rebellion and treason which then did overspread the face of his whole dominions.

But to return to my humble observance of his majesty at Hele, where Mrs Hyde was so transported with joy and loyalty towards him, that at supper, though his majesty was set at the lower end of the table, yet the good gentlewoman had much ado to overcome herself, and not to carve to him first ; however she could not refrain from drinking to him in a glass of wine, and giving him two larks, when others had but one.

After supper, Mr Frederick Hyde (brother-in-law to the widow, who was then at Hele, and since created serjeant-at-law) discoursed with his majesty upon various subjects, not suspecting who he was, but wondered to receive such rational discourse from a person whose habit spoke him but of mean degree ; and when his majesty was brought to his chamber, Dr Henchman attended him there, and had a long and private communication with him.

Next day it was thought fit, to prevent the danger of any discovery, or even suspicion in the house, that in regard his majesty might possibly stay there some days before the conveniency of a transportation could be found out, he should that day publickly take his leave, and ride about two miles from the house, and then be privately brought in again the same evening, when all the servants were at supper ; which was accordingly performed, and after that time his majesty appeared no more at Hele in publick, but had meat brought him privately to his chamber, and was attended by the good widow with much care and observance.

Now among the many faithful solicitors for this long-expected bark, Colonel Gunter happened to be the lucky man who first procured it at Brighthemston, in Sussex, by the assistance of Mr Francis Mansel, merchant of Chichester, and the concurrent endeavours of Mr Thos. Gunter ; and on Saturday night,

the 11th of October, he brought the happy tidings to my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips, who then lay, the one at Mr Laurence Hyde's, the other at Mr Anthony Brown's house, his neighbour and tenant.

The next morning, being Sunday, Colonel Philips was dispatched to Hele with the much-desired news, and with instructions to attend his majesty on Monday to the Downs, called Old Winchester, near Warnford.

Early in the morning his majesty was privately conveyed from Hele, and went on foot at least two miles to Clarendon Park Corner, attended by Dr Henchman, then took horse with Colonel Philips ; and at the appointed time and place, the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, and Mr Thomas Gunter, met his majesty, with a brace of greyhounds, the better to carry on the disguise.

That night, though both Mr Laurence Hyde and Mr Henslow had each of them provided a secure lodging for his majesty, by the Lord Wilmot's order, yet it was judged fittest by Colonel Gunter, and accordingly agreed unto by my lord, that his majesty should lodge at Mr Thomas Symons's house at Hambledon, in Hampshire, who married the colonel's sister, in regard the colonel knew them to be very faithful, but chiefly because it lay more directly in the way from Hele to Brighthemston ; and accord-

ingly Colonel Gunter attended his majesty to his sister's house that night, who provided a good supper for them, though she had not the least suspicion or intimation of his majesty's presence among them.

The king and his small retinue arriving in safety at Mrs Symons's house on Munday night the 13th of October, were heartily welcomed by Mrs Symons, for her husband was not then at home ; but by that time they had sup'd, in comes Mr Symons, who wondering to see so many strangers in his house, was assured by his brother Gunter that they were all honest gentlemen ; yet, at first interview, he much suspected Mr Jackson to be a roundhead, observing how little hair William Penderel's scissers had left him ; but at last being fully satisfied they were all cavaliers, he soon laid open his heart, and thought nothing too good for them, was sorry his beer was no stronger, and, to encourage it, fetched down a bottle of strong water, and, mixing it with the beer, drank a cheerful cup to Mr Jackson, calling him "brother roundhead," whom his majesty pledged ; who was here observed to be cloathed in a short juppa of a sad-coloured cloth, and his breeches of another species, with a black hat, and without cuffs, somewhat like the meaner sort of country gentlemen.

Mr Symons, in the time of entertaining his

guests, did by chance let fall an oath, for which Mr Jackson took occasion modestly to reprove him.*

His majesty, thus resting himself Munday night at Hambledon, early on Tuesday morning (October the 14th) prepared for his journey to Brighthemston, distant about thirty-five miles from thence. But (having then no further use for Colonel Philips) dismissed him with thanks for his fidelity and service, in this most secret and important affair; and then, having also bidden farewell to Mr Symons and his wife, took horse, attended by my Lord Wilmot and his man, Colonel Gunter, and Mr Thomas Gunter.

When they came near the Lord Lumley's house at Sanstead, in Sussex, it was considered that the greatness of the number of horse might possibly raise some suspicion of them : Mr Thomas Gunter

* "Fye, Sir, that is an escape !" said Charles, who, according to Gunter, seems to have had some difficulty in avoiding intoxication from the convivial importunities of his host, and to have only escaped by taking advantage of his looking another way to hand his glass to the others. Mr Symons appears to have been well pleased at last to get "the roundhead" off to bed, in order to enjoy his bottle with his brother-in-law, freed from the restraint of his presence. Wilmot and Gunter afterwards continued drinking with him to a late hour, while Philips attended the king in his chamber. The colonel gives Charles great credit for the way in which he sustained the character of a puritan.

was therefore dismissed with thanks for the service he had done, and his majesty held on his journey without any stay ; and being come to Bramber, within seven miles of the desired port, met there some of Colonel Herbert Morley's soldiers, who yet did neither examine, nor had they, as far as could be discerned, the least suspicion of the royal passengers, who arrived at last at the George inn in Brighthemston, where Mr Francis Mansel, who assisted Colonel Gunter in this happy service, had agreed to meet him.

At supper Mr Mansel sate at the upper end of the table, and Mr Jackson (for that name his majesty still retained) at the lower end. The innkeeper's name was Smith, and had formerly been related to the court, so that he suspected Mr Jackson to be whom he really was ; which his majesty understanding, he discoursed with his hoast after supper, whereby his loyalty was confirmed, and the man proved faithful.

The next morning, being Wednesday, October the 15th (the same day on which the noble Earl of Derby became a royal martyr at Boulton), his majesty, having given particular thanks to Colonel Gunter for his great care, pains, and fidelity towards him, took shipping with the Lord Wilmot in the bark which lay in readiness for him at that harbour, and whereof Mr Nicholas Tetersal was

owner ; and the next day, with an auspicious gale of wind, landed safely at Fecam, near Havre de Grace, in Normandy ; where his majesty might happily say with David, "Thou has delivered me from the violent man ; therefore will I sing praises to thy name, O Lord."

This very bark, after his majesty's happy re-stauration, was by Captain Tetersal brought into the river Thames, and lay some months at anchor before Whitehall, to renew the memory of the happy service it had performed.

His majesty, having nobly rewarded Captain Tetersal in gold for his transportation, lodged this night at an inn in Fecam, and the next day rode to Roan, still attended by the faithful Lord Wilmot, where he continued incognito several days at Mr Scot's house, since created baronet, till he had sent an express to the queen, his royal mother, who had been long solieitous to hear of his safety, and the court of France, intimating his safe arrival there, and had quitted his disguised habit for one more befitting the dignity of so great a king.

Upon the first intelligence of this welcome news, his highness the Duke of York sent his coach forthwith to attend his majesty at Roan, and the Lord Gerard, with others his majesty's servants, made all possible haste, with glad hearts, to perform their duty to him ; so that on the 29th of October his

majesty set forward towards Paris, lay that night at Fleury, about seven leagues from Roan ; the next morning his royal brother, the Duke of York, was ready to receive him at Magnie, and that evening his majesty was met at Mouceaux, a village near Paris, by the Queen of England, accompanied with her brother, the Duke of Orleans, and attended by a great number of coaches, and many both English and French lords and gentlemen on horseback, and was thus gladly conducted the same night, though somewhat late, to the Louvre at Paris, to the inexpressible joy of his dear mother the queen, his royal brother the Duke of York, and of all true hearts.

Here we must again, with greater reason, humbly contemplate the admirable providence of Almighty God, which certainly never appeared more miraculously than in this strange deliverance of his majesty from such an infinity of dangers, that history itself cannot produce a parallel, nor will posterity willingly believe it.

From the 3d of September at Worcester, to the 15th of October at Brithemston, being one and forty days, he passed through more dangers than he travelled miles, of which yet he traversed in that time only near three hundred (not to speak of his dangers at sea, both at his coming into Scotland, and his going out of England, nor of his long march from

Scotland to Worcester), sometimes on foot with uneasy shoes ; at other times on horseback, encumbered with a portmanteau ; and which was worse, at another time on the gall-backed, slow-paced miller's horse ; sometime acting one disguise in coarse linnen and a leather doublet, sometimes another of almost as bad a complexion ; one day he is forced to sculk in a barn at Madeley, another day sits with Colonel Carlos in a tree, with his feet extreamly galled, and at night glad to lodge with William Penderel in a secret place at Boscobel, which never was intended for the dormitory of a king.

Sometimes he was forced to shift with coarse fare for a bellyful ; another time in a wood, glad to relieve the necessities of nature with a mess of milk, served up in an homely dish by good-wife Yates, a poor country woman ; then again, for a variety of tribulation, when he thought himself almost out of danger, he directly meets some of those rebels who so greedily sought his blood, yet, by God's great providence, had not the power to discover him ; and (which is more than has yet been mentioned) he sent at another time to some subjects for relief and assistance in his great necessity, who out of a pusillanimous fear of the bloody arch-rebel then reigning durst not own him.

Besides all this 'twas not the least of his afflictions daily to hear the Earl of Derby, and other his loyal

subjects, some murdered, some imprisoned, and others sequestered in heaps, by the same bloody usurper, only for performing their duty to their lawful king. In a word, there was no kind of misery (but death itself) of which his majesty, in this horrible persecution, did not in some measure, both in body, mind, and estate, bear a very great share ; yet such was his invincible patience in this time of tryal, such his fortitude, that he overcame them all with such pious advantage to himself, that their memory is now sweet, and “ it was good for him that he had been afflicted.”

Of these his majesty's sufferings and forced extermination from his own dominions, England's great chancellor* thus excellently descants :

“ We may tell those desperate wretches, who yet harbour in their thoughts wicked designs against the sacred person of the king, in order to the compassing their own imaginations, that God Almighty would not have led him through so many wildernesses of afflictions of all kinds, conducted him through so many perils by sea, and perils by land, snatched him out of the midst of this kingdom when it was not worthy of him, and when the hands of his enemies were even upon him, when they thought themselves so sure of him, that they would bid so cheap and so vile a

* Edward, Earl of Clarendon. See p. 291 of the Appendix to his lordship's “ History of the Grand Rebellion.”

price for him. He would not in that article have so covered him with a cloud, that he travelled even with some pleasure and great observation through the midst of his enemies : He would not so wonderfully have new modelled that army ; so inspired their hearts, and the hearts of the whole nation, with an honest and impatient longing for the return of their dear sovereign, and in the mean time have exercised him (which had little less of providence in it than the other) with those unnatural, or at least unusual, disrespects and reproaches abroad, that he might have a harmless and an innocent appetite to his own country, and return to his own people, with a full value, and the whole unwasted bulk of his affections, without being corrupted or byassed by extraordinary foreign obligations : God Almighty would not have done all this but for a servant whom he will always preserve as the apple of his own eye, and always defend from the most secret machinations of his enemies."

Thus the best and happiest of orators.

Some may haply here expect I should have continued the particulars of this history to the time of his majesty's happy restauration, by giving an account of the reception his majesty found from the several princes beyond the seas, during his exile, and of his evenness of mind and prudent deportment towards

them upon all occasions : but that was clearly beyond the scope of my intention, which aimed only to write the wonderful history of a great and good king, violently pursued in his own dominions by the worst of rebels, and miraculously preserved, under God, by the best of subjects.

In other countries, of which his majesty traversed not a few, he found kindness and a just compassion of his adversity from many, and from some a neglect and disregard ; yet, in all the almost nine years abroad, I have not heard of any passage that approached the degree of a miracle like that at home ; therefore I may, with faith to my own intentions, not improperly make a silent transition from his majesty's arrival at Paris, on the 13th day of October 1651, to his return to London on the 29th of May 1660 ; and, with a *Te Deum laudamus*, sum up all, and say with the prophet : " My lord the king has come again in peace to his own house."* " And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king !"†

* 2 Sam. xix. 30.

† 1 Sam. xx. 24.

MR WHITGREAVE'S NARRATIVE.

KING CHARLES the Second coming from Worcester fight, being Wednesday, Sept. 3, 1651, about sun rising next morning, being Thursday, by the conduct of Mr Charles Giffard and his man Yates, arrived at White Ladyes, where, as soon as might bee, he was divested of his apparell, his hayr cut off, and habited like a country fellow ; which being done, haveing taken leave of the lords who attended him, was committed to the charge of the Pendrells. The lords, &c. then most of them fled after the flying armye towards Newport, and so northwards. The Lord Willmot was resolved to fly counter towards London, and by the guidance of John Pendrell gott to Mr Huntbaches of Brinsford, from whence he sent the said Pendrell to Wolverhampton and all his acquaintance thereabouts, to gett some azilum for him ; but not prevayling, as he was returning back, hee met with Mr Huddleston (whom he had seen formerly at White Ladyes), with young Sir John Preston, to whose custody he was committed by Mrs Morgan of Weston, grandmother to him, and sent to

my mother's to table, for fear Pym should seize him going there, by the name of Jackson ; for whose companions Mr Huddleston was pleased to admitt Mr Francis Raynolds and Mr Tho. Palin, both nephews of mine, and to teach them with him, and asked him what news he heard, who answered, None but very good ; which was, the king had gott the day at Worcester. But Pendrell answered, 'Tis clean contrarie ; and then related to him the sad news of his majesties defeat att Worcester the day before ; and how that morning earlie, the king came to White Ladyes, and was with some of his brothers in disguise, and that my Lord of Cleveland ; but indeed Willmott hee left att the said Huntbaches, and was by him sent to Hampton, and to all his acquaintance thereabout, to gett some secrett place to secure him, which not being able to do, he asked Mr Huddleston whether his landlord, being myself, would do him the favour to secure him ; who replied, I will take you to him, and you shall see ; upon their arrivall, Mr Huddleston told me all the sad news, and his buisiness with me, whereupon I said I would with speed wait on his lordship, which I did accordingly ; and when there, Mr Huntbach brought mee to his chamber, whom, after I had condoled his majesties and all his friends sad misfortunes, I told him I feared not to secure his lordship if I could gett privately to my house, which I thought

the best way was for mee to wish Mr Huntbach to bring him a by-way to a close of mine, called the Moore, about midnight, whereatt thatt tyme I would wait for him, and take him to a friend's house not far of, wheare I feard not his securitie (to conceal from Mr Huntbach my taking him home), where accordingly I wayted for their comeing 2 or 3 howers; and then supposing they had steared some other course, I returned home, where I found my Lord Willmott arrived, being conducted by the said Huntbach another way along the publick ways and lanes, which when my lord understood, he was much troubled. The next morning I sent a messenger well known to Colonel Lane to acquaint him that my lord was with mee; but I had no conveniency for his horses, my howse lying to the open roade and an howse over against itt, and therefore I desired him to entertain them (they being that night all att one Evans' house, a poor man, nigh Mr Huntbach), myself being better able to secure my lord than them, who seemed very willing, and bidd the messenger bring them, and that att night he would himself wait on his lordship, and that I should about midnight expect his comeing into a close called Allport's Leasow, wherein was a great drie pitt, covered with many trees, where the colonel accordingly came; and having tied his horse in the said pitt, I brought him through my backside to my lord's chamber, who

when they saw each other, they renewed their former acquaintance, the colonel formerly having served in my lord's brigade. The colonel then invited my lord to his house as far more safe, myself, as hee stiled mee a papist, and more liable to searches ; besides, his sister the Lady Jane had newlie gott a pass from Captain Stone, governor of Stafford, for herself and a man to go into the west, which might be a convenient opportunity for his passage away. But the day before, I haveing shown his lordship a privacie in my house, formerly made in tymes of persecution, and in which, after the late unfortunate warre, I secured myself against the violent strict search of Captain Stone's troop, his lordship so approved of itt for his securitie, that he wisht 100,000 friends of his were with him ; gave the colonel many thanks for his kind offer, but for the present said hee was well pleased and satisfied with his present quarters, but desired him to keep the opportunity of his sister's pass, and his horses, till he heard from him again, and so took leave of him, and I conducted back to his horses. This morning being Friday, Jo. Pendrell came to my lord, and staid all day with him, who att night sent him to White Ladyes, to enquire what was become of the king ; who returned, and said he went from thence the night before to Madeley in Shropshire, with a design to gett over Severn, and so to steer for Wales (but

Severn was so guarded he could not pass, but was forct to stay there all that night and next day* in a barn of Mr Woolf's) ; of whose removal, as soon as my lord heard, he resolved speedily to remove to Colonel Lane's, and wisht mee to send to him to have his horses sent for him that night, which I did, and they came accordingly ; and so, after many thanks for all my care and kind entertainment, haveing dismissed Jo. Pendrell, hee went, and safelie arrived at the colonel's the next morning. Mr Huddleston and myself were walking in the long walk, and concluding in the afternoon to go to White Ladyes to receave a perfect relation of all the transactions there, where unexpectedly wee saw Jo. Pendrell comeing to us and asking us where my lord was ; wee telling him he was gone from hence, hee replied, Wee then are all undone, for att my return yesterday, there being no passage over Severn, the king was forct on Friday night to come back to Boscobell, and there mett with Colonel Carelos, and that they had no entertainment for him, neither knew they how to dispose of him, who grew very melancholly upon itt : but hearing by mee that I left my lord here, hee sent mee to his lordship to gett a place for his security with him here.† Whereupon Mr Huddleston and myself went with

* Saturday—Sunday.

† Sunday.

Pendrell to the colonel, hee being a stranger to him, and we durst not write by him ; where I being arrived, acquainted the colonel that Pendrell came to us from some person of eminent qualitie, whose name he was not to discover, to bring him to my lord ; and therefore I came with him myself, that hee should not be afraid to give admittance, whereupon the colonel immediatlie took him to my lord, who, after some private conference and directions for Mr Huddleston and myself, hee sent him to us, to return with speed, and in the way homewards to acquaint us the person hee came from was the king, which his lordship till then never discovered ; and that hee desired myself to attend his comeing that night, about an eleaven of clock, att his usuall pitt in Alport's Leasow ; and that Mr Huddleston and self should appoint a place in my ground, whether he and his brothers should bring the king, about twelve or one of clock that night, which we accordingly did and Pendrell speedily sent away to acquaint his majestie. Att night, Mr Huddleston and self, as soon as all the familie was gone to bedd, went to our severall stands, hee to a close called the Moore, and myself to the usual drie pitt. My lord came punctually according to his howre, whom I brought up to his chamber, and after the time prefixed, hee wisht me to go to Mr Huddleston, to see if they were come with his friend, as hee called him ; but I returning

and telling him they were not, hee seemed much troubled and apprehensive of his miscarriage ; then after a little while he wisht mee to go again, and to stay in the orchard expecting them, where, after a while, I saw them comeing up the long walke, which I speedily acquainted his lordship with, who wished mee to stay att the orchard door, and to show him the way to the stayrs, where my lord expected him with a light. When hee came to the door with the Pendrells guarding him, he was so habitted like one of them, that I could not tell which was hee, only I knew all the rest ; I could scarce putt off my hatt to him, but hee discovering by the light the stayrs, ymediatlie went to them, where his lordship expected him, and took him up to his chamber ; then I took the Pendrells into the buttry to eate and drink, that I might dispatch them away, and secure the house ; but 'ere they had done, my lord sent Mr Huddleston down to mee, desireing mee to come up, which accordingly I did, and comeing att the chamber door, his majestie and my lord being both at a cupboard's head nigh to itt, talking, his lordship said to mee, This gentleman under disguise, whom I have hitherto concealed, is both your maister, mine, and the maister of us all, to whom wee all owe our duty and allegiance ; and so, kneeling down, he gave me his hand to kiss, and bidd me arise, and said he had receaved from my lord such a character of my

loyaltie and readines in those dangers to assist him and his friends, that hee would never bee unmindful of me or mine ; and the next word after was, where is the private place my lord tells me of ? which being already prepared and showed him, hee went into itt, and when come forth, said it was the best place hee was ever in. Then hee returning to his chamber, sitting down by the fire side, wee pulled off his shoes and stockings, and washed his feet, which were most sadly galled, and then pulled off likewise his apparell and shirt, which was of hurdencloth, and put him one of Mr Huddleston's, and other apparell of ours ; then after he had refreshed himself a little by eating some biskett, and drinking a glass of wine, he grew very chearful, and said, if it would please Almighty God to send him once more an army of 10,000 good and loyall soldiers and subjects, he feared not to expell all those rogues forth of his kingdom : then after an howre's discourse, or more, he was desirous to repose himself on a bedd that night.* The next day, the servants were sent all forth to work, only the cook maid, a Catholike, kept within to get provisions, as pretended, for a relation of Mr Huddleston's, who fled to him from Worcester fight, neither she, nor Mr Huddleston's schollars admitted to his sight, nor having the least suspect who hee was, the boys hav-

* Sunday night.

ing, during his stay, liberty to play, and to watch who were comeing, whereupon Sir Jo. Preston one night att supper with the other boys said, Eate hard boys, for wee have been on the life-guard and hard duty this day* (more trulie spoken than hee was aware). In the morning my lord took my mother to his majestie, and acquainted him who shee was, who kneeling down to kiss hand, he most gratically saluted, and when she had brought up dinner, would have had her sitt down with him, Mr Huddleston and myself wayting. In the afternoon I was sent to Hampton, to enquire after news, and at my return wisht by my lord to send for his horses that night from Colonel Lane's, which I did accordingly, and he returned with them. All that night his majestie lay on his bed, Mr Huddleston watching within, and myself without doors. The next morning† my studie door being open, his majestie ~~was~~ pleased, with Mr Huddleston and self to go into itt, and for diversion to look forth of it into the court and common roade, where he saw many of his soldiers, and some of his own regiment, which he knew, come up to the doors, some for provisions, and others for plaisters for their wounds. There he told us of the Scotts usage, and of his march from thence to Worcester, and of the fight there, and enquired of us

* Monday.

† Tuesday.

how this country and the gentry stood affected, and who were against him : then, looking upon severall books, he saw Mr Turbervill's Catechisme, and read a little of itt, said itt was a pretty book, and that hee would take itt with him. In the afternoon, reposing himself on his bed in the parlour chamber, and inclineing to sleep, as I was watching at the window, one of the neighbours I saw come running in, who told the maid soldiers were comeing to search, who, thereupon, presentlie came running to the staires head, and cried, Soldiers, soldiers are comeing ; which his majestie hearing, presentlie started out of his bedd and run to his privacie, where I secured him the best I could, and then leaving him, went forth into the street to meet the soldiers who were comeing to search, who as soon as they saw, and knew who I was, were readie to pull mee in pieces, and take me away with them, saying I was come from the Worcester fight ; but after much dispute with them, and by the neighbours being informed of their false information, that I was not there, being very ill a great while, they let mee goe ; but till I saw them clearly all gone forth of the town, I returned not ; but as soon as they were, I returned to release him, and did acquaint him with my stay, which hee thought long, and then hee began to bee very chearful again. In the interim, whilst I was disputing with soldiers, one of them called Southall came in the ffould, and

asked a smith, as hee was shooin horses there, if he could tell where the king was, and he should have a thousand pounds for his payns, as the smith called Holbeard since severall times hath told mee and others. This Southall was the great priest-catcher, and Captain Lane's and Mr Vernon's true cavalier in the plotting time. That afternoon my lord sent word he would send Colonel Lane with an horse for the king about midnight,* and that I must expect him att the usuall place. At night, his majestie wisht Mr Huddleston to show him our oratory, saying hee knew hee was a priest, and hee needed not fear to own itt to him, for if it pleased God to restore him to his kingdom, we should never need more privacies ; who having seen itt, said itt was a very decent place. Afterwards I went to the colonel, and took a nephew, Mr̃ Fra. Reynolds, with mee, to hold the horses whilst the colonel went up to the house with me, who arriving, I brought him to the orchard stile, where he would stay and expect till we brought his majestie to him ; of which, I acquainting his majestie, he sent mee for my mother to come to take leave of him ; who, bringing with her some raysings, almonds, and other sweet meats, which shee presenting to him, some whereof hee was pleased to eat, and some took with him ; afterwards,

* Tuesday.

wee all kneeling down, and praying Almighty God to bless, prosper, and preserve him, hee was pleased to salute my mother, and give her thanks for his kind entertainment, and then giving his hand to Mr Huddleston and myself to kiss, saying if itt pleased God to restore him, hee would never be unmindful of us, hee took leave and went, conducted with Mr Huddleston and self to the colonel, and thence to his horses expecting him, where, he having gott on horseback, wee kneeled, and kiss his hand again, offering all our prayers for his saftie and preservation, Mr Huddleston putting on him a cloak of his to keep him from cold and wett, which, afterwards, by the colonel's order, was sent to mee, wee took leave.

LETTER OF MR WILLIAM ELLEDSON *

TO

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.

FROM THE OXFORD FOLIO EDITION OF THE CLARENDON
STATE PAPERS, 1773.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Humbly conceiving that a compleat and perfect narration of the many and great dangers, and the as many and signal deliverances which his sacred majesty met withal after that fatal rout at Worcester, until his majesty's happy arrival at the port of safety which Almighty God, his gracious and merciful preserver, had designed for him, cannot but be very acceptable to all good Christians and loyal hearts, as being a work so much conducing to the glory of God, and the honour and renown of our most dread sovereign,

* Note in the Oxford edition :—In the History of the Rebellion the name is written Ellison. It is thought fit to place this letter here, though it appears by the superscription to have been written after the Restoration.

and withal observing too great a defectiveness in those narratives on the subject that I have hitherto seen, as to some of those eminent deliverances which God was pleased mercifully to vouchsafe his majesty in the west ; to the intent that, if God shall stir up the heart of any learned and able historian to give a full and true account of those remarkable passages of Providence to the world, I may contribute my mite to such a noble and desirable undertaking ; I have now (upon presumption of your lordship's favourable acceptance) taken upon me the boldness to present unto your lordship a brief account of those memorable passages in this kind, which myself (as having been agent in them) had the honour and the happiness to be acquainted with ; the which your lordship may be pleased to take as followeth.

After that his majesty was disappointed of his hopes of embarking at Bristol (of which your lordship may inform yourself in that account which a person of quality hath given the world, in his book stiled *The History of his Sacred Majesty Charles the Second*, printed at London, anno 1660, page 125), his majesty desired to be brought some miles westward, to the house of a worthy gentleman, whom he knew to be a trusty friend ; and accordingly, his majesty being conveyed to the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham of Trent, in Somerset, advice was had about preparation of a

passage for his majesty in some western port. In prosecution of which, myself being looked upon as person that might be confided in, and in a capacity of serving his majesty in order to his transportation (having not long before been instrumental in getting safe passage for Sir John, now Lord Berkeley), upon or about the 18th of September 1651, the aforesaid honourable and truly loyal gentleman, Colonel Francis Wyndham, came to me at my house at Lyme (where I then lived, looking upon it as some protection to me in those times to live in that town), when, after some other discourse had, and an engagement to secrecy passed betwixt us, he told me that the king had sent him to me, commanding me to procure him a vessel in order to his transportation into some part of France.

Being overjoyed to hear that my sovereign was so near me (as the colonel had informed me he was), and even ravished with content that an opportunity of expressing the loyalty of my heart to his most excellent majesty, so unexpectedly presented itself, I answered that I would with the utmost hazard of my person, and whatsoever else was dear unto me (as knowing myself by all obligations, both sacred and civil, thereunto obliged), strenuously endeavour the execution of his majesty's both just and reasonable commands in this particular ; being verily persuaded, that either God would preserve me from, or

else support me in and under any sufferings for so good a cause. Accordingly, I immediately sent one to the custom-house to make enquiry who had entered his vessel as bound for France. News was brought me that one S. L. of Charmouth had lately entered his bark, and intended a speedy voyage for St Malo.

Not only myself, but also Colonel Wyndham was much affected with these tidings ; I having told him that I had an interest in the master (he being my tenant), and that he had ever the repute of being well affected to his majesty. Upon these encouragements, we (resolving to lose no time) rode to Charmouth by the seaside, to confer with the master, which way I the rather made choice of, that in our passage there I might show the colonel what place I judged most convenient for his majesty to take boat in (in case we could work the master to a compliance), in order to his embarking; and, indeed, a more commodious place for such a design could hardly be found, it lying upon the shore a quarter of a mile from any house, and from any horse or footpath. The colonel being fully satisfied of the conveniency of the place, we rode into the town, and immediately sent for the master, who being very happily at home, presently repaired to us at the inn.

Friendly salutations and some endearing compliments being premised (and a name that was not

his own being by me, in the hearing of the master, given to the colonel, in the way of disguise), I told him that the end of our sending for him was to procure passage for a friend of mine and this gentleman's, who had a finger in the pye at Worcester. The man being startled at this proposition (as apprehending more than ordinary danger in such an undertaking), we were necessitated to use many arguments for the removal of his fears, which we so happily managed, that in a little time we saw the effect of them by his chearful undertaking the business. Wherefore, an ample reward being engaged for on our part, he promised speedily to prepare his vessel, and hale her out of the cob the Monday following, and about midnight to send his boat to the place appointed for the taking in of the passenger, and then immediately to put off to sea (in case the winds were favourable). Thus far we were agreed; and in all our discourse, there was no enquiry made by the master, nor any the least intimation given by us, who this passenger might be, whose quality we purposely concealed, lest the hopes of gaining £1000 (the promised reward of the highest treason) might prove a temptation too strong for the master to grapple with.

Having thus far successfully proceeded in our business, we returned to Lyme. And the next day (being Friday), Colonel Wyndham resolved upon

returning to his house at Trent with these hopeful tidings to his majesty. I bore him company part of his journey, and chose the land road from Lyme to Charmouth, that upon the top of a hill, situate in our way betwixt these two towns, upon a second view he might be the more perfectly acquainted with the way that leads from Charmouth to the place appointed for his majesty's taking boat; it being judged most convenient, upon several accounts, that the colonel, and not myself, should be his majesty's conductor thither. Here calling to mind that on Monday (the day appointed for his majesty's embarking) a fair was to be held at Lyme, and withal doubting lest upon that account (through the nearness of the place), our inn in Charmouth might be filled with other guests, we sent down one Harry Peters, then a servant of the colonel's (who yet was not with us the day before), with instructions, by an earnest of five shillings to secure the two best rooms in the inn against his majesty's coming; who told the hostess (to take off suspicion) this fair tale: That there was a young man to come thither the next Monday, that had stolen a gentlewoman to marry her, and (fearing lest they should be followed and hindered) that he desired to have the house and stables at liberty to depart at whatsoever hour of the night he should think fittest.

This message being performed, the rooms made

sure of, and the servant returned, I then showed the colonel a country house of my father's, distant both from Lyme and Charmouth about a mile and a half, which (for the privacy of it) we determined should be the place whither his majesty, with the Lord Wilmot, who then waited upon him, should repair on Monday next, that I might then and there give his majesty a farther account of what had passed in the interim between myself and the master.

And now being abundantly satisfied and exhilarated in the review of the happy progress we had thus far made, with most affectionate embraces the noble colonel and myself parted ; he returning to his house to wait upon his majesty, and myself towards mine, vigorously to prosecute what yet remained on my part to be done with the master, in order to the compleating of this work thus happily begun ; in the performance of which, that I might approve myself faithful, I the same day, and the day following, and also on the Monday after, having diligently sought out the master, moved and pressed him so earnestly to the punctual performance of his passed promise, that he seemed discontented at my importunity, as betraying in me a suspicion of his fidelity. A little to allay his passion, I told him I was assured that the gentleman, my friend, would be at Charmouth on Monday, and that if he were not ready to transport him, it might prove an un-

doing both to my friend and me. Whereupon, to vindicate himself, he told me that he had taken in his ballast, that he had victualled himself, and haled out his vessel to the cob's mouth, for fear of being beneaped, because the tides at that time were at the lowest.

Being well satisfied with this answer, I left him (after that I had given him instructions how to prevent any jealousies that might arise in the breasts of the mariners concerning the persons to be transported), and immediately went to the aforesaid country house of my father's, whither when I was come (and perceived that I was the first comer), that I might also erect a blind before the tenant's eyes, I demanded of him whither the London carrier had passed that day or not ; telling him, withal, that I expected two or three friends, who promised to meet me there about the time of the carrier's passing that way.

His answer to me was but little to the purpose ; but in half an hour after my arrival there, came the king, with Mrs Julian Coningsby, a kinswoman of the colonel's, who rode behind him, the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Wyndham, and his man Peters, attending on him. After their coming in, I took the first opportunity to acquaint his majesty with what had passed betwixt myself and the master after Colonel Wyndham's departure from me. The result of all

which was this, that the master had assured me that all things were in a readiness for the intended voyage, and that (according to the instructions given him) he had possessed the seamen with a belief that one of the passengers—viz. my Lord Wilmot—was a merchant, by name Mr Payne; and the other, meaning the king, was his servant. That the reason of Mr Payne's taking ship at Charmouth at such an unseasonable hour, and not at Lyme, was because that, being a town corporate, he feared an arrest, his factor in St Malo having broken him in his estate by his unfaithfulness to him; and that therefore he was necessitated with this his servant speedily and privately to transport himself to St Malo aforesaid, in order to the recovery of such goods of his as by his said factor were detained from him; the sending of which goods at several times this servant of his could sufficiently testify and prove. This I the rather acquainted his majesty and the Lord Wilmot with, that after their being shipped (the more to confirm the mariners), they might drop some discourses to this effect.

His majesty having showed his approbation of what I had done, was graciously pleased, as a testimony of his royal favour (which I have ever esteemed as a jewel of greatest worth), to bestow upon me a piece of gold, telling me that at present he had nothing to bestow upon me but that small

piece ; but that, if it ever should please God to restore him to his kingdoms, he would readily grant me whatsoever favour I might in reason petition him for.

Upon this his majesty, attended as is before expressed, rode towards Charmouth, commanding me to hasten to Lyme, and there to continue my care that all things might be performed according to his majesty's expectations and the master's promise. Accordingly, I made haste home, found out the master, acquainted him that my friend was now at Charmouth, and that I newly came from him. He replied, that he was glad of it, that he would presently repair to Charmouth to speak with him, and to tell him when he would come ashore for him ; which accordingly he did.

And thus far all things succeeded according to our best wishes, both the wind and tide seeming to be at strife which of them should most comply with our desires. But after all these fair hopes, and the great likelihood we had all conceived of his majesty's happy transportation, it pleased God Almighty, for the clearer manifestation of his infinitely glorious wisdom and powerful goodness in his majesty's preservation, suddenly to blast this design, and to cast his majesty upon new streights and dangers.

For the master, either through weakness of judg-

ment, or else in design to prevent a discovery, had utterly forborne to acquaint his wife with his intentions to go to sea, until it was almost time for him to go aboard. Whereupon he no sooner called for his chest, but his wife asked him why he would go to sea having no goods aboard. The master now thought himself necessitated to tell her Mr Ellesdon had provided him a fraught, which would be much more worth to him than if his ship were full loaden with goods, he being to transport a gentleman, a friend of his. His wife (having been at Lyme fair that day, and having heard the proclamation read, wherein £1000 was promised as a reward for the discovery of the king, and in which the danger of those also was represented that should conceal his majesty, or any of those that were engaged with him at Worcester, and apprehending that this gentleman might be one of the party) forthwith locked the doors upon him, and, by the help of her two daughters, kept him in by force, telling him that she and her children would not be undone for ever a landlord of them all ; and threatened him that, if he did but offer to stir out of doors, she would instantly go to Lyme, and give information both against him and his landlord to Captain Macy, who had then the command of a foot company there. Here the master showed his wisdom not a little by his peaceable behaviour ; for had he

striven in the least, it is more than probable his majesty and his attendants had been suddenly seized upon in the inn.

But I must needs awhile leave the master a prisoner in his own house, his wife and daughters being now become his keepers, whilst I render an account of the actings of Colonel Wyndham, who, with his man Peters, at the time appointed, went to the place agreed upon to expect the landing of the boat ; but no boat coming, after several hours waiting (because he saw the tide was spent), he resolves upon returning to the inn. In his way thither he discovers a man coming towards him, dogged at a small distance by two or three women. This, indeed, was the master of the vessel, who by this time had obtained liberty (yet still under the eyes of his over-jealous keepers) to walk towards the seaside, with an intention to make known to those that waited there for him the sad tidings of this unexpected disappointment, together with its causes. The colonel (when they met), though he conceived it might be the master, yet, being not certain of it, and seeing the women at his heels, passed him by without enquiring into the non-performance of his promise.

Your lordship may easily guess that this frustration of hopes was matter of trouble as well as admiration to his majesty. The issue of it was that

Peters, very early the Tuesday morning, was sent unto me to know the reason of it. He had no sooner delivered his message, but astonishment seized on me ; and the foresight of those sad consequences which I feared might be the fruits of this disaster, wrought in me such disquietment of mind, that (for the time) I think I scarcely sustained the like upon any occasion in all my life before, my confidence of his majesty's safe departure adding not a little to the weight of that load of sorrow, which afterwards lay so heavy upon me. The cause I plainly told him I was wholly ignorant of, except this were it, that in regard it was fair-day the master might not be able effectually to command his mariners out of the alehouses to their work, but promised speedily to search into it ; and upon after enquiry, I found it to be what I have before related.

But here (because I apprehended that delays might prove inauspicious) I presently dismissed the messenger with this my humble advice to his majesty, that his longer stay in Charmouth might endanger his discovery ; which had certainly proved the issue of it, had not God, the King of kings, graciously, and even miraculously, prevented it. For the hostess of the house, little thinking what manner of guests the chambers before spoken of had been secured for, had at that time admitted to be

her ostler one of Captain Macy's soldiers, a notorious knave ; who observing and taking notice that the colonel and his man went out so late at night towards the seaside, and that the rest of the company, during their absence, were more private than travellers are wont to be, and perhaps inspired and prompted by the devil, strongly suspected one of these guests to be the king, under the disguise of a woman's habit, and ceased not once and again to discover his jealousies unto his mistress.

But she (though, from the fellow's words, and the consideration of some circumstances which that night and some days before had occurred, she had some thoughts that it might be so, yet) detesting as much to lodge treason in her heart, as she would have been proud of entertaining the king in her house, very passionately rebuked the ostler for these insolencies, hoping by that means to put a stop to his (as she judged) treasonable projects.

Yet this her honest design wrought not the intended effect upon the heart of this her treacherous servant ; for the same morning, whilst Peters was with me at Lyme, he went to speak with the then parson of Charmouth, intending to communicate his suspicions to him ; but found no opportunity to speak with him, he being at that time engaged in prayer with his family.

Another remarkable passage we must of necessity

here insert, which was this : My Lord Wilmot's horse wanting a shoe, in Peters's absence, the ostler led him to one Hammet's, a smith, then living in Charmouth, who, viewing the remaining shoes, said : "This horse hath but three shoes on, and they were set in three several counties, and one of them in Worcestershire ;" which speech of his fully confirmed the ostler in his former opinion.

By this time Harry Peters, being returned from Lyme, and my Lord Wilmot's horse shod, upon the advertisement that was sent him, his majesty immediately departed towards Bridport, a town eastward of Charmouth, and about five miles distant from it.

The ostler, now that the birds had taken their flight, began to spread his net. For going a second time to the parson, he fully discovered his thoughts to him, and withal told him what the smith had said concerning my Lord Wilmot's horse. The parson thereupon hastens to the inn, and salutes the hostess in this manner : "Why how now, Margaret ? you are a maid of honour now." "What mean you by that, Mr Parson ?" quoth she. Said he, "Why Charles Stuart lay last night at your house, and kissed you at his departure ; so that now you can't but be a maid of honour." The woman began then to be very angry, and told him he was a scurvy-conditioned man to go about to bring her and her

house into trouble. "But," said she, "if I thought it was the king, as you say it was, I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life ; and so, Mr Parson, get you out of my house, or else I'll get those shall kick you out." I have presented this discourse in the interlocutor's own words, by this means to make it more pleasant to your lordship.

But, to return to the main intendment of this my narrative, I shall (before we come in our thoughts to attend his majesty in his journey eastwards) humbly beg of your lordship this favour, that your lordship would here be pleased seriously to admire with myself the goodness of Almighty God in infatuating this ostler, and the rest of his majesty's enemies in these parts.

First of all, the parson (being not a little nettled at the rude and sharp language the hostess gave him), taking Hammet the smith along with him, he speedily applied himself to the next justice of the peace, to inform him of the forementioned jealousies, together with the reasons of them ; and earnestly pressed him to raise the county by his warrants, in order to his majesty's apprehension. But he (as God was pleased to order it), thinking it very unlikely that the king should be in these parts, notwithstanding all the parson's bawling and the strong probabilities upon which their conjectures seemed to be grounded, utterly rejected his council, fearing

lest he should make himself ridiculous to all the country by such an undertaking.

As for the ostler, his imprudent managing his mischievous intention discovered itself two ways ; first, in his having recourse to the parson ; whereas, with greater likelihood of success, he might have taken the advice and assistance of his fellow-soldiers, three whereof, being very desperate enemies to his majesty, were at that time inhabitants of Charmouth, and his nearest neighbours. In the next place, his egregious folly was further manifested in his delaying to acquaint his captain at Lyme with his suspicions abovenamed until twelve of the clock that day ; for had it not been for this neglect of his, his majesty's escape would have been (in reason's eye) impossible ; his captain, Macy, having no sooner received the report of these surmises, and information on what horses and in what equipage, and which way the persons suspected made their departure from Charmouth, but, having (in all likelihood) the promised reward of such mischievous diligence in his eye, he instantly resolves to leave no means unattempted, that with the least shadow of probability might conduce to his majesty's attachment.

In pursuance of which resolves he presently mounts, and setting spurs to his horse, in a full career he rides towards Bridport, where, at his arrival, after a little enquiry made, he was given to understand

that some persons, with whom the description he had received most exactly suited, had dined at the George that day, but not long before his coming were departed towards Dorchester. This, therefore, was the next place to which he posted (the wings of covetousness and ambition more nimbly transporting his mind than it was possible his horse could convey his body) ; which he no sooner entered, but (as if he had been to execute some warrant for the apprehending the most notorious felon in the kingdom, with the utmost haste and diligence imaginable, he searched all the inns and alehouses in the town. But God (who had given him no commission to violate majesty) was graciously pleased to make this furious hunter to overrun the game he hunted for. Wherefore dismissing him from creating any further trouble to your lordship (whose principles, I doubt, rather led him to the height of discontent at his supposed loss, than to a Christian observance of that divine hand of Providence which was so eminently seen in the preservation of that royal personage which he intended to make a prey of), let us now again return to his majesty :

Who, in his passage from Charmouth, meeting with no interruption in his journey, soon reached Bridport ; and turning in at the George, he (to the astonishment, doubtless, both of himself and his attendants) found himself surrounded by his

enemies ; there being at that time in the said town divers foot companies drawn together, who were designed for an expedition against Jersey. But being as yet unsuspected (lest he might too late bewail the sad effects of delay), after a short repast (too short, indeed, at any time but this, for so great and heroical a prince), his majesty left this town, going on the way that leads to Dorchester ; in which he had not rode past half a mile, ere by the finger of divine Providence he was directed into a narrow lane on the left hand of Dorchester road, by which means (though they knew not whither they went) they were that evening safely conducted to Broadwindsor, a country parish some six miles north of Bridport.

They very fortunately lighted upon an inn where both the inn-holder and his wife were very well known to Colonel Wyndham, they having formerly been servants unto some of his allies. The colonel being confident he had an interest in them, upon the account of his former knowledge of them, and the relation they sometimes had to some of his kindred, persons of no mean quality, requested that he and his company might that night be lodged in the most convenient rooms for privacy their house would afford ; telling them, that himself and his brother, Colonel Bullen Reymes (meaning my Lord Wilmot, who very much resembled him), had transgressed

their limits, the royalists at that time being confined within five miles distance from their homes. This they readily condescended to ; and thereupon led them into the uppermost chambers in their house.

Yet here the face of danger was again discovered unto them ; for they had not been housed much above an hour before a company of troopers (to the number of forty) came thither, with an intention to quarter in this and other houses adjacent ; which accident might in all likelihood have proved fatal to his majesty (the soldiers everywhere about that time being proudly inquisitive into the names, qualities, affairs, and businesses of strangers), had not God in his infinite mercy incapacitated them for such like actings here, by cutting out work of another nature for them. For having a woman in their company, who not long after their coming thither fell in travail, and was delivered of a child, the officers and other inhabitants of the said parish, having notice thereof, contested so long with them about freeing their parish from the burthen of its maintenance, till sleep and drowsiness had rendered their heads unfit for anything but their pillows ; upon which, whilst they securely slept, his majesty, together with his attendants, arising some hours before day, and taking the opportunity of that time of silence, retired themselves undiscovered unto Trent.

Where after his majesty had concealed himself about a week, he departed thence to one Mrs Hyde's, near Salisbury. What afterwards passed, I must needs leave to others that had the honour to know it, being myself unable to spin the thread of this history any longer.

Thus have I (right honourable), without the least violation of truth's chastity, made a brief collection of those never-to-be-forgotten miracles of Providence, wrought by the hand of Omnipotency for the conservation of his most serene majesty in the midst of the many perils he was exposed to in the west of Dorset, which came within my cognisance, which I humbly lay (such as it is) at your lordship's feet, being thereunto prompted upon the following considerations : First, that I might present your honour with some new matter for your meditations, having frequently observed your lordship to be much delighted both in moving, and also in hearing, discourses upon this subject. Secondly, that your lordship, by recounting in the hearing of others these Dei Magnalia, may quicken and excite them to a serious minding and due improvement of the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of the most high God (the great preserver even of kings), manifested in what hath been the subject-matter of the precedent narrative. Lastly, that I might leave in your honour's hands some monument of my real

gratitude for the many favours your lordship has been pleased to confer on me. But it is time for me to remember what the poet said to his Augustus :

“In publica commoda peccem,
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora.”

Lest, therefore, I should offend through my unseasonable prolixity, having first, with all submission, craved your lordship's pardon for this my great presumption in tendering to your lordship, whom the world justly esteems so absolute a master of speech, such a rude and unpolished story, I shall only beg the honour to subscribe myself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Most humbly devoted Servant,

WILLIAM ELLESDON.

An original, endorsed thus by Lord Clarendon—

“Mr Ellesdon's Relation of the King's Escape from Lyme.”

CLAUSTRUM REGALE RESERATUM;

OR,

KING CHARLES THE SECOND'S

CONCEALMENT AT TRENT.

PUBLISHED BY MRS ANNE WYNDHAM.

In umbrâ alarum tuarum sperabo, donec transeat iniquitas.

TO THE
QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

THIS little book having obtained liberty, after a long imprisonment, to walk abroad, prostrates itself at your majesty's feet for patronage and protection. In it your majesty may behold God's wonderful mercy and providence, in keeping and preserving our gracious sovereign from the hands of his enemies, when they so pleased themselves with the hopes of seizing his sacred person after the battle of Worcester ; as they had invented and prepared new ways to afflict his majesty, such as, till then, never entered into the hearts of the worst of tyrants before them. But it pleased God to frustrate the hopes and designs of the king's adversaries, and to restore his majesty to his father's throne : which that he may long enjoy with your majesty, in health, peace, and happiness, is, and shall be, the prayer of

Your Majesty's

Most obedient, and

Most faithful Servant,

ANNE WYNDHAM.

CLAUSTRUM REGALE RESERATUM;

OR,

THE KING'S CONCEALMENT AT TRENT.

How that, after the battle of Worcester, his sacred majesty most wonderfully escaped the hands of his bloodthirsty enemies, and (under a disguise, in the company of Mrs Jane Lane) safely arrived at Abbots-Leigh, in Somersetshire (the seat of Sir George Norton, lying near to the city of Bristol), hath been fully published unto the world. His majesty's journey from thence to the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham at Trent, in the same county, his stay there, his endeavour (though frustrate) to get over into France, his return to Trent, his final departure thence in order to his happy transportation, are the subject of this present relation. A story, in which the constellations of Providence are so refulgent, that their light is sufficient to confute all the atheists of the world, and to en-

force all persons (whose faculties are not pertinaciously depraved) to acknowledge a watchful eye of God from above, looking upon all actions of men here below, making even the most wicked subservient to his just and glorious designs. And indeed, whatsoever the ancients fabled of Gyges's ring, by which he could render himself invisible ; or the poets fancied of their gods, who usually carried their chief favourites in the clouds, and, by drawing those aerial curtains, did so conceal them, that they were heard and seen of none, whilst they both heard and saw others, is here most certainly verified ; for the Almighty so closely covered the king with the wing of his protection, and so clouded the understanding of his cruel enemies, that the most piercing eye of malice could not see, nor the most barbarously bloody hand offer violence to his sacred person ; God smiting his pursuers (as once he did the Sodomites) with blindness, who with as much eagerness sought to sacrifice the Lord's anointed to their fury, as the other did to prostitute the angels to their lusts.

But before the several particulars of this story are laid open, two questions (easily foreseen), which will be readily asked by every reader, call for an answer. The one is, Why this relation, so much expected, so much longed for, has been kept up all this while from public view ? and the other, How it

comes to pass that it now takes the liberty to walk abroad? Concerning the first it must be known, that a narrative of these passages was (by especial command from his majesty) written by the colonel's own hand, immediately after the king's return into England; which (being presented to his majesty) was laid up in his royal cabinet, there to rest for some time, it being the king's pleasure (for reasons best known to his sacred self) that it should not be then published.

And as his majesty's command to keep it private is a satisfactory answer to the first, so his license now obtained that it might travel abroad may sufficiently resolve the second question. But besides this, many prevalent reasons there are which plead for a publication, the chief of which are these: that the implacable enemies of this crown may be for ever silenced and ashamed, who having neither law nor religion to patronise their unjust undertakings, construed a bare permission to be a divine approbation of their actions, and (taking the Almighty to be such a one as themselves) blasphemously entitled God to be the author of all their wickedness. But the arm of God, stretched out from heaven to the rescue of the king, cutting off the clue of their success, even then when they thought they had spun up their thread, hath not left them so much as an apron of fig-leaves to cover the nakedness of their most shameful proceedings.

The next is, that the truth of his majesty's escape (being minced by some, mistaken by others, and not fully set forth by any) might appear in its native beauty and splendor ; that as every dust of gold is gold, and every ray of light is light, so every jot and tittle of truth being truth, not one grain of the treasure, nor one beam of the lustre of this story might be lost or clouded ; it being so rare, so excellent, that aged Time, out of all the archives of antiquity, can hardly produce a parallel. Singularly admirable indeed it is, if we consider the circumstances and actors. The colonel (who chiefly designed and moved in this great affair) could not have had the freedom to have served his majesty, had he had not been a prisoner, his very confinement giving him both a liberty and protection to act ; for, coming home from Weymouth upon his parole, he had the opportunity to travel freely, without fear of being stopped and taken up : and being newly removed from Sherborne to Trent, the jealous eye of Somersetshire potentates had scarce then found him out, whose malevolent aspect afterwards seldom suffered him to live at home, and too often furnished his house with very unwelcome guests. Others, who contributed their assistance, were persons of both sexes, and of very different conditions and qualities. And although their endeavours often proved successless, though they received discouragement

ments on one hand, were terrified with threats on the other; that a seal of silence should be imprinted upon the lips of women, who are become proverbial for their garrulity; that faithfulness and constancy should guard the hearts of servants, who are usually corrupted with rewards, or affrighted with punishments; that neither hope nor fear (most powerful passions, heightened by capital animadversions proclaimed against all that should conceal, and large remunerations promised to such as should discover the king) could work nothing upon any single person, so as to remove him or her from their respective duty, but that all should harmoniously concenter, both in the design, and also afterward keep them so long close shut up under the lock of secrecy, that nothing could be discovered by the most exquisite art and cunning, till the blessed restauration of his majesty to his glorious throne so filled their hearts with joy, that it broke open the door of their lips, and let their tongue loose to tell this miracle to the amazed world, would (were not the persons yet alive, and the story fresh in memory) rarify it into a romance.

The reproaches and scandals by which some envious persons have sought to diminish and vilify the faithful services which the colonel, out of the integrity of his soul, performed unto his majesty, shall not here be mentioned; because by taking up dirt to bespatter him they defile their own hands, and the gun

they level at his reputation recoils to the wounding of their own.

These things thus premised, by way of introduction, open the gate, through which you may enter, and in the ensuing pages (as in several tables) take a full view of the particulars.

The disguise his majesty put on secured him from the cruelty of his enemies, but could not altogether hide him from the prying eyes of his dutiful subjects. For in the time of his stay at Leigh, one John Pope (then butler to Sir George Norton, but formerly a soldier for the king in the west) through all those clouds espied the most illustrious person of the king. With him his majesty (after he saw himself discovered) was pleased familiarly to discourse ; and speaking of the great sufferings of very many of his friends in the western parts (most whereof were well known to Pope), his majesty enquired if he knew Colonel Francis Wyndham, who (in the time of the late wars) was governour of Dunster Castle. "Very well, sir," answered Pope. The king then demanding what was become of him, Pope replies that the colonel had married Mrs Anne Gerard, one of the daughters and heiresses of Thomas Gerard, Esq. late of Trent, in Somersetshire, and that he had newly brought thither his mother (the Lady Wyndham), his wife, and family, and that he believed the colonel intended there to reside and live. His ma-

jesty having received this intelligence concerning the colonel, together with an exact information of the situation of Trent, sought an opportunity to speak with Mrs Lane (from whom, the better to conceal himself, he then kept at a distance), and by means of Mr Lassels (who accompanied the king in this journey) obtaining his desire, his majesty, with much contentment, imparted to Mrs Lane what Pope had informed him concerning Colonel Wyndham and his habitation ; telling her, withal, that if she could bring him thither, he should not doubt of his safety.

In this very point of time comes the Lord Henry Wilmot (afterwards Earl of Rochester) from Dirham, in Gloucestershire (the seat of John Winter, Esq. a person of known loyalty and integrity) to Leigh. My lord had attended his majesty in his passage westward, and on Friday morning (September the 13th) met accidentally Captain Thomas Abington of Dowdswell, in the county of Gloucester, at Pinbury Park ; and being known by the captain (who had served under him in the late wars) was that night by him conducted to Mr Winter's, from whom his lordship (as he hath often since acknowledged) received great civilities. Mrs Lane presently reveals to the Lord Wilmot the king's resolution to remove to Trent ; whereupon my lord demanded of Henry Rogers (Mr Winter's servant, and his lordship's guide from Dirham to Leigh) whether he knew Trent.

He answered that Colonel Wyndham and his master had married two sisters, and that he had often waited on his master thither. These things so happily concurring, his majesty commanded the Lord Wilmot to haste to Trent, and to ascertain the colonel of his speedy approach.

His lordship took leave, and continuing Rogers for his guide, with one Robert Swan, arrived at Trent the 16th of September. Rogers was sent in forthwith to the colonel, to acquaint him that a gentleman, a friend of his, desired the favour of him that he would please to step forth and speak with him. The colonel enquiring of Rogers whether he knew the gentleman or his business, answered no ; he understood nothing at all, but only that he was called by the name of Mr Morton. Then, without further discourse, the colonel came forth, and found the gentleman walking near the stable, whom, as soon as he approached (although it was somewhat dark), he saluted by the title of my Lord Wilmot. His lordship seemed to wonder that he should be known ; but it was nothing strange, considering the colonel's former acquaintance with him, being one of the first that engaged under his command in his late majesty's service ; besides his lordship was not in the least altered, except a hawk on his fist, and a lure by his side, might pass for a disguise. This confidence of of his lordship really begat admiration in the colonel,

calling to mind the great danger he was in, and whose harbinger he was ; for he advertised the colonel, that the king himself was on his way to Trent, intending that very night to lodge at Castle Cary (a town six miles thence), hoping by God's assistance to be with him about ten of the clock next morning.

At this joyful news the colonel was transported (there having run a report that his majesty was slain in the fight at Worcester), and giving God thanks for his wonderful mercy, he assured his lordship, "that for his majesty's preservation he would value neither his life, family, nor fortune, and would never injure his majesty's confidence of him ; not doubting but that God, who had led his majesty through the midst of such inexpressible dangers, would deliver him from all those barbarous threats and bloody intentions of his enemies." With these, and such like expressions, the colonel brought the Lord Wilmot into his parlour, where he received an exact account of his majesty's condition and present affairs.

Next morning the colonel found it necessary to acquaint the Lady Wyndham, his mother, and also his own lady, with the particulars the Lord Wilmot had over night imparted to him concerning the king. The relation he gave them did not (through the weakness of their sex) bring upon them any womanish passion, but surprised with joy, they most cheerfully resolve (without the least show of fear) to

hazard all for the safety of the king. And so (begging God's blessing upon their sincere endeavours) they contrive how his majesty might be brought into the house without any suspicion to their family, consisting of above twenty persons. Among them, therefore, Mrs Julian Coningsby (the Lady Wyndham's niece), Elianor Withers, Joan Halsenoth, and Henry Peters (whose loyalty to the king, and fidelity to themselves, they had sufficiently experienced), are made privy to their design. Next they consider what chambers are fittest for his majesty's reception. Four are made choice of ; amongst which the Lady Wyndham's was counted most convenient for the day time, where the servants might wait with more freedom upon his majesty ; then a safe place is provided to retreat unto in case of search or imminent danger ; and, lastly, employments are designed to remove all others out of the way at the instant of his majesty's arrival. All which, after a while, answered their desires, even beyond their expectation.

Between nine and ten the next morning, the colonel and his lady, walking towards the fields adjoining to the house, espied the king riding before Mrs Lane, and Mr Lassels in their company. As soon as his majesty came near the colonel, he called to him, "Frank, Frank, how dost thou do?" By which gracious pleasance the colonel perceived, that though his majesty's habit and countenance were much

changed, yet his heroick spirit was the same, and his mind immutable. The colonel (to avoid the jealous eyes of some neighbours) instantly conveyed the king and Mrs Lane into the Lady Wyndham's chamber, where the passions of joy and sorrow did a while combat in them who beheld his sacred person ; for what loyal eye could look upon so glorious a prince thus eclipsed, and not pay unto him the homage of tears ? But the consideration of his majesty's safety, the gracious words of his own mouth confuting the sad reports of his untimely death, together with the hope of his future preservation, soon dried them up. In a short time the colonel brought the Lord Wilmot to the king, and then the ladies withdrew into the parlour, having first agreed to call Mrs Lane cousin, and to entertain her with the same familiarity as if she had been their near relation. That day she staid at Trent, and the next morning early Mr Lassels and she departed.

His majesty, after he had refreshed himself, commanded the colonel, in the presence of the Lord Wilmot, to propose what way he thought most probable for his escape into France, for thither he desired with all speed to be transported. The colonel (the king giving him this opportunity) entertained and encouraged his majesty with this remarkable passage of Sir Thomas Wyndham (his father), " who, not long before his death (in the year 1636), called unto

him his five sons (having not seen them together in some years before), and discoursed unto us (said he) of the loving peace and prosperity this kingdom had enjoyed under its three last glorious monarchs ; of the many miseries and calamities which lay sore upon our ancestors, by the several invasions and conquests of foreign nations, and likewise by intestine insurrections and rebellions. And notwithstanding the strange mutations and changes in England, he showed how it pleased God, in love to our nation, to preserve an undoubted succession of kings to sit on the regal throne. He mentioned the healing conjunction of the two houses of York and Lancaster, and the blessed union of the two crowns of England and Scotland, stopping up those fountains of blood which, by national feuds and quarrels kept open, had like to have drowned the whole island. He said he feared the beautiful garment of peace would shortly be torn in pieces through the neglect of magistrates, the general corruption of manners, and the prevalence of a puritanical faction, which (if not prevented) would undermine the very pillars of government. ‘My sons ! we have hitherto seen serene and quiet times, but now prepare yourselves for cloudy and troublesome. I command you to honour and obey our gracious sovereign, and in all times to adhere to the crown ; and though the crown should hang upon a bush, I charge you forsake it not.’ These words being

spoken with much earnestness, both in gesture and manner extraordinary, he rose from his chair, and left us in a deep consultation what the meaning should be of 'the crown hanging upon a bush.' These words, sir (said the colonel), made so firm an impression in all our breasts, that the many afflictions of these sad times cannot raze out their undelible characters. Certainly, these are the days which my father pointed out in that expression ; and, I doubt not, God hath brought me through so many dangers, that I might show myself both a dutiful son and a loyal subject, in faithfully endeavouring to serve your sacred majesty in this your greatest distress."

After this rehearsal, the colonel (in obedience to his majesty's command) told the king that Sir John Strangways (who had given many testimonies of his loyalty, having two sons, both of them colonels for his royal father) lived but four miles from Trent, that he was a person of great fortune and interest in Dorsetshire, and therefore he supposed that either Sir John or his sons might be serviceable to his majesty's occasions. The king, in prosecution of this proposal, commanded the colonel to wait on them ; and accordingly the next morning he went over to Melbury, the place where Sir John dwelt. No sooner was he come thither, but he met with Colonel Giles Strangways, and after usual salutations, they walked

into the park adjoyning to the house, where Colonel Wyndham imparted the reason and end of his present visit. Colonel Strangways' answer was, that he was infinitely grieved, because he was not able to serve his majesty in procuring a vessel according to expectation ; that he knew not any one master of a ship, or so much as one mariner that he could trust, all that were formerly of his acquaintance in Weymouth being for their loyalty banished and gone beyond the sea ; and in Pool and Lime he was a mere stranger, having not one confident in either. A hundred pounds in gold he delivered to Colonel Wyndham, to present to the king ; which at his return, by command, was deposited in the hands of the Lord Wilmot for his majesty's use.

About this time the forces under Cromwell were retreated from Worcester into the several quarters of the country ; some of which coming to Trent, proclaimed the overthrow of the king's army, and the death of the king, giving out that he was certainly killed ; and one of them affirmed that he saw him dead, and that he was buried among the rest of the slain, no injury being offered to his body, because he was a valiant soldier and a gallant man. This welcome news so tickled the sectaries, that they could not hold from expressing their joy by making bonfires, firing of guns, drinking, and other jollities ; and for a close of all, to the church they must, and there ring

the king's knell. These rude extravagancies moved not his majesty at all, but only (as if he were more troubled for their madness than his own misfortune) to this most Christian and compassionate expression, "Alas, poor people!"

Now, though the king valued not the menaces of his proud enemies, being confident they could do him no hurt, yet he neglected not to try the faithfulness of his friends to convey him out of their reach. Thus the former design proving unsuccessful, and all hope of transfretation that way being laid aside, the colonel acquainted his majesty that one Captain William Ellesden of Lime (formerly well known unto him), with his brother, John Ellesden (by means of Colonel Bullen Reymes of Wadden, in Dorsetshire), had conveyed over into France Sir John Berkley (afterward Lord Berkley) in a time of danger. To this captain, therefore, his majesty sends the colonel, who, lodging at his house in Lime, took an opportunity to tell him that the Lord Wilmot had made his escape from Worcester, that he lay privately near to him, and that his lordship had earnestly solicited him to use his utmost endeavours to secure him from the hands of the pursuers. To this purpose he was come to town, and assured the captain, if he would join in this affair, his courtesy should never be forgotten. The captain very cordially embraced the motion, and went with the colonel to Charmouth

(a little place near Lime), where, at an inn, he brought to him a tenant of his, one Stephen Limbry, assuring the colonel that he was a right honest man, and a perfect royalist. With this Limbry, Colonel Wyndham treated under the name of Captain Norris, and agreed with him to transport himself and three or four friends into France. The conditions of their agreement were : that before the two and twentieth day of that instant September, Limbry should bring his vessel into Charmouth road, and on the said two and twentieth, in the night, should receive the colonel and his company into his long-boat from the beach near Charmouth, from thence carry them to his ship, and so land them safe in France. This the colonel conjured Limbry to perform with all secresy, because all the passengers were of the royal party, and intended to be shipped without leave, to avoid such oaths and engagements which otherwise would be forced upon them ; and therefore privacy in this transaction would free him from danger, and themselves from trouble, the true cause why they so earnestly thirsted (for some time) to leave their native country. Limbry's salary was sixty pounds, which the captain engaged to pay at his return from France, upon sight of a certificate under the passengers' hands of their landing there. To the performance of these covenants, Limbry with many vows and protestations obliging himself, the colonel with

much satisfaction and speed, came back to his majesty and the Lord Wilmot, to Trent, who, at the narration of these passages, expressed no small contentment.

The business being thus far successfully laid, the king consults how it might be prudentially managed, that so there might be no miscarriage in the prosecution. Necessary it was that his majesty and all his attendants (contrary to the use of travellers) should sit up all the night in the inn at Charmouth ; that they ought to have the command of the house to go in and out at pleasure, the tide not serving till twelve at night. To remove, therefore, all suspicion and inconveniences, this expedient was found out :

Henry Peters (Colonel Windham's servant) was sent to Charmouth inn, who, inviting the hostess to drink a glass of wine, told her that he served a very gallant master, who had long most affectionately loved a lady in Devon, and had the happiness to be well beloved by her ; and though her equal in birth and fortune, yet so unequal was his fate, that by no means could he obtain her friends' consent, and therefore it was agreed between them that he should carry her thence, and marry her among his own allies ; and for this purpose his master had sent him to desire her to keep the best chambers for him, intending to be at her house upon the two and twentieth day of that month in the evening, where he resolved not to

lodge, but only to refresh himself and friends, and so travel on either that night or very early next morning. With this love-story (thus contrived and acted), together with a present delivered by Peters from his master, the hostess was so well pleased, that she promised him her house and servants should be at his master's command. All which she very justly performed.

When the day appointed for his majesty's journey to Charmouth was come, he was pleased to ride before Mrs Julian Coningsby (the Lady Wyndham's niece), as formerly before Mrs Lane. The colonel was his majesty's guide ; whilst the Lord Wilmot, with Peters, kept at a convenient distance, that they might not seem to be all of one company.

In this manner travelling, they were timely met by Captain Ellesden, and by him conducted to a private house of his brother's among the hills, near Charmouth. There his majesty was pleased to discover himself to the captain, and to give him a piece of foreign gold, in which in his solitary hours he made a hole to put a ribbon in. Many like pieces his majesty vouchsafed the colonel and his lady, to be kept as records of his majesty's favour, and of their own fidelity to his most sacred person in the day of his greatest trial. All which they most thankfully treasured up as the chiefest jewels of their family.

This royal company from thence came to the inn

at Charmouth, a little after night, where Captain Ellesden, solemnly engaging to see the master of the ship ready (the wind blowing then fair for France), took leave of his majesty. About an hour after, came Limbry to the inn, and assured the colonel all things were prepared, and that about midnight his long-boat should wait at the place appointed. The set hour drawing nigh, the colonel, with Peters, went to the sea-side (leaving his majesty and the Lord Wilmot in a posture to come away upon call), where they remained all night expecting ; but seeing no long-boat, neither hearing any message from the master of the ship, at the break of day the colonel returns to the inn, and beseeches the king and the lord Wilmot to haste from thence. His majesty was intreated ; but the Lord Wilmot was desirous to stay behind a little, promising to follow the king to Bridport, where his majesty intended to make a halt for him.

When the king was gone, the Lord Wilmot sent Peters into Lime, to demand of Captain Ellesden the reason why Limbry broke his promise and forfeited his word. He seemed much surprised with this message, and said he knew no reason, except it being a fair day, the seamen were drunk in taking their farewell ; and withal advised his lordship to be gone, because his stay there could not be safe. But since that, Limbry himself hath given this account under his own hand :

That according to an agreement made at Charmouth, September the 19th, 1651, betwixt himself and one Captain Norris (since known to be Colonel Francis Wyndham), he put forth his ship beyond the Cobsmouth in to Charmouth Road, where his servants on the 22d of the same month were all ready in her, waiting his coming ; that he going to his house about ten that night, for linen to carry with him, was unexpectedly locked into a chamber by his wife, to whom he had a little before revealed his intended voyage with some passengers into France, for whose transportation, at his return, he was to receive a considerable sum of money from Captain Ellesden.

This woman, it seems, was frighted into a pannick fear by that dreadful proclamation (of the 10th of September) set out by the men of Westminster, and published that day at Lime. In this a heavy penalty was thundered out against all that should conceal the king, or any of his party who were at Worcester fight ; and a reward of a thousand pounds promised to any that should betray him. She, apprehending the persons her husband engaged to carry over to be royalists, resolved to secure him from danger by making him a prisoner in his own chamber. All the persuasions he used for his liberty were in vain ; for the more he intreated, the more her violent passion increased, breaking forth into such clamours and lamentations that he feared, if he should any longer

contend, both himself and the gentlemen he promised to transport would be cast away in this storm, without ever going to sea.

Thus a design in a business of the highest nature, and carried on with industry and prudence even to the very last, still promising full hope of a happy production, by one man's single whisper (the bane of action) proved abortive. For, no doubt, had Limbry kept his council, he had gained the honour of conveying over his majesty; of whose noble courage and virtue God was pleased to make yet farther trial, as the sequel will inform.

The king, passing on upon London road from Charmouth, met many travellers, among whom was one of his father's servants, well known both to his majesty and the colonel, who were very well pleased that he was not guilty of so much civility as to give either of them the compliment of a salutation. As they drew near to Bridport, the colonel riding a little before, and entering the town, perceived it full of soldiers; whereupon, stopping his horse till the king came up, he intreated his majesty to keep on, and by no means to put himself into the mouth of them who gaped greedily after his destruction. Nevertheless, the king having engaged to the Lord Wilmot to expect him there (without the least apprehension of danger), rode into the George, and alighting in the court, was forced to stay there, and

in the stable, near half an hour, before the colonel could procure a chamber. All this while his bloody enemies were his only companions, with whom he discoursed freely without fear, and learned from them their intended voyage for Jersey and Guernsey, and their design upon those islands. Here may you see the pursuers overtaken, and the bitterest of enemies friendly discoursing with him whose utter ruin they accounted would compleat their happiness. He that sate in heaven certainly laughed them to scorn, and by the interposition of his mighty arm eclipsed their glory, and by his admirable wisdom reproved and confuted their malice against the king, and their blasphemies against heaven.

No sooner had the king withdrawn himself from this dangerous company into a chamber (with much difficulty obtained), but Mrs Coningsby espied Peters riding into the inn. He (being beckoned up) acquainted his majesty that the Lord Wilmot humbly petitioned him to make haste out of that place, and to overtake him slowly passing on the road, and waiting his majesty's coming. Presently, upon the dismissal of Peters, the king having taken some small repast not far from the town, joined in company again with the Lord Wilmot, and discoursing of the several adventures of that hopeful and (as it fell out) most perillous journey, concluded that London road was very unsafe, and therefore

resolved to follow the next turning which might probably lead towards Yeavill or Sherborn, neither of which is computed to be above two miles distant from Trent. Providence (the best of guides) directed these strangers (for so they were all to those parts) to a way, which after many hours travel brought them into a village, in which was a small inn for entertainment. Thus entered these masked travellers, to enquire where they were. And to this purpose calling for some beer, the host of the house (one Rice Jones) came forth, and informed them that the place was called Broadwinsor. The colonel knew the innkeeper and his wife to be very honest, loyal persons, and that for their fidelity to the king and his party they had (according to their condition) undergone their share of troubles. The king understanding the affection of the people, resolves to lodge in the house that night, it being already somewhat dark, and his majesty and company sufficiently wearied with their former night's watching and that day's travel. The colonel (while the horses were put up) desired Mr Jones to show him the most private rooms ; the reason he gave was, because his brother-in-law, Colonel Reymes (whom the Lord Wilmot personated) had been a long time imprisoned as well as himself ; that they had lately obtained their paroles, and to be seen together so far from their homes might create new jealousies, and so

consequently crush them with new troubles. The good host upon this brought them up into the highest chambers, where privateness recompensed the meanness of the accommodation, and the pleasantness of the host (a merry fellow) allayed and mitigated the weariness of the guests. Now the face of things began to smile, which, all the day and night preceding, looked so louring and ill-favoured. But this short calm was on a sudden interrupted by a violent storm; for in comes the constable with almost forty soldiers to be billeted that very night in the inn; all the lower receptacles were thronged up with this unexpected company, so that the king was in a manner besieged, there being no passage from above but through those suspected guards. Thus every place brought forth its troubles, and every period of time disclosed fresh dangers! Shortly after the soldiers had taken up their quarters, a woman in their company fell into labour in the kitchen. The pangs she endured made the inhabitants of that place very ill at ease, fearing lest the whole parish should become the reputed father, and be enforced to keep the child. To avoid this charge, the chiefest of the parish post to the inn, between whom and the soldiers arose a very hot conflict concerning provision to be made for the mother and the infant. This dispute continued till such time as (according to orders) they were to march

to the sea-side. This quarrelsome gossiping was a most seasonable diversion, exercising the minds of those troublesome fellows, who otherwise were likely to have proved too inquisitive after the guests in the house, the sad consequences of which every loyal heart trembles to think on.

Surely we cannot (except we wilfully shut our own eyes) but clearly see, and with all reverence and thankfulness adore the divine goodness for his majesty's signal deliverances in this voyage ; especially if, looking back upon Charmouth, we consider the dangers that threatened him, occasioned by the Lord Wilmot's short stay there after the king's departure ; for one Hamnet, a smith, being called to shoe his lordship's horse, said he well knew, by the fashion of the shoes, that they were never set in the west, but in the north. The hostler (a bird of the same feather) hearing this, began to tell what company had been there, how they sate up and kept their horses saddled all the night ; and from hence they conclude that either the king or some great persons had certainly been at the inn. The hostler (whose heart was soured against the king) runs presently to one Westley (of the same leaven), then minister of Charmouth, to inform him of these passages, and to ask counsel what was to be done. This Westley was at his morning exercise, and being something long-winded (and by the way, it may be observed,

that long prayers, proceeding from a traiterous heart, once did good, but by accident only), the hostler, unwilling to lose his reward, at the gentleman's taking horse, returns without doing his errand. As soon as my lord was mounted and gone, Hamnet tells Westley of the discourse between him and the hostler. Away comes Westley upon full speed to the inn, and (almost out of breath) asks the woman of the house what guests she had entertained that night. She said they were all strangers to her; she knew them not. "I tell you, then," said he, "one of them was the king." Then hastily turning away from her, he and Hamnet ran to Mr Butler, of Commer (then justice of peace), to have him dispatch abroad his warrants to raise the country for the apprehend- of the king, and those persons the last night with him at Charmouth: but he spends his mouth in vain, a deaf ear is turned upon him, no warrant would be issued forth. This check given to his zeal so vexed him, that it had like to have caused a suffocation, had not Captain Massey (as errant a Hotspur as himself) given it vent by raising a party, and pursuing the king upon London road. But God preserved his majesty by diverting him to Broadwinsor, whilst Massey and his hot-mettled company outran their prey as far as Dorchester. And indeed the report of the king's being at Charmouth was grown so common, that the soldiers (lying in those parts) searched

the houses of several gentlemen who were accounted royalists, thinking to surprise him. Amongst which, Pilisdon (the house of Sir Hugh Wyndham, uncle to Colonel Francis Wyndham) was twice rifled. They took the old baronet, his lady, daughters, and whole family, and set a guard upon them in the hall, whilst they examine every corner, not sparing either trunk or box. Then taking a particular view of their prisoners, they seize a lovely young lady, saying she was the king disguised in woman's apparel. At length being convinced of their gross and rude mistake, they desisted from offering any further violence to that family. And here it is much to be observed, that, the same day the king went from Charmouth, Captain Ellesdon came to Pilisdon, and enquired of Sir Hugh and his lady for the king and colonel, confidently affirming that they must needs be there.

His majesty having with an evenness of spirit gotten through this rough passage, safely anchored at Broadwinsor, where, at length enjoying some rest, he commands the colonel to give his opinion what course was to be taken, as the face of affairs then looked. The colonel (seeing forces drawn everywhere upon that shore) thought it very hazardous to attempt anything more in Dorsetshire, and therefore humbly besought his majesty that he would be pleased to retreat to Trent : he hoped his majesty

was already satisfied in the fidelity of his servants, and that he doubted not his majesty might lie securely in that creek, till it was fair weather and a good season to put forth to sea. He humbly advised that Peters might conduct the Lord Wilmot to Mr Huit's house at the King's Arms in Sarum, where he and many of his friends had been sheltered in the time of troubles ; that Peters (being at Sarum) should, by a private token, bring his lordship to Mr John Coventry (his kinsman), a person noble, wise, and loyal, with whom he had kept intelligence, in order to the king's service, ever since his majesty had set foot in Scotland ; that he was assured Mr Coventry would think himself highly honoured to correspond in this matchless employment, the king's preservation. He desired the Lord Wilmot to be confident of lying concealed, and likewise to treat with Mr Coventry, and by Peters to return his majesty an account how he found that gentleman affected towards this service.

This counsel being well relished and approved, it was resolved that between Sarum and Trent (lying thirty miles distant and better) an intercourse should be kept by trusty messengers, and a secret way of writing, to avoid danger in case of interception. All things being thus concluded, the king left his jovial host at Broadwinsor, and returned with the colonel and Mrs Coningsby to Trent. The Lord

Wilmot, with Peters, went that night to Sherborn, and the next morning was waited on by Swan (who attended his lordship to the colonel's), and that day got into Sarum, where he soon saluted Mr Coventry, in all things fully answering his lordship's expectation. And (the 25th of September) Peters was sent back with this joyful message from the Lord Wilmot to his majesty, that he doubted not (by Mr Coventry's assistance, and those recommended by him) to be able in some short time to effect his desires.

Whilst his sacred majesty enjoys his peace at Trent, and the Lord Wilmot (with those other worthies) is busied at Sarum to produce its continuation, it cannot be impertinent to mention a circumstance or two, which inserted in the midst of the web and texture of this story would have looked unhandsome, but added as a fringe may prove ornamental.

Upon the Sunday morning after the king came to Trent, a tailor of the parish informed the colonel that the zealots (which swarmed in that place) discoursed over night that persons of quality were hid in his house, and that they intended to search and seise them ; and therefore he desired the colonel (if any such there were) to convey them thence, to avoid surprisal. The colonel (rewarding the good man for his care and kindness towards himself and family) told him that his kinsman (meaning the

Lord Wilmot) was not private, but public in his house (for so his lordship pleased to be), and that he believed he would show himself in the church at the time of prayers. When the honest fellow was gone, the colonel acquaints the king what passed between himself and the tailor, and withal besought his majesty to persuade the Lord Wilmot to accompany him to church, thinking, by this means, not only to lessen the jealousy, but also to gain the good opinion of some of the fanaticks, who would be apt to believe that the colonel was rather brought to church by my lord, than his lordship by the colonel, who seldom came to that place since faction and rebellion had justled out and kept possession against peace and religion. He alledged, moreover, that he sate in an ile distinct from the body of the congregation, so that the parishioners could not take a full view of any of his company. These reasons, joined with his majesty's command, prevailed with his lordship; and (though he thought it a bold adventure, yet) it not only allayed the fury, but also took out the very sting of those wasps, insomuch that they, who the last night talked of nothing but searching, began now to say that Cromwell's late success against the king had made the colonel a convert.

All being now quiet about home, the colonel's lady (under a pretence of a visit) goes over to Sherborn to hear what news there was abroad of the king.

And towards evening, at her return, a troop of horse clapt privately into the town. This silent way of entering their quarters, in so triumphant a time, gave a strong alarm to this careful lady, whose thoughts were much troubled concerning her royal guest. A stop she made to hearken out what brought them thither, and whether they were bound ; but not one grain of intelligence could be procured by the most industrious enquiry. When she came home, she gave his majesty an account of many stories, which like flying clouds were blown about by the breath of the people, striving to cover her trouble with the vail of cheerfulness. But this the king perceiving to be rather forced than free, as at other times, was earnest to know the cause of her discomposure ; and to satisfy his majesty's importunity, she gave him a full relation of the troop at Sherborn, at which his majesty laughed most heartily, as if he had not been in the least concerned. Yet upon a serious debate of the matter, the colonel and his lady supplicated the king to take a view of his privy chamber into which he was persuaded to enter, but came presently forth again, much pleased that, upon the least approach of danger, he could thither retreat with an assurance of security. All that night the colonel kept strict watch in his house, and was the more vigilant, because he understood from Sherborn that the troop intended not to quarter there, but only to refresh

themselves and march. And accordingly (not so much as looking towards Trent) about two of the clock the next morning, they removed towards the sea coast. This fear being over, the king rested all the time of his stay at Trent, without so much as the apprehension of a disturbance.

The strangeness of which will be much increased by the addition of what a captain, who served under Cromwell at Worcester, reported to two divines of undoubted veracity, long before the king's blessed restauration,—that he was followed and troubled with dreams for three nights together that the king was hid at Trent, near Sherborn, in a house nigh to which stood a grove, or patch of trees, and that thither he should go and find him. This suggestion, thus reiterated, was a powerful spur to prick him forwards ; but the hand which held the reins, and kept him back, was irresistible.

Now the hands of his majesty's enemies were not only restrained from doing him evil, but the hands of his friends were strengthened to do him good. In order to which, Colonel Edward Phelips of Montacute, in the county of Somerset, came from Sarum, to his majesty (Sept. the 28th), with this intelligence, that his brother, Colonel Robert Phelips, was employed to Southampton to procure a vessel, of whose transaction his majesty should receive a speedy account.

In the mean time Captain Thomas Littleton (a neighbour of Colonel Wyndham) was dispatched up into Hampshire, where, by the aid of Mr Standish, he dealt with the master of a ship, who undertook to carry off the Lord Wilmot and his company, upon the condition his lordship would follow his direction. But the hope of Colonel Phelips his good success at Hampton dashed this enterprise, and the captain was remanded back to Trent, and to make no progress till farther order.

Upon the first of October, Mr John Sellicock (chaplain to Mr Coventry) brought a letter to his majesty. In answer to which the king wrote back, that he desired all diligence might be used in providing a vessel, and if it should prove difficult at Hampton, trial should be made farther ; that they should be ascertained of a ship before they sent to remove him, that so he might run no more hazards than what of necessity he must meet with in his passage from Trent to the place of his transportation.

October the fifth, Colonel Phelips came from the Lord Wilmot and Mr Coventry to his majesty with this assurance, that all things were ready, and that he had informed himself with the most private ways, that so he might with greater probability of safety guide his majesty to the sea-side. As soon as the king heard this message, he resolved upon his

journey. Colonel Wyndham earnestly petitions his majesty that he might wait on him to the shore ; but his majesty gave no grant, saying it was no way necessary, and might prove very inconvenient. Upon the renewing this request, the king commanded the contrary, but sweetened his denial with this promise, that if he were put to any distress, he would again retreat to Trent.

About ten next morning, October the sixth, his majesty took leave of the old Lady Wyndham, the colonel's lady and family, not omitting the meanest of them that served him ; but to the good old lady he vouchsafed more than ordinary respect, who accounted it her highest honour that she had three sons and one grandchild slain in the defence of the father, and that she herself, in her old age, had been instrumental in the protection of the son, both kings of England.

Thus his sacred majesty, taking Mrs Juliana Coningsby behind him, attended by Colonel Robert Phelps and Peters, bad farewel to Trent, the ark in which God shut him up when the floods of rebellion had covered the face of his dominions. Here he rested nineteen days, to give his faithful servants time to work his deliverance ; and the Almighty crowned their endeavours with success, that his majesty might live to appear as glorious in his actions as courageous in his sufferings.

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APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE PENDEREL AND YATES FAMILIES.

IN resuming the subject of the Penderel family, as regards their pedigree, I ought first to acknowledge my obligations to the Rev. R. H. Barham, of St Paul's Cathedral, as well as to other friends well versed in antiquarian researches; to whose kind assistance I owe most of the particulars here stated from the authority of wills, registers, &c., and collated with information obligingly supplied by — Ellison, Esq., the gentleman intrusted with the payment of the several portions of the fee-farm rents and annuities claimed by the extant branches of the Penderels.

It appears that Richard Penderel, or Trusty Dick, left four sons and four daughters by his wife Mary, to all of whom he bequeathed property. Six of these died without issue. Of the two remaining, Laurence, who inherited Hobbal Grange from his father, left a son whose issue is extinct; and Thomas, to whom was bequeathed a house and some land in Statherton, Salop, left five children. Of these last, Richard, an apothecary in St Clement Danes, living A. D. 1721, and Mary, married to — Thornbury, of Kiddermore Green, near White Ladies, left representatives, whose issue is, or was lately, living,—viz. Elizabeth, relict* of the late Rev. W. Lens, master of the Haberdashers' School in Bunhill Row, great-granddaughter to the aforesaid Richard, and James Thornbury of Brewood, Staffordshire, grandson to his sister Mary.

William Penderel, tenant of Boscobel, the host of Charles,

* Elizabeth Simmons (see Pedigree, p. 369) was not the relict, but the second wife of the Rev. William Lens, who survived her, and re-married the widow of an apothecary.—R. H. B.

and husband to Dame Joan, is said by Grainger to have been living as an old man of eighty-four in the time of William III. He left four children, from only one of whom, William Penderel of Boscobel, any issue now remains. The grandson of the latter, William Howe of Kiddermore, commonly styled Major Howe, left one daughter, wife of Richard Hill, maltster, of Birmingham; whose son, Richard Hill Edwards, maltster, of the same place, and father of nine daughters, now enjoys the fee-farm rents vested in his ancestor William.

Humphry, the trusty and humorous miller, left two children, one of whom, Edmund, was footman to Queen Catherine. Of the six children born to the latter, George only left issue. William Bird, great-grandson of the said George, was the father of the two present annuitants—viz. Maria, wife of Joseph Hunt of Long Island, United States, bridle-cutter; and Anne, wife of Kelita Broadhurst, also a bridle-cutter, of New York.

John Penderel, frequently styled "Old John of Boscobel," is represented in the direct male line by his great-great-grandson, Mr John Martin Penderel, of the Gloucester Hotel, Brighton, father of two sons and three daughters, and receiver of the fee-farm rents settled on his ancestor. This gentleman and his brother, Mr Charles Penderel of London, were sons of Mr John Penderel of East Bourn, Sussex, in which county their branch of the family have lived for the three last generations. According to a letter received by the said John Penderel from Thomas Penderel of Aberdylais,* in Glamorgan, A. D. 1783, it seems that the latter was grandson to Charles Penderel of Essington, Stafford, the third son of John of Boscobel. The writer left a son, one of whose daughters is married to the Rev. G. J. Fisher, nephew to the late Bishop of Sarum.

George Penderel is also represented by a descendant in the direct male line—viz. John Penderel of Birmingham, joiner, father of three sons; great-great-grandson to the said George, and annuitant in his right.

* See family memoranda in the possession of the ladies of the Aberdylais branch, which state that John of Boscobel left, besides John, George, and Charles, two daughters, whose issue is not extinct. The document refers to papers stated to be in the king's privy council office.

A considerable obscurity, which is not rectified by reference to Blount, exists with regard to the two Francis Yates's stated in the royal grants, and their wives, Margaret and Elizabeth. It appears, however, from the family pedigree, that four descendants of Elizabeth Dyson, daughter of Francis and Elizabeth Yates, now enjoy the royal endowment, in proportions of a fourth each. The said Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Dyson of Kettering, in Northamptonshire, was great-grandmother to another Thomas Dyson, in whose right the said proportions are respectively vested in his grandchildren, Lieut. Joseph Winnet, of Halifax, N.S., and Thomas Walker, merchant, of Annapolis Royal, and his great-grandchildren, Lieut. William Fenwick, R.A., and Charles Henry Adlam, an infant.

The only surviving descendant of Francis and Margaret Yates, is William Penderel Waddington, Esq., formerly of Chatham Place, born 1791, and fifth in descent from Nicholas their only son, through three changes of name occasioned by the marriage of females.

1. PENDRELL.

... PENDRELL, = Old Goodwife PENDRELL, called
Dame Joan by King Charles 2^d.
ob. before the battle of Worcester.
burd. at Whiteladies 1669.

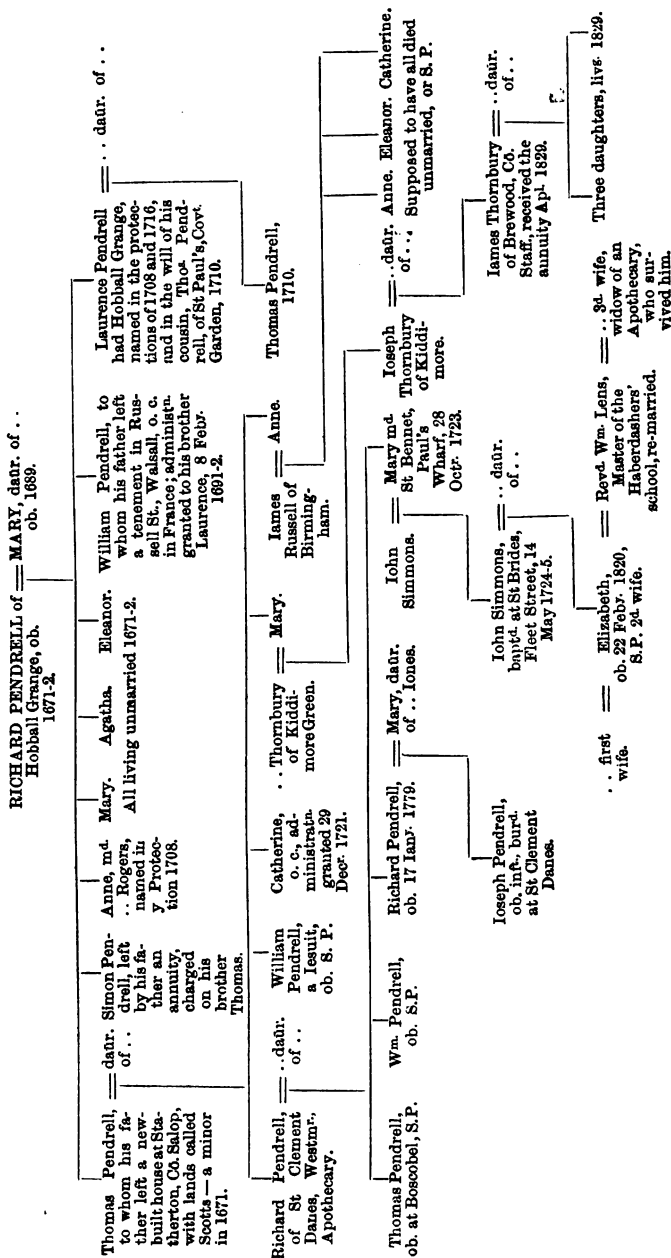
Richard Pen- drell, of Hob- ball Grange, in the Parish of Tong, Co. Salop, burd. at St. Giles- in-the-Fields, Co. Middx. Will proved 14 Febr. 1671-2, ob. 8th Febr. 1671, accord- ing to the in- scription on his monu- ment.	William Pen- drell, of Bos- cobel, said by Grainger to have lived to the time of Ks. Wm. 3d. 25. 1689. proved by her son Lau- rence, 1641- 1689.	Mary, daur. of .. Execut- rix to her hus- band, will, her own will dated 25. 1689. proved by her son Lau- rence, 1641- 1689.	of ..	Eleanor, ob. 1710; adminis- tratrix in which she is called "of Bos- cobel." Widow, to her daur., Mary White- house, dated 28 Octr. 1710.	Humphry Pendrell, a Miller, lives 1682, dead in 1710.	John Pendrell, drell, liv- ing 1675.	.. Pendrell, (Qu. Tho- mas's) a ga- brother, slain in the Civil Wars, Serv- ex parte re- suscitatus—(See Muggrave's "Adversaria Bibliographia, Brit. Mus.)	George Pen- drell, young- est son. to Mr Giffard of White- ladies.	of ..	Francis Yates, and of White- chapel, Co. Mid- dix. 1679.	Eliza Yates, a Widow, and of White- chapel, Co. Mid- dix. 1679.	Francis Yates, of Long- letown, near Bosco- bel, died be- fore the Resto- ration.	Margt. Yates, died before the Resto- ration.
See page 369.	See page 370.	See page 371.	See page 372.	See page 374.	See page 375.	See page 377.							

This Pedigree is taken, as far as regards the immediate line of descent, from one furnished by Mr Ellison of Glosopdale, who pays the pensions secured on fee-farm rents by the grant of Ks. Chas. in 1675, dates being added from Willis, &c. It does not, however, contain more than the lineal descent, in virtue of which the several parties have received their pensions, leaving unmentioned some of the persons named in the Protections of 1708 and 1716, together with some whose existence is proved by other evidence.

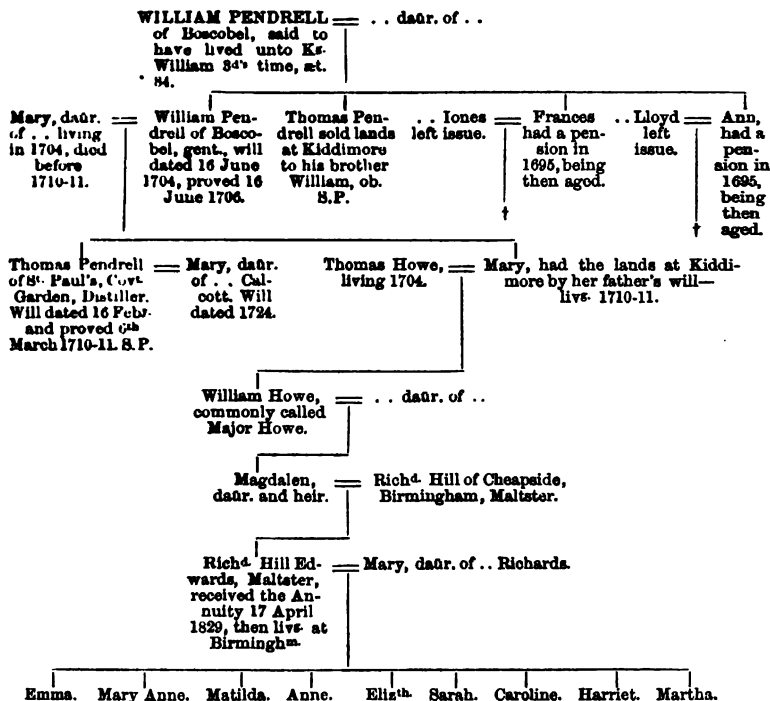
Eliza and Margt. Yates have been called sisters of the Pendrells, but it is clear that one of them was sister to Eleanor wife to Humphry. The connection, however, not being precisely ascertained, the dotted line is used.

[R. H. B.]

2.—RICHARD PENDELL.

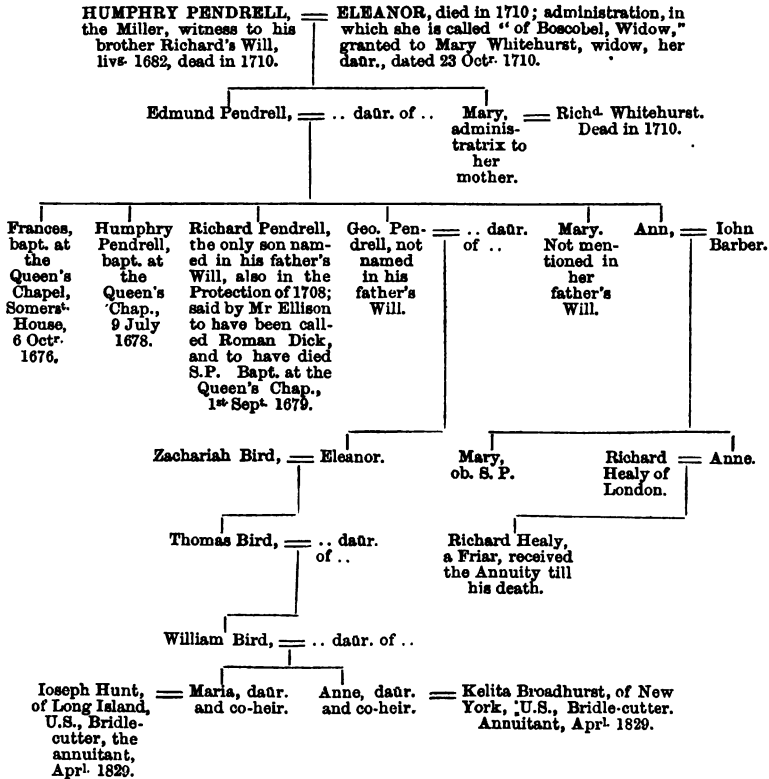


3. - WILLIAM PENDRELL.



[R. H. B.]

4.—HUMPHRY PENDRELL.



[R. H. B.]

JOHN OF BOSCOBEL = . . . daur. of . . .

Charles, = Frances, daur. of . . . Wmifred = . . . daur. of . . .
Had issue, as stated by Mr Ellison—Charles, whose descendants receive the annuity (?) Had issue.

John, died 1754(?) in Sussex, S. P. Richard, Thomas, George, Mary, Dorothy.
ma^d.

Thomas, = Daughter of . . . Hughes.
of Aberdylain.

Sarah = Thos. Charles. Thomas, = daur. Richard, = .. Hopkins. John = 1st wife, Eliza. = King. Wm., Dorothy = Price.
of . . . daur. of Wm. 23 children. ob. S. P.

Had issue. Thomas, died at sea. Charlotte = Jackson. Had issue. William, Judith, Margaret, Mary, Ann,
ob. inf. m^d Long- m^d. m^d. m^d. m^d.
lands. Fisher. Mackenzie. single. ob. 1840. Mackenzie.

2^d wife. Ann Penny.

* John, = Margaret Henry, Harriet, Octavia. Ella. Eleanor. Louise.
in Holy Orders. Casels. ob. inf. unmarried. All died unmarried.

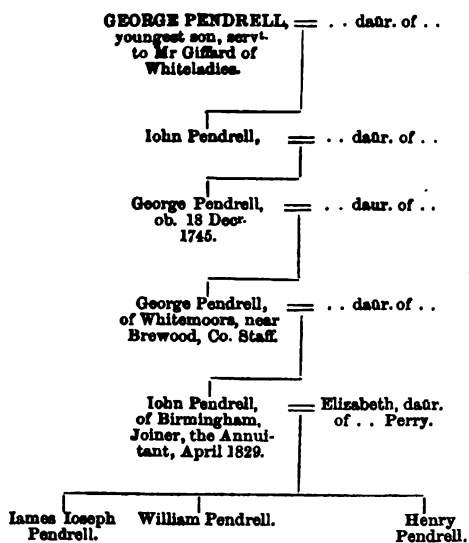
John, = Catharine = Jones. Edward,
ob. S. P. Has issue.

Jane, = Llewellyn. Thomas, Elizabeth = Smith. Richard, Catharine = Jones. Edward,
ob. S. P. ob. S. P. ob. S. P. ob. S. P. ob. S. P.

Has issue. Has issue. Has issue. Has issue. Has issue.

* Rev. J. Pendrill claims the Annuity in 1845—has proof of descent, as given above.—J. P.

7.—GEORGE PENDRELL.



[R. H. B.]

8.—EPITAPH ON RICHARD PENDERELL,

At St Giles's in the Fields, London. The Monument is said, in the old newspaper from which this is extracted (in Coll. Arm.—Goff's Notes, 2), to have been cleaned and beautified, by order of his Majesty, in 1739.

Here lieth

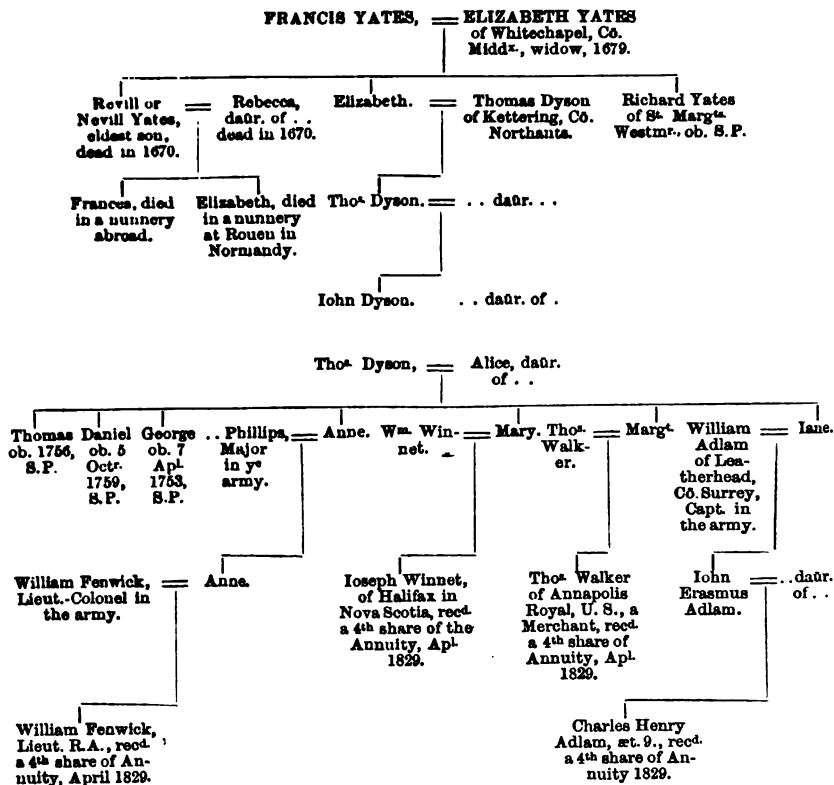
RICHARD PENDERILL,

Preserver and Comforter to His Sacred Majesty King Charles the Second of Great Britain, after his escape from Worcester fight, in the year 1651, who died Feby. 8, 1671.

Hold, Passenger, here is shrouded in this hearse,
 Unparallel'd Pendrill, through the Universe,
 Like when the Eastern Star from Heav'n gave light
 To three lost Kings, so he in such dark night
 To Britain's monarch, lost by adverse war,
 On either appear'd a second eastern star,
 A pole astern in her rebellious main,
 A Pilot to his Royal Sovereigns;
 Now to triumph in Heav'n's eternal sphere,
 He's hence advanced, for his just steerage here,
 Whilst Albion's Chronicle, with matchless fame,
 Embalms the story of great Pendrill's name.

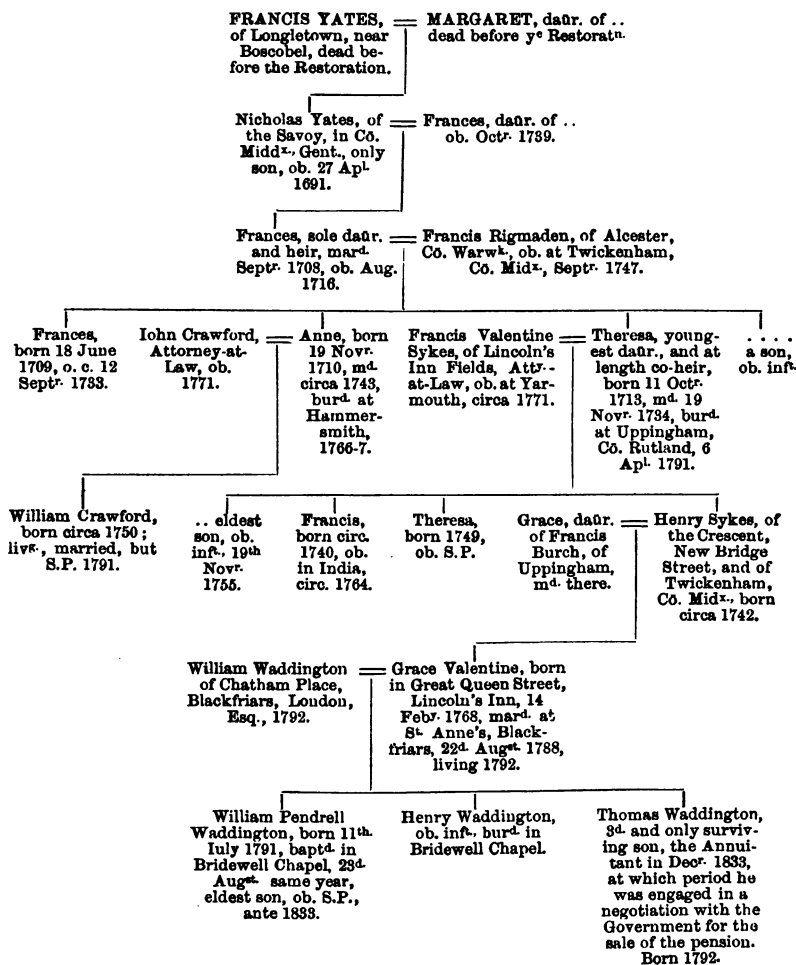
[R. H. B.]

9.—FRANCIS YATES.

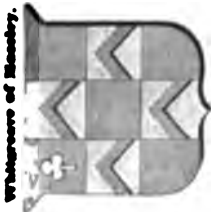
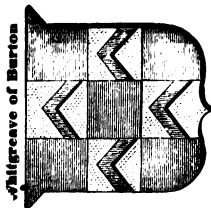


[R. H. B.]

10.—FRANCIS YATES OF LONGLETTOWN.



No. II.—WHITGREAVES OF BURTON AND MOSELEY.



ROBERT WHITGREAVE of Burton, = . . daur. of . .
juxta Stafford.

Humphry Whitgreave = . . daur. of . . Thomas Whitgreave
of Burton, f. et h. Eggerton Brynhill. 34 son, ob. S.P.

Robert Whitgreave = Margery, daur. of Tho:
f. et h. Stamford of Rowley.

Humphry Whitgreave = Loyce, daur. of Ellen,
of Burton, f. et h. m^d. John Ashley. Babington.

Robert Whitgreave, = Ioan, daur. of
f. et h., ob. 1652. John Erdevick
of Gayton, Co. Staff.

Humphry, Walter = Elizabeth, daur. of Thomas
greave, of . . Cox Whitgreave,
ob. v.p., 4th son, ob. 1643.
S.P. Marg^t. Cramp-
ton.

Loyce, Elizabeth, = Sr. Tho:^r Whitgreave
1663. 1663. of Bridgford, Kent
in 1663, only son. b. 1624, liv^d. 1663.

Thomas Whitgreave, eldest son,
born 8 Feb^r. 1661, ob. 3 Dec^r. 1701, S.P.
Joseph Kempsun of Great Sutton, Co. Staff., gent., bur^d. 15 Jan^r. 1746-7, at Sharneshill.

Mary Isabella, = Clement Paston Mary Ann Constantia,
born at Moseley 15 of Horton Court, born 6 Sept^r. 1738, ob.
June 1737, ob. S.P. Co. Glou^c. Esq. a Nun at Dunkirk,
1794, bur^d. at m^d. 24 Dec^r. 1771, June 1784, S.P.
Worce^r. ob. 1788.

Marg^t. Alice, m^d.
Henry . . . of Bushberry.

Henry Whitgreave Edward, Humphry, 34 son.
of Bridgford, f. et h. 34 son.

Sarah, Elizabeth, Frances, Marg^t. Loyce,
m^d. James m^d. Samp^r. m^d. lere- eldest
Richard- son Exda- my Har- Dorothy, daur.
son, of wick of rison, m^d. lere.
Stagend, Hartley, M.D. Spenser,
Co. Beds. Co. Staff. of Lond.,
34 daur.

Mary m^d. Sr. George, Marg^t. Thomas
Wm. Bow- ob. S.P. Worack.
yer, of Knipper- m^d. Tho:^r Paylin.
sty, Co. Staff.

Charles Whitgreave, Ioan. Isabel.
born Aug. 1711, ob. S.P., bur^d. at 8-
Fancras, Midd^x. Frances.

Dorothy, Thomas Kemp-
born 24 May son, born 23
1741, bur^d. at March 1749, ob.
Worcester. Octr. 1746, inf.
1768.

George Whitgreave, Elizabeth,
m^d. . . Bagral of Bowlescote.

Thomas Whitgreave of Bridgford, Esq., 34 son.
Thomas Whitgreave of Moseley, 4th son.

Rich^d. Alice, = William
Paylin, 34 daur. Key-
holds of
Derna- Canning-
dale, in ton, Co.
Co. Staff. Ox.

Francis Reynolds. Thomas = Isabella, daur.
Whitgreave of . . Tourville,
f. et h., ob. 1742.

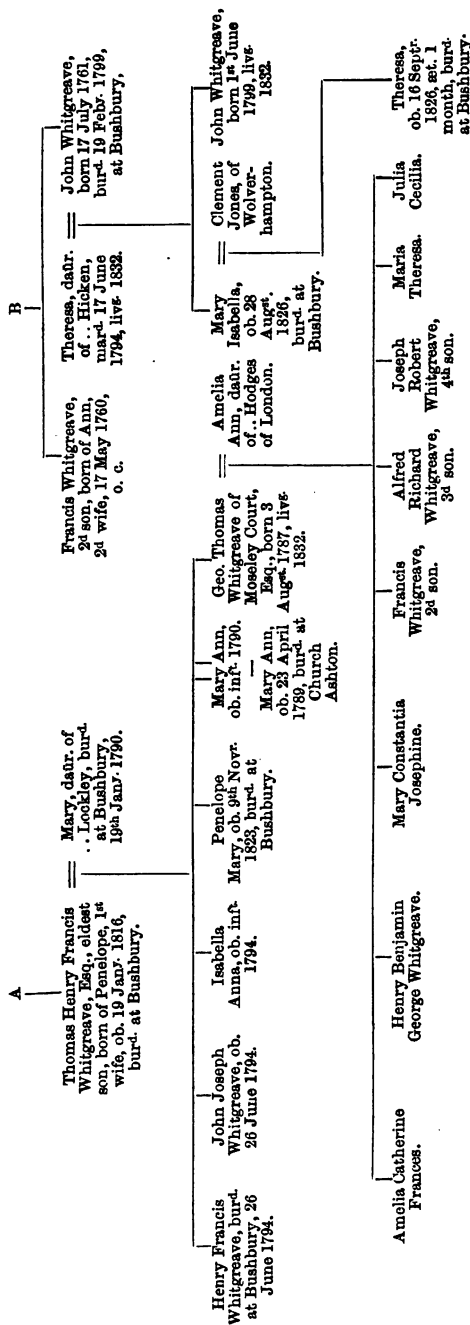
Penelope, = Francis Whit-
daur. of . . greave, born
Gally of B- 2 Dec^r. 1716.
ton Park, Co. ob. 29 Sept^r.
Derby, ob. 25 1789, bur^d. at
May 1756, S.P. Bushbury.
1st wife.

Ann, Mary
daur. of Isabella,
Has- born 1st
fal, of May
Wor- 1715, ob.
cestr., S.P. 1768, bur^d. at
Dun- 1768, kirk.
24 wife.

(See next page.)

WHITGEEVES OF BURTON AND MOSELEY.

(Continued from preceding page.)



2.—INSCRIPTIONS ON TWO MURAL TABLETS

Belonging to the Family of WHITGREAVE, in the Parish Church of Bushbury, Co. Staff.

MONUMENTUM

Fidelitatis inconvulsa

Thomæ Whitgreave Arm^t. Catholicâ Religione
Conspicui

ex stirpe Whitgreavorum de Burton
Qui

Serenissimum Regem Carolum Secundum
proelio Vigornensi (anno 1651) devictum
Sibi que fuga consulentem
in suis ædibus Mosleanis protexit.

Euge! serve bone et fidelis! Matt. xxv., ver. xxi.

Siste, Viator, intus cineres venerare fideles,
Qui jacet hic servus Cæsare dignus erat.

Magnis haud magnum est cælo servire sereno

Tempora dum fuerunt nubila servus erat.

Illi Rex hospes devictus, inermis, egenus,

Larvatus totus, dissimillaque sibi.

Interea ferrum, flammas et fulmina spirans

Regem querebat sanguinolenta cohors

Deinde suas fudit speciosa pecunia voces

Seque minis junxit munera larga tonans

Sed X X nil tractus erat nil damna pavebat

Crescit enim cælo pectore fidus amor

Crescit amor fidus Regis Regnique Britanni

Si sapias ex hoc marmore disce fidem.

Oblit die xiv mensis Iulii anno { Domini MDCCII.
Ætatis suæ LXXXIV.

Hic quoque jacent corpora Thomæ Whitgreave Armig. qui obiit 10 Sept. 1728, et Isabellæ Tourville uxoris defunctæ 19 Julii 1742, ex qua decem suscepit infantes, quorum quatuor hic jacent, viz. Johannes, Gulielmus, Isabella, et Francisca.

[R. H. B.]

No. III.

THE FAMILY OF WYNDHAM.

The family of Wyndham, whose eldest male branch is represented by the present Earl of Egremont, appears to have been at an early period settled in Norfolk. About the commencement of Stephen's reign, Alward de Wymondham, with his four sons, witnessed the charter of Wymondham Priory,* near Crownthorpe, their earliest abode on record. In the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I., Thomas and William de Wymondham† respectively held offices of trust under the crown. In 1460, John Wyndham of Crownthorpe, Esq., the second who shortened the family name into Wyndham, was elected knight of the shire for Norfolk, and about the same time acquired the Felbrigg estate by purchase. His son, Sir John Wyndham, engrafted the royal blood of Edward I. and Philip the Bold into the family, by his marriage with Margaret Howard, daughter of John first Duke of Norfolk, who fell at Bosworth. The same Sir John was beheaded in 1502 by Henry VII. for his attachment to the house of York. To pass over the family alliances with Scropes, Wentworths, the Keeper Bacon, and other distinguished names, which occur subsequently to this period, as well as the gallant anecdote related in "Fuller's Worthies" of Sir Edmund Wyndham‡ of Felbrigg, eldest grandson of the last-named Sir John, it appears that the first offset from the parent branch was Sir John, the second grandson, who settled at the estate of Orchard in Somerset, acquired in right of Elizabeth his wife, heiress of the Sydenhams. Edmund, second son of the latter, also marrying an heiress, was fixed at Keyntsford, in Somerset; while Sir John Wyndham, grandson of Elizabeth

* See *Monasticon*.

† See Dugdale's *Origines Judiciales*, and Davis's *Reports*.

‡ Being condemned to lose his right hand for striking a Mr Cleer in the king's tennis-court, Sir Edmund prayed to lose his left instead, and keep his right; "for therewith," said he, "I may do the king service." Upon this submission and request, a pardon was granted him.

Sydenham, and son of Florence, coheiress of Nicholas Wadham, Esq., founder of Wadham College, united in himself the Orchard, Felbrigg, and other estates, in failure of issue from the elder branch. Fifteen children sprung from his marriage with Joan,* daughter of Sir Edmund Portman, of Orchard Portman, Somerset. The eldest surviving son, who inherited Orchard-Wyndham, was father to the Sir William whom Charles II. rewarded with a baronetcy, great-grandfather to the well-known Secretary Wyndham, and ancestor of the present Earl of Egremont. On Thomas, the next son, ancestor to the late distinguished statesman, the Felbrigg property was settled by his father. Two more sons are respectively represented by the Wyndhams of Cromer Hall, and by Miss Wyndham, now Lady Dunraven. The ninth son, Sir Wadham Wyndham of Norrington, one of the judges in the King's Bench, was the ancestor of the present William Wyndham, Esq. of Dinton House and Norrington, representative of the Wiltshire branch.

To return more particularly to our subject-matter, Sir Thomas, son of the first possessor of Keyntsford, was the person whose memorable deathbed address to his sons is recorded in the "Claustrum Regale." His eldest son, Sir Edmund, was high in favour at the court of Charles I., where he filled the post of groom of the bedchamber; while his lady, an opulent heiress and celebrated beauty, acted as nurse to the Prince of Wales. Francis, the sixth son, meantime acquired the property of Trent by his marriage with the heiress of the Gerards. It is well known how these two sons, besides three more who fell on the field of battle, redeemed their filial pledge on the breaking out of the Civil War. Sir Edmund is stated to have taken the field with two regiments of horse, and one of foot, raised at his own expense, at the sacrifice of his Dorsetshire manors and other property, sold to the amount of £1000 per annum. After making also a free gift to Charles of £20,000, he raised for the royal service the sum of £60,000 more on his own credit, at the time of the king's greatest need. His eldest son, Edmund, fell at Edgehill. His third, Thomas, whose history we shall resume, was page of honour to Charles II. On the Restoration, Sir Edmund was appointed

* According to family tradition, this lady evinced signs of life during her funeral sermon, was happily recovered, and bore five or six children subsequently. Some accounts attribute the anecdote to the Lady Florence, her mother-in-law.

knight-marshal, as some amends for his former disappointment in not obtaining the office of secretary of state.* Nor does he appear to have derived any advantage from a grant of fines and arrearsages from Charles I., as well as of fen land (subsequently swallowed by the sea), in liquidation of a part of the sums procured for the royal service. His second and eldest surviving son, Sir Hugh, knighted by Charles II., died in the lifetime of his father, a mortified and heartbroken man, to judge at least by the following epitaph in the church of St Decuman's,† written by himself,—

“Here lyeth the body of Sir Hugh Wyndham, knight, who deceased
20 July, 1671.

Here lyes beneath this ragged stone
One more his prince's than his own ;
And in his martyr'd father's wars
Lost fortune, blood—gain'd nought but scars ;
And for his sufferings, as reward,
Had neither countenance nor regard.
But earth affording no relief,
He's gone to heaven to ease his grief.”

* “One day the Lord Cottington, when the chancellor and some others were present, told the king very gravely (according to his custom, who never smiled when he made others merry), that he had an humble suit to him, on the behalf of an old servant of his father's, and whom, he assured him upon his knowledge, his father loved as well as he did any man of his condition in England ; and that he had been for many years one of his falconers, and he did really believe him to be one of the best falconers in England ; and thereupon enlarged himself (as he could do very well in all the terms of the science) to show how very skilful he was in that art. The king asked him what he would have him do for him ? Cottington told him, It was very true that his majesty kept no falconers, and the poor man was grown old, and could not ride so well as he had used to do ; but that he was a very honest man, and could read very well, and had as audible a voice as any man need to have ; and therefore besought his majesty that he would make him his chaplain ; which speaking with so composed a countenance, and somewhat of earnestness, the king looked upon him with a smile to know what he meant ; when he with the same gravity assured him, the falconer was in all respects as fit to be his chaplain as Colonel Wyndham was to be secretary of state ; which so surprised the king, who had never spoken to him of the matter, all that were present not being able to abstain from laughing, that his majesty was somewhat out of countenance ; and this being merrily told by some of the standers by, it grew to be a story in all companies, and did really divert the king from the purpose ; and made the other so much ashamed of pretending to it, that there was no more discourse of it.”—See *Clarendon*, Oxford edition, vol. vi. p. 339.

† The family burying-place at Watchet, Somerset.

After the death of the knight-marshal, at the age of 82, the remnant of his estates was inherited by Sir Hugh's son Edmund, who dying childless, was succeeded by his uncle, Thomas Wyndham of Tale, the page of honour above mentioned. Though not distinctly named in the *Boscobel Tracts*, a very full account is given of this person in the family papers. It is stated that on two occasions he was tried for his life. On the first, he had been seized with letters from Charles II., and was saved only by the casting vote of his personal friend Fleetwood. Again, having been concerned in Penruddock's rising, he was brought off by the powerful interest of Sir John Copleston,* high sheriff of Devon. After the Restoration, he was appointed to his father's former post of groom of the bedchamber, as well as to that of equerry, with a pension of £200 per annum, which appears never to have been paid. He died at the age of eighty-six, in a state of dotage and great pecuniary distress, though the family papers state him to have inherited Keyntsford and Cathanger, estates which had probably been encumbered in the royal service. A petition to the crown from his son, Edmund Wyndham of Humington, states an arrear of £6000 to have accumulated on the pension of the complainant's father, and represents the absolute destitution of himself and family. The last known representative of the knight-marshal was Thomas Wyndham, Esq. of Hammersmith, who died in 1777, set. 83.† A son of Thomas Wyndham, by a second marriage, page of honour to James II., is said to have accompanied the exiled family to

* Sir John Copleston was a younger branch of the numerous family of that name in Devonshire, all of whom sprung from the ancient seat of Copleston, in that county. He lived at Pynes, near Exeter, which he inherited from his grandfather. He engaged in the service of the parliament, although others of his name and family were royalists. He commanded a regiment many years, and served in Ireland under Lord Lisle, during the years 1646 and 1647. He was sheriff of Devon in 1655, and having a regiment also under his command, was active in the support of Cromwell's government, especially during Penruddock's revolt, for which service he was knighted at Whitehall, June 1, 1655. He afterwards sat in parliament for Barnstaple. There is a letter from him to the Protector, in the 3d volume of Thurloe's State Papers, dated Exon, March 10, 1654, detailing the measures he had adopted for securing the peace of the county.

† The above particulars were chiefly taken from copies of family manuscripts, furnished by the kindness of the Rev. John Heathcote Wyndham,

Italy. Thus ends the history of a line, who, like many others, "lost all but honour" by their hereditary loyalty.

To return to the Wyndhams of Trent. From the marriage of Colonel Francis Wyndham with Anne Gerard sprung five sons and as many daughters, whose progeny is extinct in the male line. The eldest son, Sir Thomas Wyndham, left a daughter, married to William James, Esq. of Ightham Court, Kent, whose descendant, Charles Grevis, Esq. of the same place, has lately assumed the name and arms of James. Several persons of this branch are surviving. The second son, Lieutenant-General Hugh Wyndham, died a bachelor in Spain, A.D. 1706. The third son, Sir Francis Wyndham, inheritor of the Trent property, survived his heir Thomas, whom he styles in his will "my undutiful and extravagant son." His grandson, Sir Francis, having died under age of the small-pox, the estate devolved on a sister, the first Lady Montfort, who left two children. Frances, the elder, was the mother of the present Earl of Cadogan. Thomas, the younger, was the father of the present Lord Montfort. The Trent estate is now alienated.

rector of Corton, Somerset, brother to the present Mr Wyndham of Dinton. One of these was in the possession of Mr Wyndham of Hammersmith, supposed to have been written about 1720; the other is thought to be of the year 1700.

1- WYNDHAM OF TRENT.



ALWARD DE WYMONDHAM,
1146, with his sons, witnessed the
charter of Wymondham Priory.

Richard de Wymondham,
f. et h.

Hugh de
Wymond-
ham.

Payn de
Wymond-
ham.

Edric de Wymondam,
1170.

Nigel

Iohn

Robert

Geoffrey.

Thomas de Wymondham,
1197.

Iohn de Wymondham,
1223.

Ralph de Wymondham,
250.

William de Wymondham,
provided dyes for the coinage
in Ireland, 1294.

Iohn de Wymondham,
ob. 1335.

Iohn de Wymondham,
of Crownthorpe, Co.
Norfolk, 1387.

Catherine, daur. of
Sr. Iohn Redsham,
Kn^t

Iohn de Wymondham,
1415.

Elizabeth, daur. of
Iohn Sherrington.

Iohn de Wymondham,
shortened the name to
Wyndham, 1440.

Margaret, daur. of
Sr. Rob^t Segrave,
Kn^t

Iohn Wyndham, Knight
of the Shire, 1460.

Margaret, daur. of
Sr. Rob^t Clifton, and
widow of **Sr. Edward**
Hastings, ob. 1456.

Eleanor,
m^d **Thomas**
Falstaff of
Ipewich, Esq.

Margaret,
daur. of **Iohn**
Howard, first
Duke of Nor-
folk.

Sr. Iohn Wyndham,
of Crownthorpe, Kn^t.
quartered the Falcon
in the Fetterlock, a
cognizance of Edw^d.
4th; beheaded as a
Yorkist, 1502.

Eleanor, daur.
of **Wm. Wash-**
bourn, 2d. wife.

Isabel,
m^d **Simon**
Wiseman.

Sr. Roger
Wynd-
ham, Kn^t.
ob. S. P.

Elizabeth,
m^d **Francis**
Calthorpe,
of Ingham,
Co. Norfolk.

Eleanor,
daur. of
Sr. Rich^d.
Scroop, of
Upsall, Co.
Norfolk, 1st.
wife.

Sr. Tho-
mas
Wynd-
ham,
of Fell-
brigge,
ob. 1530.

Eliza-
beth,
daur
of **Sr.**
Harry
Went-
worth,
Kn^t

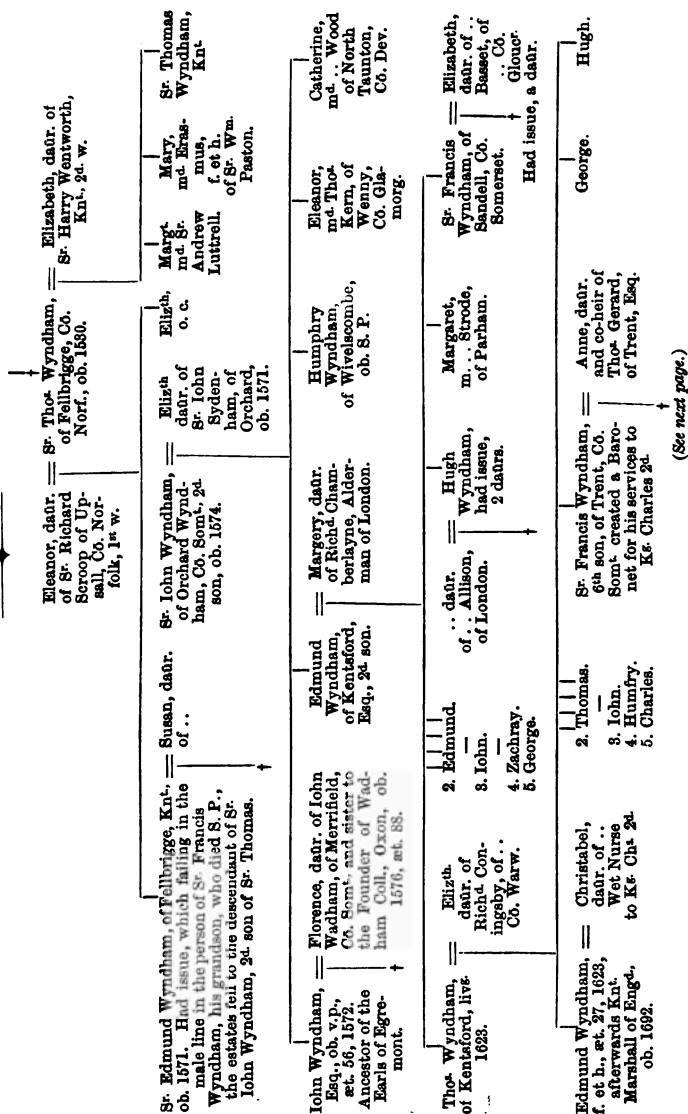
Anne,
m^d **Ief-**
frey Rat-
cliffe, Esq.

Francis
Wyndham,
ob. S. P.

(See next page.)

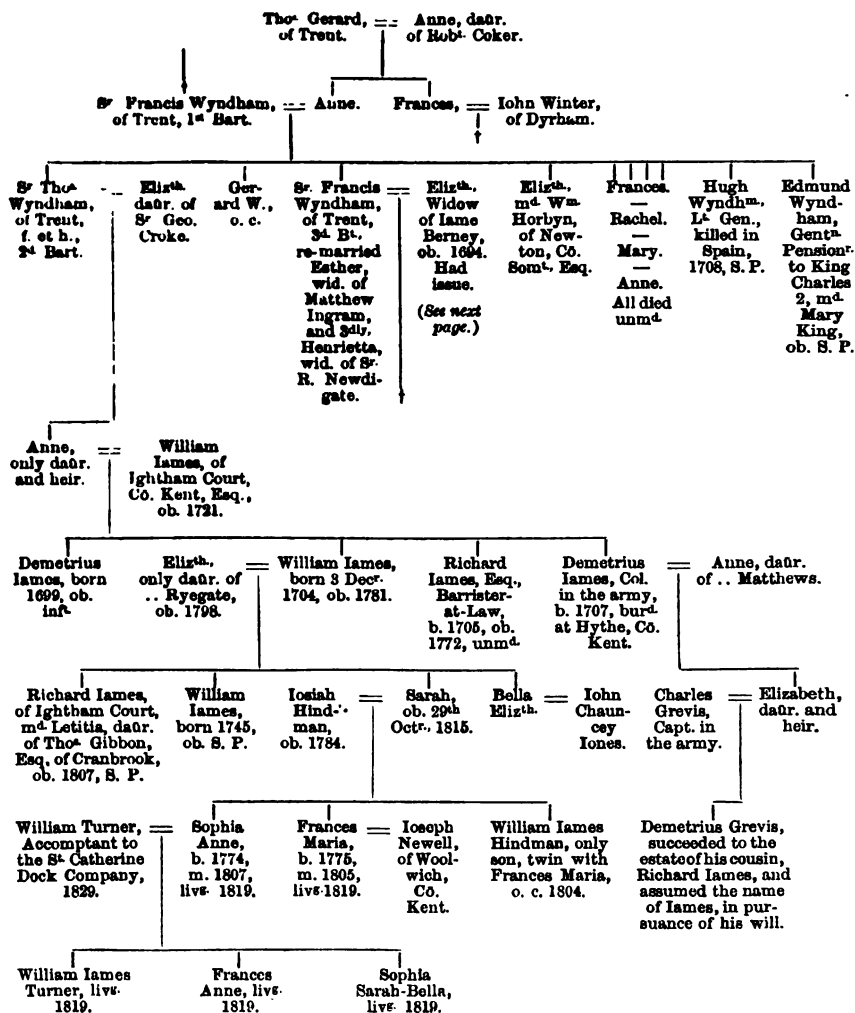
WYNDHAM OF TRENT

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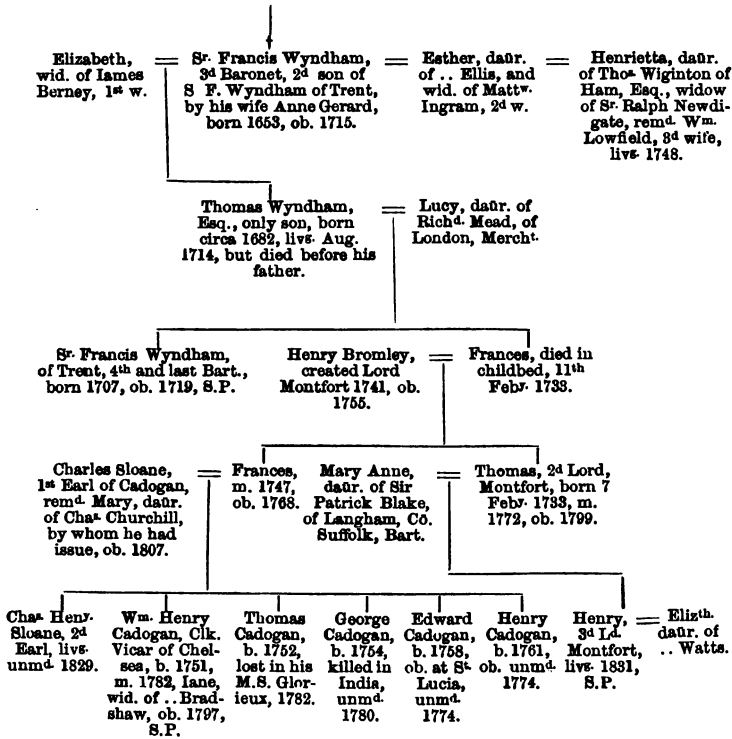
WYNDHAM OF TRENT

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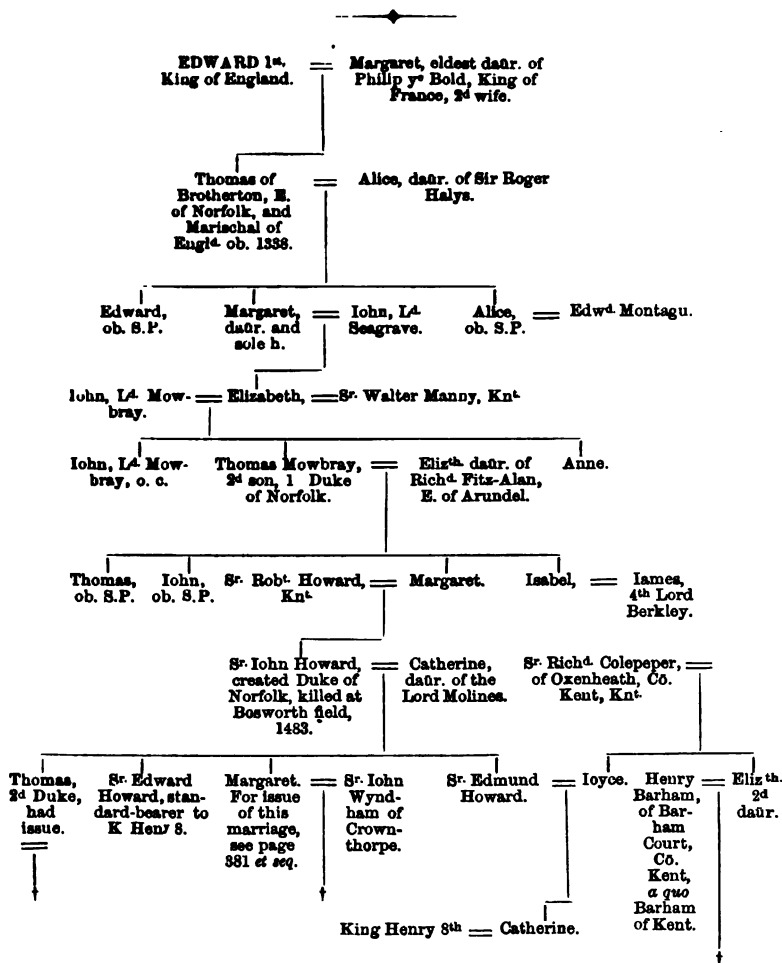
.... WYNDHAM OF TRENT

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[R. H. B.]

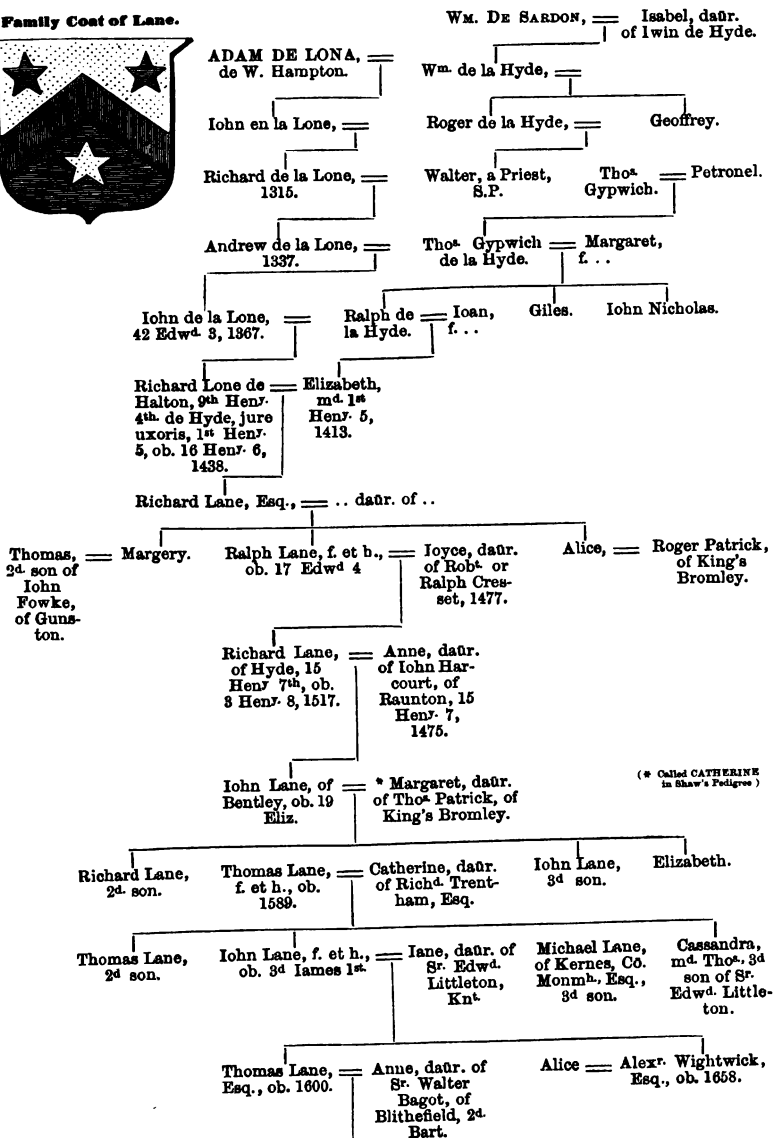
2. TABLE showing the Descent of **WYNDHAM** from KING EDWARD I.
and PHILIP the BOLD of France. (See p. 381.)



No. IV.—THE FAMILY OF LANE.



Family Coat of Lane.



(See next page.)

2.—GRANT, BY CHARLES II.,

Of Augmentation to the Arms of the Descendants of JOHN LANE
of Bentley.



WHEREAS the King's most Excellent Ma^y hath, under his signet and sign-manual, signified unto me, Henry Earl of Peterborow, Deputy, with his Ma^{ties} approbation, to the Right Hon^{ble}. Henry Earl of Norwich, Earl Marshall of England, his Royal pleasure touching an augmentation to the paternal Coat of the descendants lawfully issued from the body of John Lane of Bentley, in y^e County of Stafford, Esq., in the words following :—

CHARLES R.—To our right trusty and Right wel-beloved Cosen Henry Earl of Norwich, Earl Marsh^l. of England, Greeting : We calling to mind y^e great and signal service performed to us by John Lane of Bentley, in com. Stafford, Esq. deceased, in his ready concurring to the preservation of our Royal person after the Battel of Worcester, at which time, contemning the threatenings published by the Murtherers of our Royal Father against any who should conceal or assist us, and disdaining the Rewards proposed to such as should be instrumental in the discovery and destruction of our person, and not valuing any hazard his Family mig^t run with the duty of an unspotted allegiance, did by his great prudence and fidelity so conduct us as that we were able at length to retire to places of safety beyond the seas, have therefore of our own freewill and proper motion, given and granted unto the Descendents lawfully issued from the body of the said John Lane, this hon^{ble}. remuneration as a notable mark or badge of his constant Fidelity ; That is to say, that Henceforth they shall bear in augmentation to their Paternal armes, Three Lions passant, gardant, Or, in a canton gules : and our will and Pleasure is that you do require and comand our servants, the Kings and officers of armes to Marshall and sett up in all proper places and occasions the Paternal armes of the said John Lane, with the augmentation aforesaid, and that you also direct and require the Register of our College of Armes to cause this our concession to be duly entred upon Record in the said College.

Given under our Royal Signet and Sign Manual this 12th day of July^e 1677, and in the 29th year of our Reign. By his Ma^{ties} command, J. Williamson. These are therefore, according to his Ma^{ties} Royal Will and Pleasure, signified unto me by his said recited Grant, to will and require you the Kings and other officers of Armes, and every of you, to do and perform from time to time, as occasion shall require, all and every the duties and services which by his Ma^y, in and by his said Grant, are signified or appointed to be done by you, every or any of you, for or on the behalf of y^e Descendents lawfully issued from the body of the said John Lane.—And for your so doing this shall be unto you, and every of you, a sufficient warrant. Dated under my hand and the seal of the E. Marshalls Office this 18th day of Julij 1677, and in the 29th year of his Ma^{ties}. Reign.

PETERBOROW.

Examinatur per me
Johan. Gibbon, B.M.
una cum Gr. King R. Dr.

[R. H. B.]

3.—ASSIGNMENT of Crest to THOMAS LANE, by Heralds' College.

To All and Singular to whom these presents shall come, S^r. Will^m. Dugdale Knt Garter Principall King of Armes, and S^r. Henry S^r. George, Knt Norroy King of Armes, send greeting : Whereas the R^t Hon^{ble} Robert Earl of Ailesbury, Deputy, with his Majesties approbacion, to his Grace Henry Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshall of England, hath by warrant or order under his hand and the seal *of the Seale* of the Earl Marshall's office, bearing date the 27th day of January last past, signified unto us that Thomas Lane of Bentley, in the County of Stafford, Esq., hath made application to him, the said Deputy Earl Marshall, for his consent to have such a Crest granted and assigned to him as may denote the Loyalty of his family, and he and his descendants may lawfully bear : And whereas the said Deputy Earl Marshall being highly sensible of the great and signal service performed by John Lane of Bentley aforesaid, Father of the said Thomas, in his ready concurring to the preservation of his Ma^{ties} person after the Battell of Worcester (as by his Ma^{ties} late warrant touching an augmentation to the Paternal Armes of the said John Lane, entrd among the Records of the College of Armes, may more fully appear), did signify unto us his consent for our Devysing, granting, and assigning unto the said Thomas Lane such Crest as abovesaid. Know ye therefore that we, the said Garter and Norroy, in pursuance of the consent of the said Deputy Earl Marshall, and by the authority of the King's Letters Patentes to each of us respectively, granted under the Great Seal of Eng^{ld}. have devysed, and do by these presents grant and assign unto the said Thomas Lane, the Crest hereafter mentioned, Viz^t out of a Wreath Or, and Azure a Demy-Horse, Strawberrie Colour, bridled sable, Bitted and garnished Or, supporting an Imperiall Crown Gold, as in the margin hereof is plainly depicted : To be borne and used for ever hereafter by him, the said Thomas Lane, and the heirs and other Descendants of his body lawfully begotten, at all times, and upon all occasions, according to the Law and practise of Armes, without the lett, interruption, dispute, or contradiction of any person or persons whatsoever. In witness whereof, We the said Garter and Norroy Kings of Armes have to these presents subscribed our names and affixed the seals of our respective offices this 5th day of February, in the One and thirtieth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord Charles the Second, by the Grace of God King of Eng^{ld}., Sootland, France, and Irelnd. Defender of the Faith, etc^o Annoq. Dni 1678.

Signed—WILL^m. DUGDALE,
Garter.

HENRY ST GEORGE,
Norroy.

Eam^d Tho. May Chester,
Gr. King Rouge dragon.

[R. H. B.]

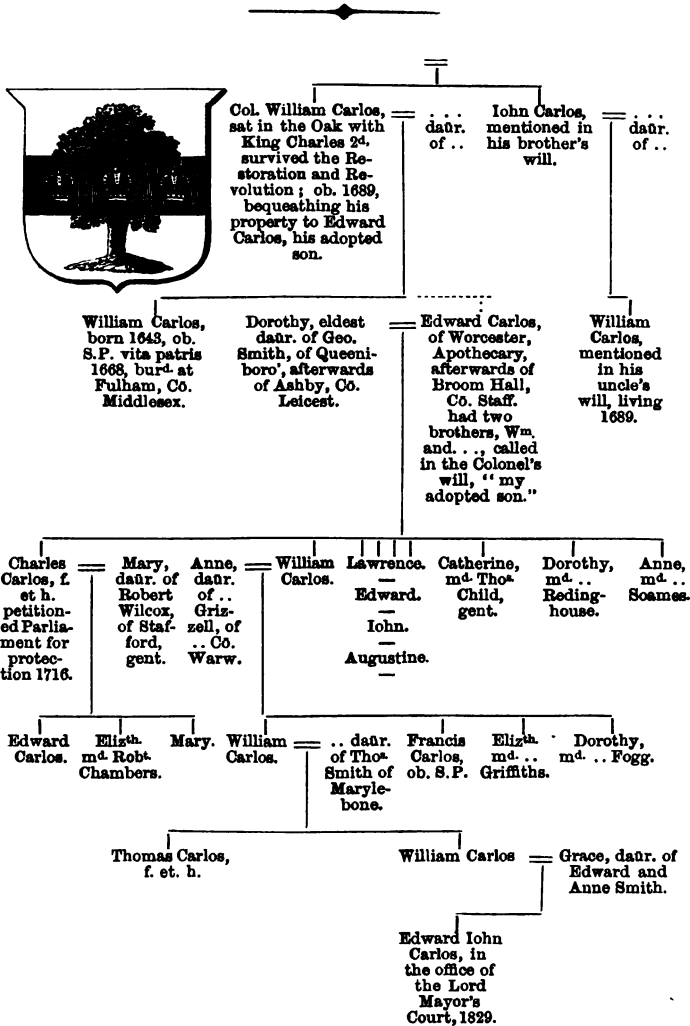
No. V.

COLONEL WILLIAM CARLOS.

With respect to Colonel William Carlos, the companion of King Charles during his temporary occupation of the Royal Oak, it appears that he not only survived the Restoration, but lived to see the family for which he had exerted himself again expatriated. His will, dated in 1688, was proved in the Prerogative Office, Doctors' Commons, in the October of the following year. By its contents, we may presume, that although he had once possessed a son, named after himself William (who died at the age of twenty-five, twenty years before his father, as is proved by a tablet erected to his memory at Fulham), yet at his decease he left no surviving legitimate issue, inasmuch as he bequeaths the whole of his property, some very trifling legacies excepted, to his "adopted son, Edward Carlos," then of Worcester, apothecary, and "his issue." Of the degree of relationship (if any) in which this Edward Carlos stood to him, there is no evidence. That he was a nephew is improbable, since one of the legacies above mentioned is a charge upon his estate of an annual payment of five pounds to his nephew, "William Carlos, son of my brother John;" while that he was a natural child of his own, is also unlikely, as, after bequeathing his property, failing Edward and his issue, to "William, second brother, and third brother of the said Edward Carlos," successively, he gives the ultimate remainder to "the *heirs-at-law* of the said Edward Carlos," a circumstance which seems to prove his having been born in wedlock. From this Edward Carlos, and Dorothy his wife, daughter of Geo. Smith of Ashby Folville, co. Leicester, the descent in the male line is unbroken, its present representative being his great-great-grandson, Edward John Carlos, Esq. of the Lord Mayor's Court Office, London. Colonel Carlos, as well as the Penderels, Wyndhams, &c., appears to have afforded an exception to the general charge of ingratitude towards his adherents brought

against Charles, as, in addition to the grant of armorial distinctions, a more substantial proof of regard existed in the shape of certain ballastage dues on the river Thames, which, from the report of the Committee of the House of Commons on the improvement of foreign trade in the year 1822, appears to have been since annulled, as interfering with the rights of the Trinity House. It is no doubt in allusion to this grant that the colonel, in his will, bequeaths annuities to the amount of £300 per annum, to be paid in different proportions, "so long as the means shall be available out of monies to be paid by the Trinity House."

COLONEL WILLIAM CARLOS.



[R. H. B.]

No. VI.

THE NORTONS OF ABBOTS' LEIGH.

The manor of Leigh or Lega, consisting of between four and five thousand acres, and otherwise called Abbots' Leigh, from its former monastic tenure, was granted after the Reformation by Edward VI. to Sir George Norton, knight, and his heirs. At the time of Charles II.'s escape, George Norton, Esq., the possessor, resided there with his wife, the daughter of Sir William Owen of Condovery, Salop, and the friend of Jane Lane. To reward his hospitality, Mr Norton was knighted at the Restoration. He left a son, whose offspring (including a natural child who poisoned himself in Newgate, while under sentence for killing a dancing-master) are extinct. His daughter Ellen married William Trenchard of Gutteridge, Esq., and left ten children, from none of whom there are any accredited descendants, save from Frances Grace, wife of John Hippiisley, Esq. The grandson of the latter, John William Hippiisley, of Gutteridge, Esq., assumed the name and arms of Trenchard, and died unmarried in 1801, leaving two nephews sprung from his sister Ellen by different marriages—viz. John Ashfordby, LL.D. of Staunton-Fitzwarren House, Wilts, who has since assumed, by royal patent, the name and arms of Trenchard; and Walter Long, Esq. of Preshaw House, Hants, and Hazeley Court, Oxfordshire, married to a daughter of the Earl of Northesk.

No. VII.

EPITAPH ON TOMBSTONE OF CAPTAIN TATTERSELL.

P. M. S.

Capt. Nicholas Tattersell, through whose prudence, valour, and loyalty, Charles the II^d., King of England, after he had escaped the sword of his merciless rebels, and his forces received a fatal overthrow at Worcester, Sept^r. 3^d. 1651, was faithfully preserved, and conveyed into France, departed this life the 26th July 1674.

Within this marble tomb doth lye,
 Approved faith, honour, and loyalty;
 In this cold clay he hath now taⁿe up his station,
 At once preserv'd the Church, the Crowne, and Nation,
 When Charles the great was nothing but a breath,
 This valiant sowle stept between him and death;
 Usurper's threats nor tyrant rebels froune
 Could not afright his duty to the Crowne:
 Which glorious act of his for church and state,
 Eight Princes in one day did gratulate,
 Professing all in debt to him to bee,
 As all the world are to his memorie.
 Since Earth coud not reward his worth have given,
 Hee now receives it from the King of Heaven.

In the same chest one jewell more you have,
 The partner of his virtues, bed, and grave.

Susannah, his wife, who deceased the 4th day of May 1762. To whose piouse memorie and his own honour, Nicholas, their only son, and just inheritor of his father's virtiose, hath payed his last duty in this monument.

Here also lyeth interred the body of
 Capt. NICHOLAS TATTERSELL, his son, who
 departed this life the 4th of the Calends
 of October 1701, in the 57th year of his age.

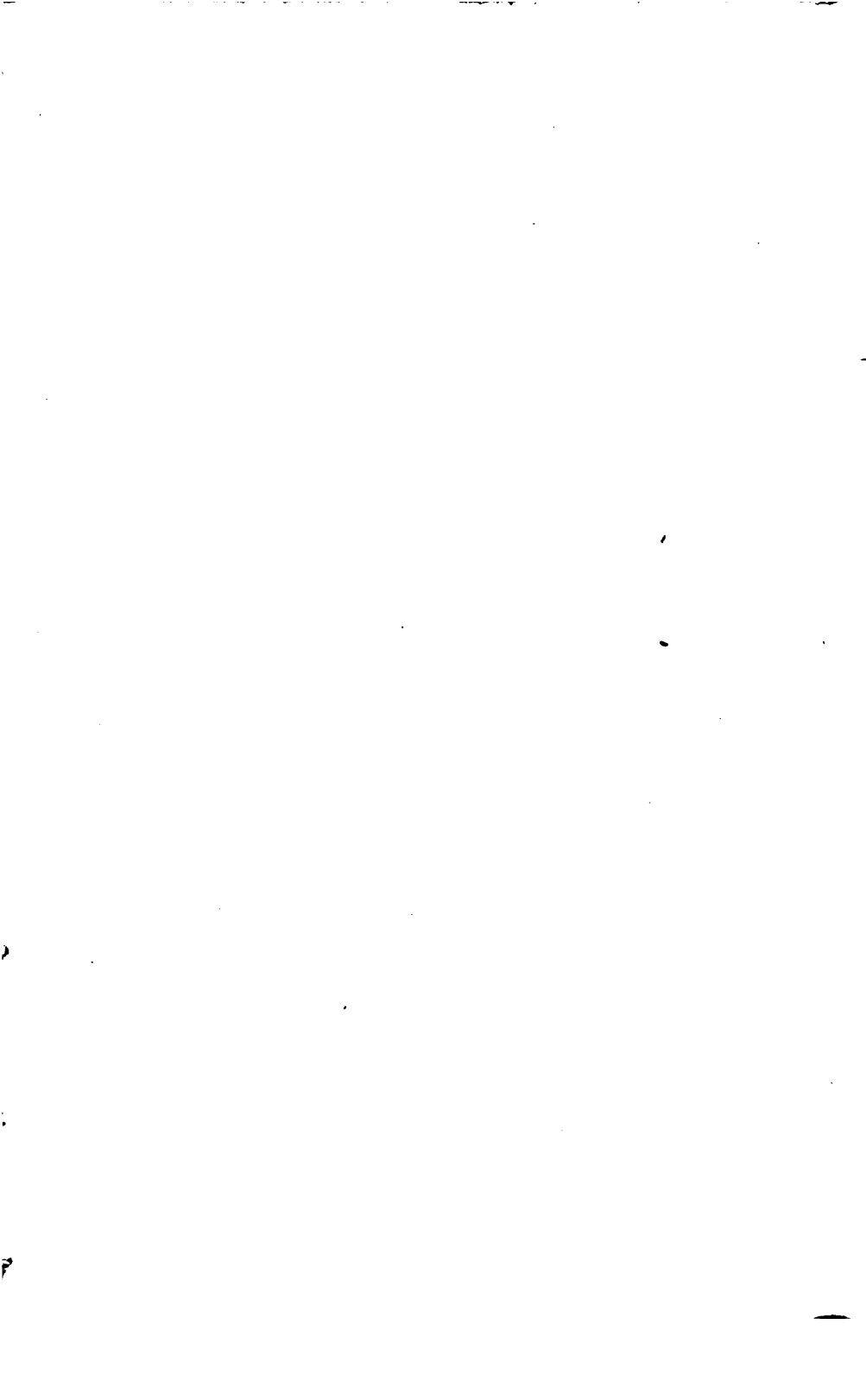
[R. H. B.]

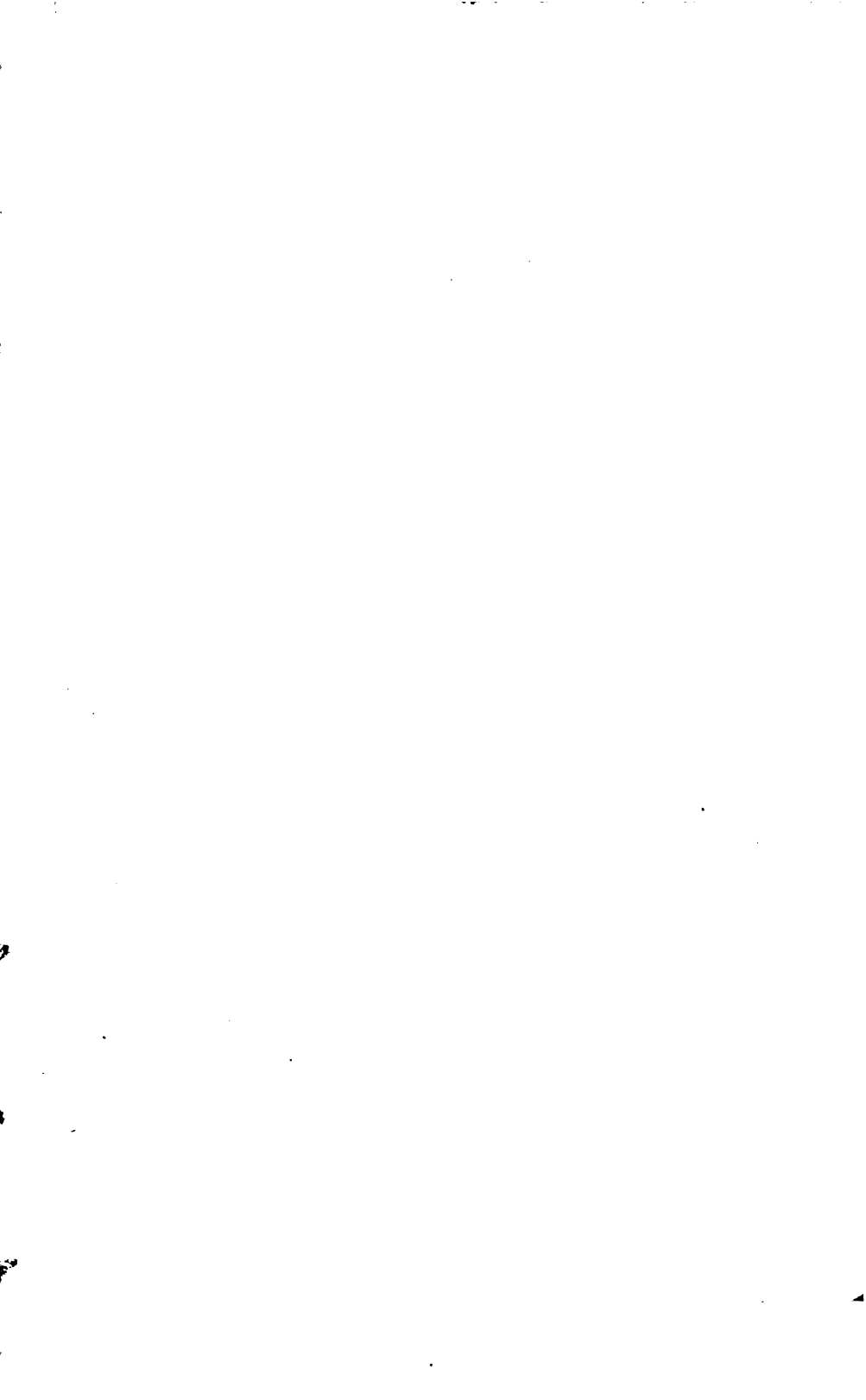
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